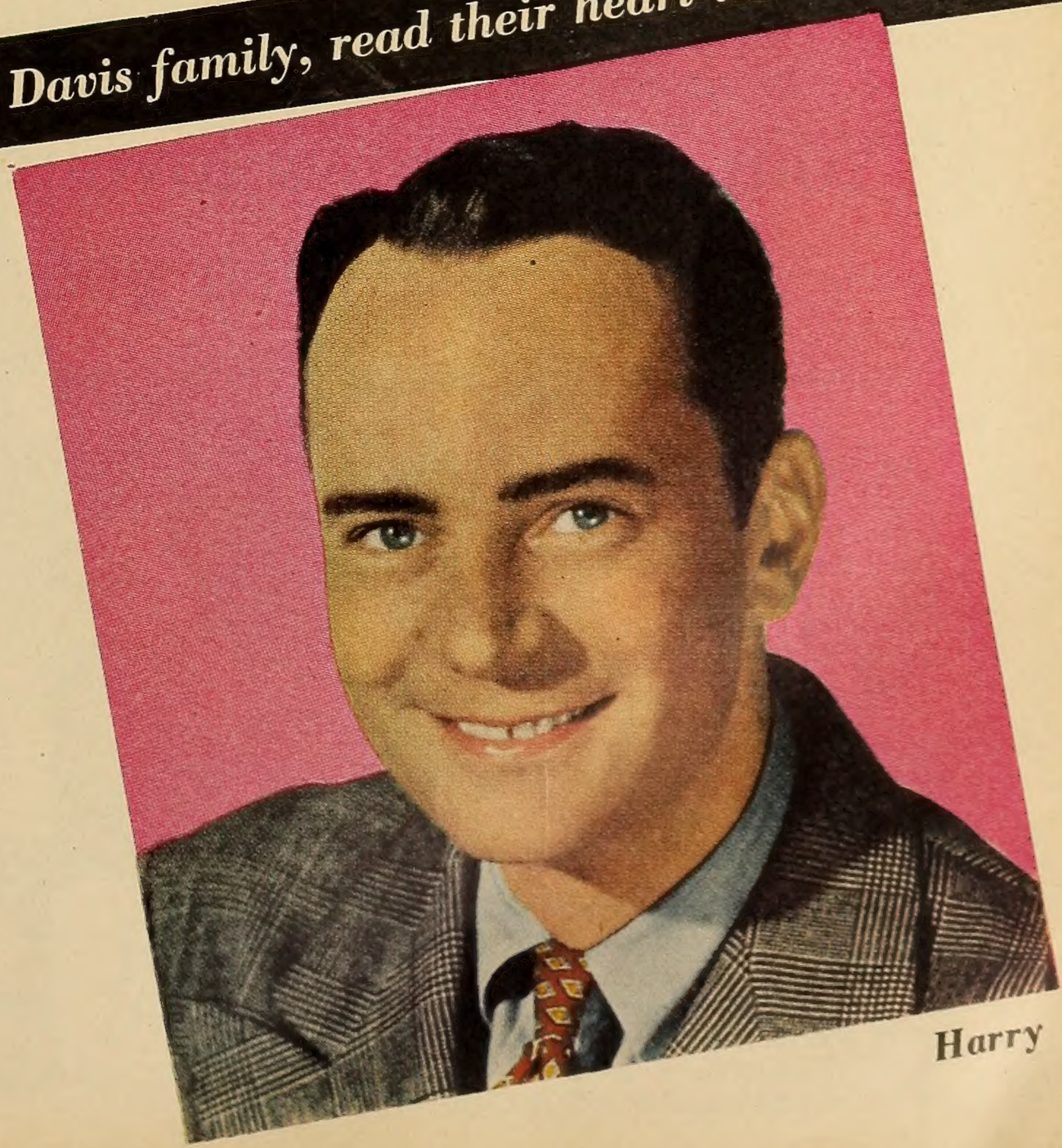
RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR

AUGUST • 25¢

Hope

When A Girl Marries . . . Meet The Davis family, read their heart-warming story

Sammy



Harry

Thrilling...

MRS. JAMES E. AURELL
the former Jolyne Holton of Port Arthur, Texas
bridal portrait painted by Alex Ross

Your skin grows lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

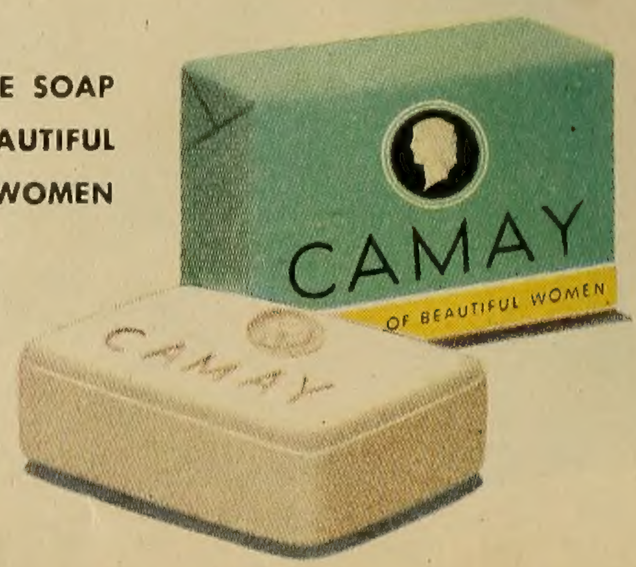
THE AURELLS—THEIR STORY

The Aurells came back to the bride's home in Texas to be wed. Jolyne's skin is smooth and fresh. She says—"My *first cake* of Camay brought my skin a lovelier look!"

Lovely skin—lovely girl! And your skin can be softer, smoother with your *first cake* of Camay—if you'll do this! Give up careless cleansing! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. And nearly every one of those women gained a lovelier skin with *one cake* of Camay. The wrapper tells you how to be lovelier!

Sunny skies smiled on the Aurells' honeymoon in Acapulco, Mexico. And the forecast for Jolyne's complexion is "fair and clearer," too. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



But will you be showered with attention, Sugar?

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

AUGUST, 1948

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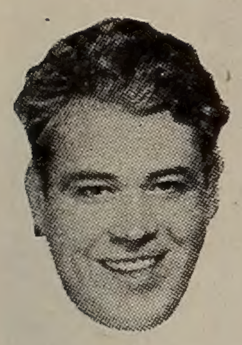
RADIO MIRROR QUIZ



This month's guest quizmaster is Todd Russell, m.c. of CBS's Strike It Rich (Sundays 9:30 P.M. EDT)

1 Oldest member of "Allen's Alley." Who is she?

2. Red Skelton was once a (a) truck driver, (b) dentist, (c) circus clown.

3. Started out as a dancer, but broke her leg. Now well-known singer. Who is she?

4. Jimmy Durante started in show business as part of a three man act. Name the other two men.

5. What famous news commentator once lived with Lawrence of Arabia?

6. What orchestra leader does not play any instrument, and does not sing?

MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

(a) How fast can a snail travel?

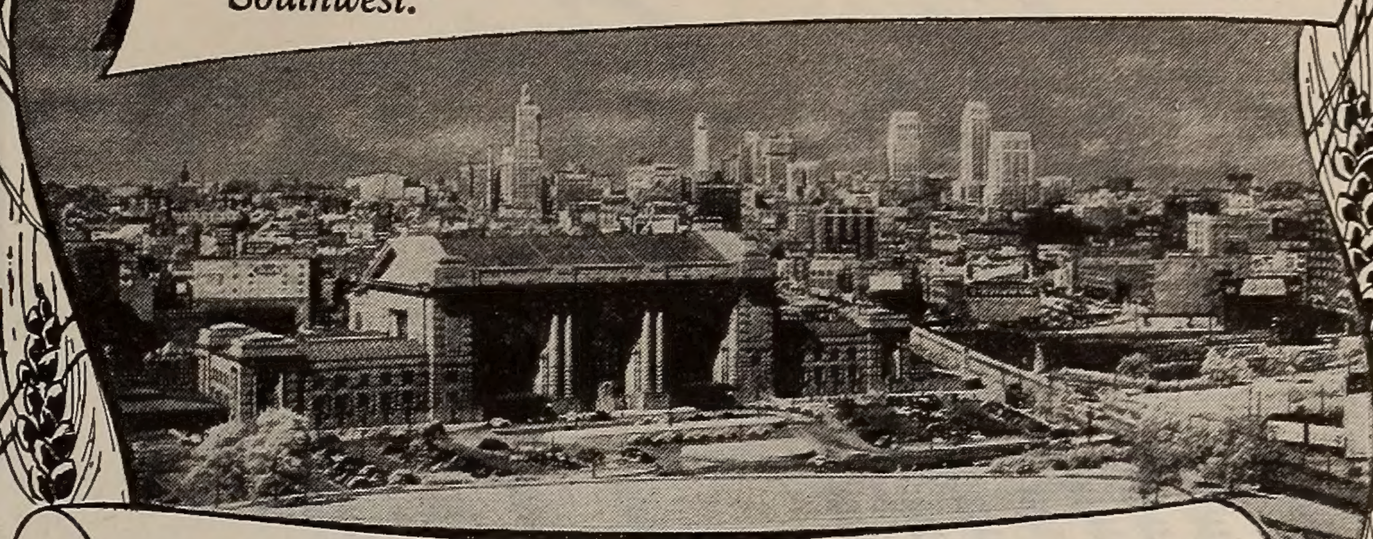
(b) Are there more dogs than radios in the United States?

ANSWERS:

1. Minerva Pious, "Mrs. Nussbaum" of Allen's Alley.
2. (c) Circus clown.
3. Doris Day.
4. Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson.
5. Lowell Thomas.
6. Kay Kyser.

(a) One mile a year.
(b) There are three dogs to every radio.

UNION STATION and SKYLINE — *Twelve large railroad systems operate in and out of this "Gateway to the Great Southwest."*



Breezy, bustling, big-town —that's KANSAS CITY

K. C. is a hospitable home-town — a mighty pleasant place to live. Unusually beautiful residential areas, parks, broad boulevards abound. Educational and cultural opportunities have been well planned. Civic pride runs high.

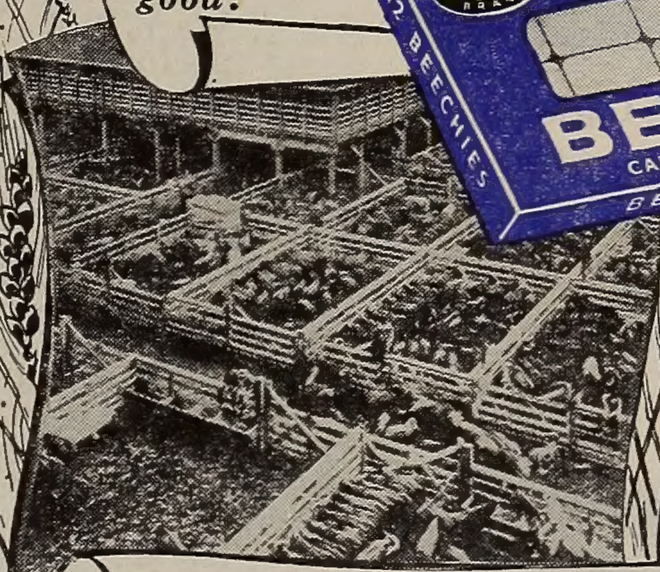
Almost smack in the middle of the U. S.—K. C. is the flourishing center of a 6-state trading area, extending as far west as Colorado and clear down into Texas. Cows, horses, hogs, mules, grain, oil, lumber flow in and out.

With the old "Show-me" spirit still alive, Kansas Citians have long enjoyed the Candy Coated Gum—

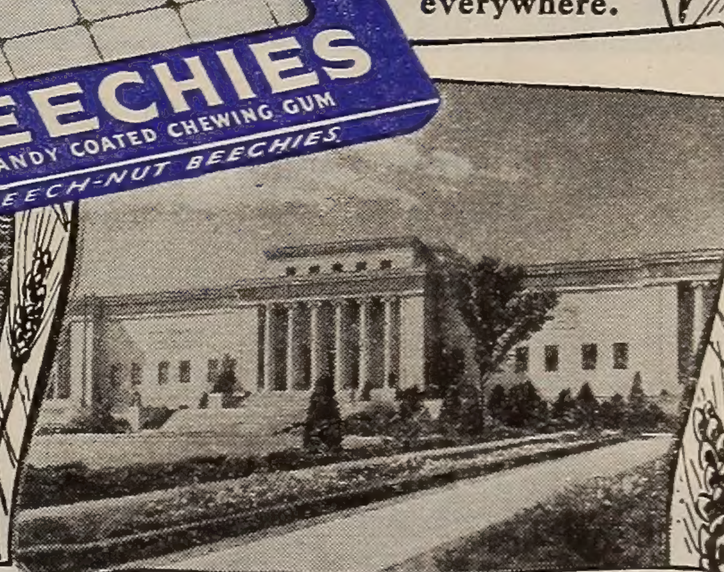
Beech-Nut Beechies

Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin— *They're good!*

Beech-Nut Gum in stick form— the outstanding favorite everywhere.



FAMOUS K. C. STOCKYARDS— *350-acre, brick-paved "cow-hotel."*

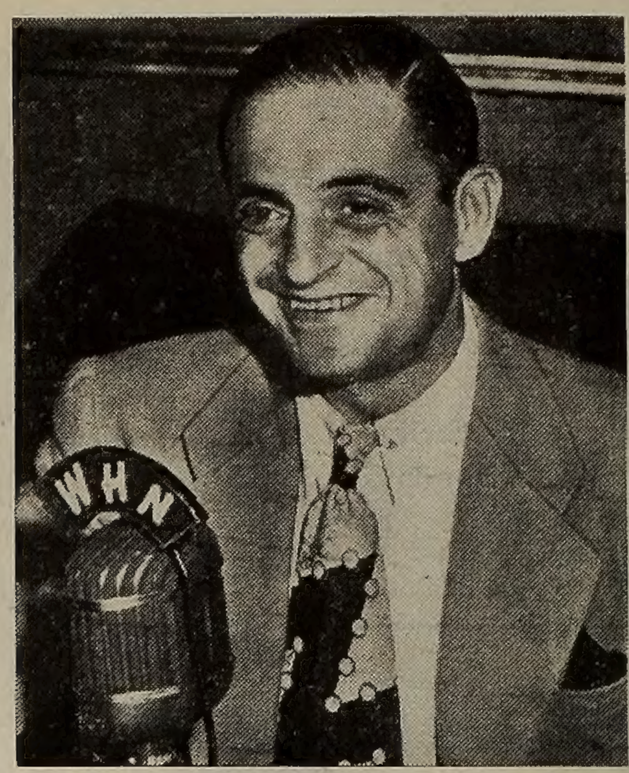


NELSON GALLERY OF ART— *one of the most imposing and beautiful in America.*

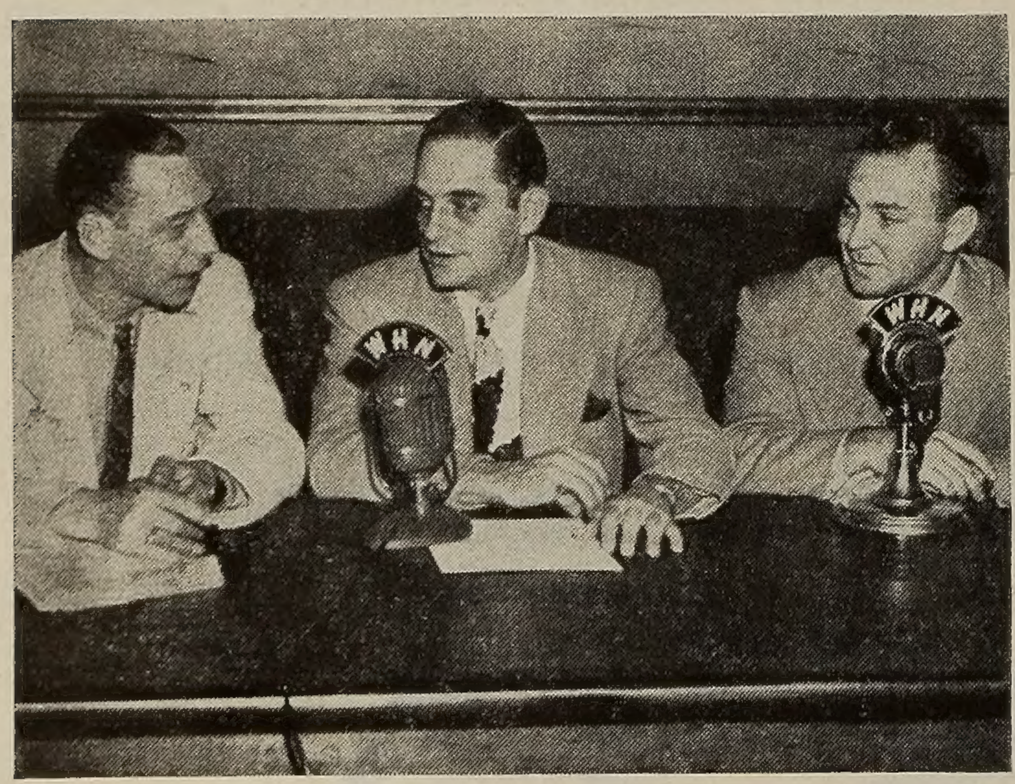
DOWNTOWN—*and only 6 minutes away is the Municipal Airport," one night from everywhere."*

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM— *a city block square, it houses a huge Arena, Music Hall, Theatre, and Exhibition Hall.*

Hi-Ya SPORT FANS



Bert Lee, sportscaster, is also WHN's Sales Director, Bertram Lebhar, Jr.



Ward Wilson, Bert Lee and Marty Glickman, heard on WHN's Warm Up Time and Sports Extra.

Inside story on Today's Baseball. Here Buddy Greenspan spins crowd noise records and Bert produces the sound of a hit as Marty broadcasts.

TO metropolitan listeners, Bert Lee is the man who brings them the fastest game of baseball in radio, a 15-minute, play-by-play account of one of the two most exciting games of the day broadcast on WHN's Today's Baseball. Marty Glickman, WHN sports director does the other game. Both are heard daily from 7:00 to 7:30 P.M., EDT.

Lee creates the game from notes taken from the news ticker tape, adds the crowd noises with phonograph records and a realistic crack of the bat meeting a fast ball with the aid of a toy night club hammer and a wooden block. The result is an early evening baseball game for millions of workers who formerly got their only baseball thrills from the box scores.

Along with Today's Baseball, Bert Lee broadcasts numerous other sports programs for WHN, which puts him in a class with the nation's top sportscasters. With Ward Wilson, one of the country's outstanding radio performers and sports experts, and the aforementioned Glickman, Bert also does Warm-Up Time, inside dope from the dugouts, preceding each Dodger game, and Sports Extra, immediately following the Dodger broadcasts, featuring scores and highlights from around the leagues.

Not satisfied with being a leading radio personality, Lee as Bertram Lebhar, Jr., is also sales director for WHN, whose lead in the radio sports world is due in a large measure to the combination of Lee-Lebhar.

Sportscaster-Sales Director Lebhar would seem to have little time to play the role of family man. His New Rochelle, N. Y., household includes Evelyn Lebhar, Bert's wife, and five robust, handsome children, Bert III, 18 years old and an upper freshman at Cornell University; Godfrey M. II, 14 years old and a sophomore at New Rochelle High School; 11-year-old Barbara, who is attending Roosevelt Public School; Suzanne, age 9, also at Roosevelt Public School, and the youngest, Vivienne, 8 years old.

The gathering of the Lebhar clan at the dinner table means that the crowded sports activities of the day will be discussed in knowledgeable fashion by all members of the household, from tot to teen, with dad and mom presiding. The Lebhar children fail to understand why other youngsters in the neighborhood are not conversant with current football strategy, hot stove league palaver and wrestling techniques.

The National Father's Day Committee, aware of Bert's accomplishments in both private and business life, awarded him a citation two years ago for his outstanding contribution to radio and his meritorious record as a father. The citation, presented to him on Father's Day, 1946, read: "To Bert Lee, for his supremacy as sports commentator, bridge expert and exemplary father and family man."

Bert received his college training at Cornell University and New York Law School. He changed his mind about being a lawyer and entered the radio field where he became a salesman with a record just short of fabulous.

How to get the most out of your Vacation

Here is Ruth, rarin' to get up to the Cape for that gorgeous two weeks she's dreamed about all year. The wonderful boys she'll meet . . . the gay times she'll have . . . the sea, the sun, and the moonlight.

But it isn't going to be that way!

Of course she'll meet attractive men . . . but they'll have little time for her. Of course she'll sun herself and decorate the beach . . . but most of the time it will be *alone.* And she won't know why!*

Like many another girl, Ruth, without realizing it, is guilty of bad breath *(halitosis) now and then. And when that happens . . . it's often bye-bye friendships . . . bye-bye romance!

When you're out to make the most of yourself isn't it just common sense to be extra careful about offending others? It's so easy when you have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your vacation kit. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before any date. Almost at once it leaves the breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. No wonder a lot of smart people make it part of their "passport to popularity."

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is a pretty wonderful first aid, too, when it comes to cases of minor skin infection, and insect bites and stings.

If you're vacation-bound don't forget to tuck a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your bag. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

R
M

Relaxing IS A SCIENCE

I'LL wager that a lot of you, like me, are so plain tuckered out at the end of a day's work that you sometimes can't enjoy having fun. (More times than you care to admit, I'll wager.) Well, as you know, each week on the Family Counselor portion of The Second Mrs. Burton, we have a visit from a recognized authority in one of the many fields that are of interest to women. When Miss Claire Mann, the noted authority on health and beauty, came to see me, she passed on so many sensible tips that I knew you'd want to hear about them, too. In her New York studio, Claire Mann has taught thousands of men and women the science of relaxing—and if you don't think relaxing is a science, just listen to Miss Mann!

"Women of all ages and from all walks of life come to me with their problems, physical and emotional. They're tense or run-down from 'occupational fatigue,'" said Miss Mann. I interrupted to find out exactly what she meant by that term, and she explained it this way: "It's just simply this—women, housewives in particular, don't know how to relax *during* the day's work. That's where the trouble starts. You take a man, for instance—if he's behind a desk, he's able to find time for a cigarette between crises. A truck driver can hop out of his truck for a cup of coffee."

"Do you mean that a woman can find the same sort of relaxation in her home?" I asked.

"Yes, she can, but unfortunately most women don't know how to," admitted our Family Counselor. "As long as she is in her home, the average woman always sees things about her that need mending, or dusting, or fixing. Result is—occupational fatigue. Sometimes it takes the form of a real pain, or perhaps—and this is more common—a good case of nerves. Then over-tension follows. Occupational fatigue can creep up slowly and wear you down. In its early stages it may make you feel frustrated, tired—or just simply bored. Radio programs, such as yours, Mrs. Burton, help to alleviate some of the causes of her trouble because they help her to forget her own problems. And I find that musical therapy is a fine treatment for her condition because it brings relaxation. When you start the tedious part of your work, make it a point to turn on your favorite sort of music, Bach or boogie-woogie, whatever it may be—and let it carry you through your work.

"That's why we, in our studio, are so successful," she continued. "The simple, obvious way is the best way to cure nervous pain from lack of relaxation. If you do want some homework though, I might tell you about the following four points that have proved helpful for so many housewives. First: Empty your mind. Second: Breathe deeply with long, smooth exhalations. Third: Relax the muscles so that they become heavy. Fourth: Follow the music and learn to absorb it. What could be more simple?" By the time the interview was over, I felt completely relaxed!

If you have a problem that you would like to hear discussed, won't you send it along to me, in care of RADIO MIRROR?

By TERRY BURTON

Health and beauty advice from authority Claire Mann (r.) to Second Mrs. Burton and her radio audience.

Every Wednesday, The Second Mrs. Burton (played by Patsy Campbell) is visited by an authority on some phase of women's-world interest. Through this department, Terry Burton shares some of these visits with Radio Mirror readers. The Second Mrs. Burton may be heard each Monday through Friday at 2 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.

Are you in the know?

Would a smart "red head" wear—

- ☐ *Pink*
- ☐ *Orange*
- ☐ *Cerise*

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-sh!) *pink*—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any *pale* pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex! Find the one for *you.*

What's your winning weapon?

- ☐ *Sharp chatter*
- ☐ *Samba know-how*
- ☐ *That starry-eyed look*

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center.* Your secret weapon against secret woes!

If delayed beyond your deadline—

- ☐ *Bunk at Katie's house*
- ☐ *Call the family*
- ☐ *Head home without 'phoning*

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save *yourself,* at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?

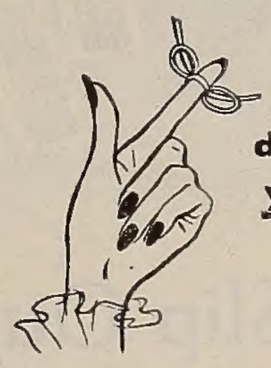
When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

☐ *Fair play* ☐ *All's fair in love* ☐ *Leave the field to Sue*

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of *new* Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (*Poise,* also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively.* To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!

Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

Stronger Grip

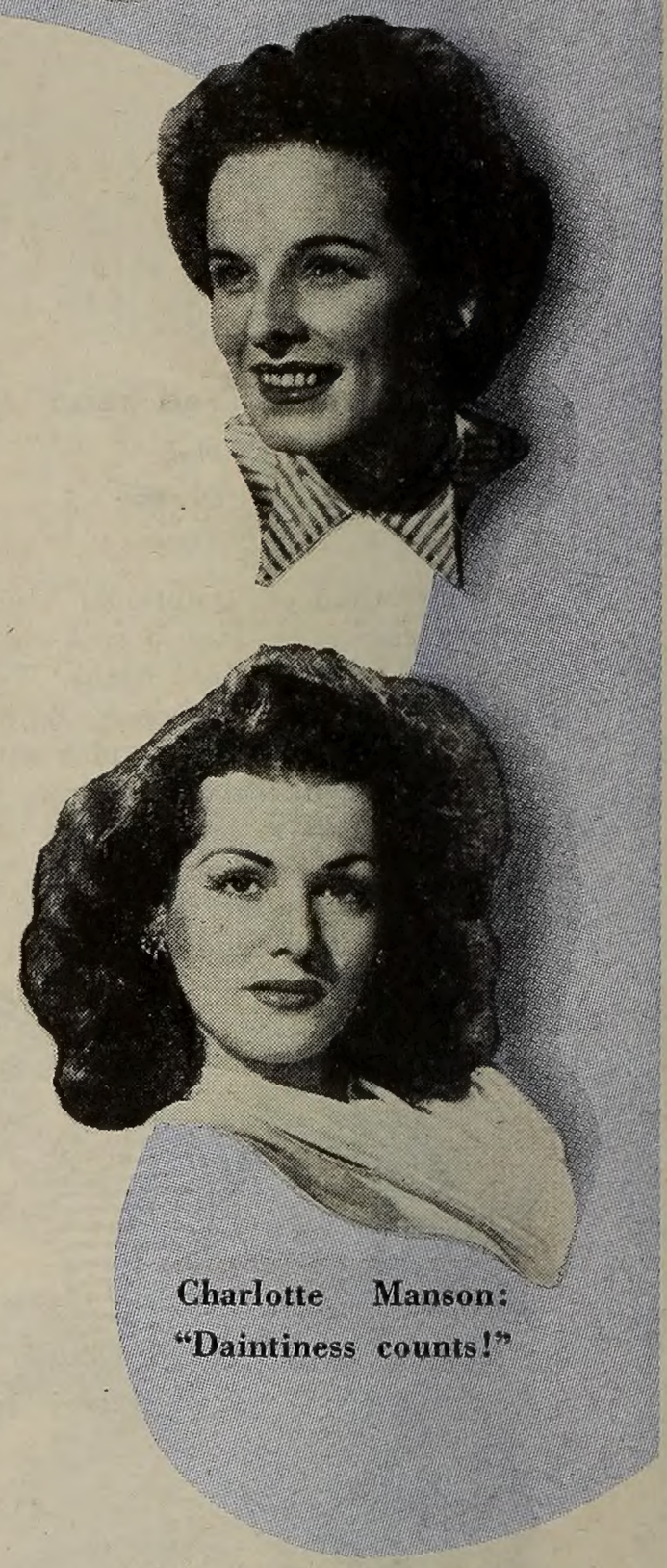
Won't Slip Out

RM ASK FOR De Long Everytime

Summer SPECIALTIES

Patsy Lee: "Flowers can make a summer."

Mercedes McCambridge: "Feet first!"



Charlotte Manson: "Daintiness counts!"

by Mary Jane Fulton

THE three pretty girls lending beauty to this page are Patsy Lee, charming and petite nineteen-year-old songstress on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, and Charlotte Manson and Mercedes McCambridge, who are both featured on This Is Nora Drake. Charlotte and Mercedes also play on Theater of Today. If you're a real radio fan, you have heard Mercedes' voice on Grand Central Station and Studio One, too.

Radio work is fascinating fun, all three enthusiastically agree. But it can be, and *is*, hard work—especially in the heat of the summer. For, even as you and I, who also have to keep on working (except on our vacations, of course), they can't help wishing that they could spend more time just trying to keep cool. The best way they've found to keep their minds off the heat is to concentrate on bringing you good entertainment. In so doing, for the time being they can forget about how warm they feel, which proves a point—that if you don't dwell on something unpleasant, it won't bother you.

Despite the heat, however, Patsy, Charlotte, and Mercedes feel that it's important to look their prettiest—not alone for their pride's sake, but also because it matters very much to them what others think of their appearance. Every woman understands this. But not every woman knows how to keep cool and dainty-looking in warm weather. So, we asked them for their special beauty hints.

Patsy takes two lukewarm scented tub baths daily—morning and late afternoon, and dons clean underwear each time. After every wearing, she rinses out her underthings immediately. She alternates between using cologne, toilet water, deodorant cologne, or deodorant perfume, which has been chilled in the refrigerator. Their light floral fragrances match or blend with the scent of the fresh flowers she frequently wears in her hair, or pinned at her waist on a dainty cotton frock. In humid weather she shampoos her hair more often, so that it always looks as bright and clean as she is, and brushes it a lot. The home permanent wave Patsy has learned to give herself keeps her hair nicely in curl—in soft, natural-looking waves.

Charlotte takes no chances on offending; she uses an underarm deodorant and perspiration check. A face mask makes her skin feel and look refreshed. Bath powder, dusted on her body after bathing, lets her girdle slide on easily, and the heat emphasizes the powder's fragrance.

Like Patsy and Charlotte, Mercedes feels that daintiness is never so important as it is in warm weather. She, too, follows the same beauty rituals. But, in addition, she pays special attention to her feet. She gives them frequent foot baths to relieve soreness and swelling, dusts them with an antiseptic and deodorizing foot powder, and also sprinkles some of it in her shoes.

In the most dramatic beauty test ever made:

Women Prefer Woodbury to their Own Favorite Powders

From Coast to Coast, enthusiastic women voted New Woodbury Powder better than the powder they were using. Actually, 4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury!

NEW WOODBURY POWDER WINS 4 to 1

TWICE NEW!

—A new Secret Ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look... yet covers tiny blemishes.

New Revolutionary Blending! In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new "Super-Blender." It whirls color and powder together with the force of a tornado. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible!"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable!"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

Preferred for Every Beauty Quality!

And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality! Today—see for yourself that "Woodbury gives a smoother look to skin"... "Covers skin flaws better"... that Woodbury is, literally, the world's finest face powder!

over all leading brands of powder!

clings longer

less "powdery" appearance

covers skin flaws better

warmer, lovelier shades

more color-true

smoother look on skin

better, finer texture

finer fragrance

6 exciting shades!... Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (plus tax.)

IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

Accompanying Bing Crosby when he sang on the NBC Music Hall Program were Tutti Camarata (l.) and his orchestra.

FACING THE

By
DUKE ELLINGTON

THIS month, we've decided to stick to good news—a column full of items that make me happy. First off, I'm happy to be back at work after an operation at Manhattan Hospital. Thanks, too, to Tex Benecke and the others who subbed for me on my disc-jockey show over WMCA, WSBC, WWDC, KVOC and all the others.

* * *

I liked the news that Joe Mooney fans have been so persistent that Decca has consented to release all eight Mooney discs in one album. The sides are as follows: "Lazy Countryside," "Stars In You Eyes," "Warm Kiss And A Cold Heart," "Tea For Two," "Just A Gigolo," "September Song," "Meet Me At No Special Place," and "I Can't Get Up The Nerve To Kiss You."

* * *

Perry Como is still in Hollywood, where he is working on the musical "Words And Music." It's a film based on the lives of Rodgers and Hart. The lovely Lena Horne, you know, also has a featured role in it.

* * *

Here's an item of special interest to jazz fans. Count Basie and Illinois Jacquet exchanged drummers recently, Shadow Wilson joining the Basie Band, while the veteran Jo Jones switched to the Jacquet crew.

* * *

It was wonderful hearing that delightful Dinah Shore, who hails from Nashville, received the title of "The Most Popular Woman In The South" which is awarded annually by the Southeastern Women's Exposition.

* * *

Among the record favorites on my disc jockey show you'll be interested in knowing that I've been getting lots of requests lately for platters by Nancy's Daddy. Frankie's versions of "I Went Down To Virginia" and "I've Got A Crush On You" are just fine. Ethel Smith's "Blame It On The Samba" is another popular platter.

* * *

Listening to the new Raymond Scott Quintet is a treat for sore ears. Ray, you know, is Mark Warnow's

MUSIC

From composer eden ahbez himself, Frank Sinatra got coaching in his version of the record-breaking "Nature Boy."

Sam Spade's secretary at home: Lurene Tuttle (above, r.) is both mother and friend of teen-age Barbara.

Eunice Podis, young American pianist, told Margaret Arlen (left) and Harry Marble about plans for her coming New York concert, in an interview on Miss Arlen's CBS program. (Mon.-Sat. 8:30 A. M.)

brother and a truly original composer and arranger. His new small group is playing the same type of unusual composition that made him so popular a few years back.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe now is the possessor of a Lockheed Lodestar thirteen passenger plane. Vaughn will have both a pilot and co-pilot for use on one-nighters. The man flies his own personal plane, too!

* * *

New York's famed 52nd Street has really been jumping of late. In recent weeks the various night spots have been presenting to the public such fine talent as Errol Garner, Art Tatum, Harry The Hipster, J. C. Heard, Charlie Parker, George Shearing, Oscar Pettiford, Ella Fitzgerald and Lucky Thompson.

* * *

Practicing the forbidden cornet in the chicken coop instead of playing his violin in the front parlor started Salvador Camarata on his career as composer, conductor and arranger. Parental objections were overcome, however, when a retired circus musician neighbor convinced the Camarata clan that Salvador, or "Tutti" as he was called, was a born cornetist.

Tutti Camarata's jazz career started when he switched from cornet and made his name as the youthful first trumpet player in such bands as Frank Dailey's, Joe Mooney's, Charlie Barnet's and Jimmy Dorsey's. It was with the Dorsey aggregation that Tutti showed his capabilities as an arranger. He left the horn-tooting to others and devoted his efforts to scoring such hit discs for the band as "Green Eyes," "Amapola," "The Breeze and I," and "My Prayer." When the band was selected to play for Bing Crosby on the Music Hall, Tutti was given the job of writing two special (*Continued on page* 82)

* * * * *

Don't be Half-safe!

by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter — only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

* * * * *

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

Here's Cugat by Cugat, who is a capable caricaturist when he's not conducting. For Nougats by Cugat, see review below.

DANCING OR LISTENING

COUNT BASIE (RCA Victor)—Any time the Count makes a record you can be sure that the "beat is there." No exception, this. Jimmy Rushing sings "Money Is Honey" and the band rocks on "Guest In A Nest."

TEX WILLIAMS (Capitol)—Believe it or not, this is a Western band with a real beat, too. A Kentonish introduction on "Flo From St. Joe, Mo." and a clever novelty lyric on "Suspicion" make this a recommended disc.

THELONIOUS MONK (Blue Note)—Basic requirements for a be-bop collection are four sides by the "genius of bop." In the order of our own preference, it's "Suburban Eyes," "Well You Needn't." "Round About Midnight" and "Thelonious."

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia)—Not authentic Latin-American music, but both listenable and danceable are "Cugat's Nougats" and "The Mexican Shuffle."

RAY McKINLEY (RCA VICTOR)—"A Man Could Be A Wonderful Thing" is a wonderful thing the way Ray does it. Marcy Lutes, the new gal vocalist, is fine. Backing is Ray again singing "Tambourine."

ART LUND (MGM)—Irving Berlin's "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" is well sung by Art and well played by Johnny Thompson's band. "May I Still Hold You," the reverse, isn't nearly as pretty a melody.

BOB CROSBY—JERRY GRAY (Bullet)—Good as Bob is, he is made to sound better by the Jerry Gray orchestral background and some tasteful choral background by the Crew Chiefs. It's the old "You're My Everything" and the new "It's Got To Be."

SCAT MAN CROTHERS (Capitol)—As the Scat Man himself might say, this is neat, reet but not so sweet. It's as weird a pairing as we've ever hoped to hear. Lots of fun listening to "The Thing" and "Dead Man's Blues."

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

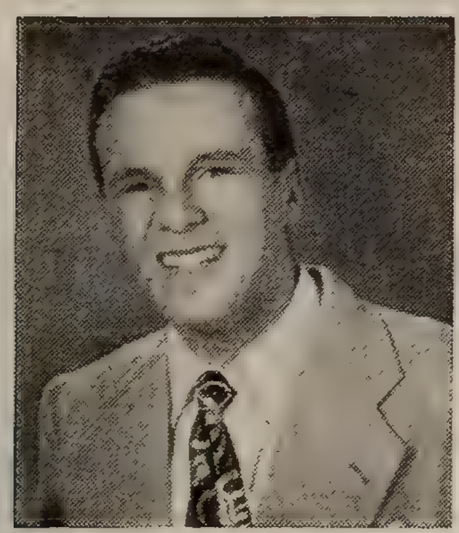
STORMY MONDAY BLUES (RCA Victor)—A set of eight sides of Earl Hines and his orchestra with vocals by Billy Eckstine makes a fine package. Recorded from 1940 to 1942, this group of selections is of interest to Hines, Eckstine, blues, piano or jazz collectors.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—Jo sings American folk songs with full orchestral accompaniment instead of the usual guitar background. "Barbara Allen," "Black Is The Colour" and "He's Gone Away" are outstanding. Paul Weston's backings are excellent.

FRANZ LEHAR WALTZES (London)—A very unusual package from the Continent, this. It features the composer himself conducting the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra in waltzes from "Eva" and the "Count of Luxembourg" and the "Gold And Silver Waltz."

STAN KENTON (Capitol)—Whether or not you like the Kenton school of progressive jazz, this is of particular interest for its attempts at emotional portrayal in the modern musical form. "Lonely Woman" is haunting, "Monotony" is unusual.

Collector's Corner



By ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(This month's guest collector is Elliot Lawrence, youngest of the nation's big name band leaders. Before batoning a dance band, Elliot studied at the University of Pennsylvania and was later musical director of WCAU in Philadelphia. In addition to touring and recording for Columbia, Elliot is currently finishing the score of a musical comedy. Some of his serious compositions have been performed by symphony groups.)

Regardless of age or personal preference, no record collection is really complete without some of the wonderful music that has come from Broadway shows of yesterday and today. There are show tunes to conjure up or meet the needs of most any mood, be it romantic, gay or dramatic. Many are excellent for dancing—all are tops for listening.

Just as with any other category of discs, the best way to start a collection of show tunes is to gather up about a dozen singles or albums that are representative of the best. It is well to keep in mind that the composer is just as important as the artist. Here goes, then, for a basic list:

From Cole Porter's "Jubilee," the Artie Shaw version of "Begin The Beguine" (RCA Victor).

Frank Sinatra's singing "All The Things You Are," from "Very Warm For May," by Jerome Kern (Columbia).

The complete album of "Oklahoma," sung by the original cast of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show (Decca).

"Falling In Love With Love," from Rodgers and Hart's "Boys From Syracuse" recorded by Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia).

From "Bandwagon," the Arthur Schwartz musical, "Dancing In The Dark" by the Fred Waring choir and band (RCA Victor).

Ethel Merman, Ray Middleton and the rest of the cast of Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun" between the covers of one album (Decca).

The immortal Bunny Berrigan's version of "Can't Get Started," a Vernon Duke tune from "Ziegfeld Follies" (RCA Victor).

The complete "Finian's Rainbow" album, with the witty score by Harbury, Burton and Lane (Columbia).

Perry Como's vocal version of "More Than You Know" from Vincent Youman's "Great Day" (RCA Victor).

Dinah Shore's interpretation of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" from "Blackbirds of 1928," by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh (RCA Victor).

Last, but among the very best, the complete album of "Porgy and Bess" by the great George Gershwin (Decca).

New! Improved!

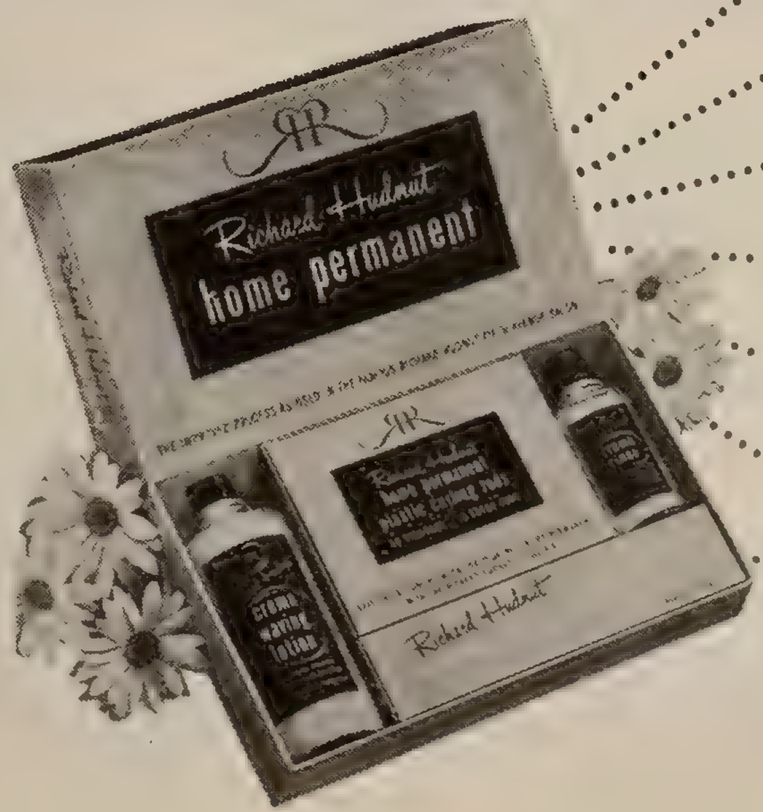
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

Take Only One Hour Waving Time for Your Permanent*

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

**depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.*

It's 7 Ways Better!



1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave... non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

What's New

BY DALE

When the circus was in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Herlihy had their work cut out for them by Donald, four and Jeanne, seven.

Even before they got to the eats Dad Herlihy crossed many a palm with silver. He's host on NBC's Honeymoon in New York.

NBC photographer Ike Selby caught Donald urging clown Lou Jacobs to come home with him.

THE more we see and hear, the more convinced we become that the folks who are trying so hard to cling to the *status quo* are hanging on to something that "ain't." The conscientious parent under the *status quo* did all in his power to be able to send his son, or daughter, to college. But look here, now. If current NBC plans go through, that won't be necessary. Fellows and gals will be able to study via the network. NBC has set up an ambitious "University of the Air" plan and is now in the process of asking several universities to join in. Listeners would enroll in the universities for a home study course (for a nominal fee), and, at the end of a specified period, would take an exam. On passing, the student would receive a joint certificate from the school and the University of the Air.

Some things just don't make very good sense to us. All around there's talk about retrenchments, with plenty of sponsors holding out on re-signing talent until it takes a substantial cut. On the other hand comes an announcement from CBS that it netted better than a million and a half in the first quarter of 1948, which tops last year's high for that network. You figure it out.

* * *

Former stage and screen star Muriel Angelus has turned down a meaty Hollywood offer, for two good reasons . . . her daughter and her husband. In private life, Muriel is Mrs. Paul Lavalle, wife of radio's baton wielder. While she could conceivably take the nine-months-old baby to the Coast, Paul couldn't leave New York because of his radio commitments. Rather than leave him

FROM COAST to COAST

BANKS

When Clyde Beatty's circus hit L. A., Martha Tilton's Jonathan, five, met Clyde himself.

Orthodox Jonathan ate his cotton candy from the top down. It paved the way for the popcorn and ice cream that followed.

By the time they saw the sword swallower, Jon said he knew just how she felt. Except that her sword didn't *taste* so good.

alone, wife Muriel turned down the offer.

* * *

Pops Whiteman will never stop. Now he's been elected by the board of directors of ABC to be a vice-president. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, we say.

* * *

Odd data . . . Bob Novak, who directs Mutual's weekday Newsreel series, is a magician for relaxation. He's a former president of the New York chapter of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and, for two years, trouped around the world for the Army, entertaining hospitalized GIs with his feats of magic.

* * *

By this time in radio history, whenever you hear a couple of radio comics feuding on their programs you're fairly sure that they're bosom buddies and pay their script writers a tidy piece of change to keep the air war going. Now, there's the makings of a real feud in the biz. Fred Allen is still burning because Bing Crosby canceled out a guest shot on the comic's show. The thing that really makes Allen sore is that all this took place *after* Fred had already cut the recording of his appearance on the Groaner's stanza.

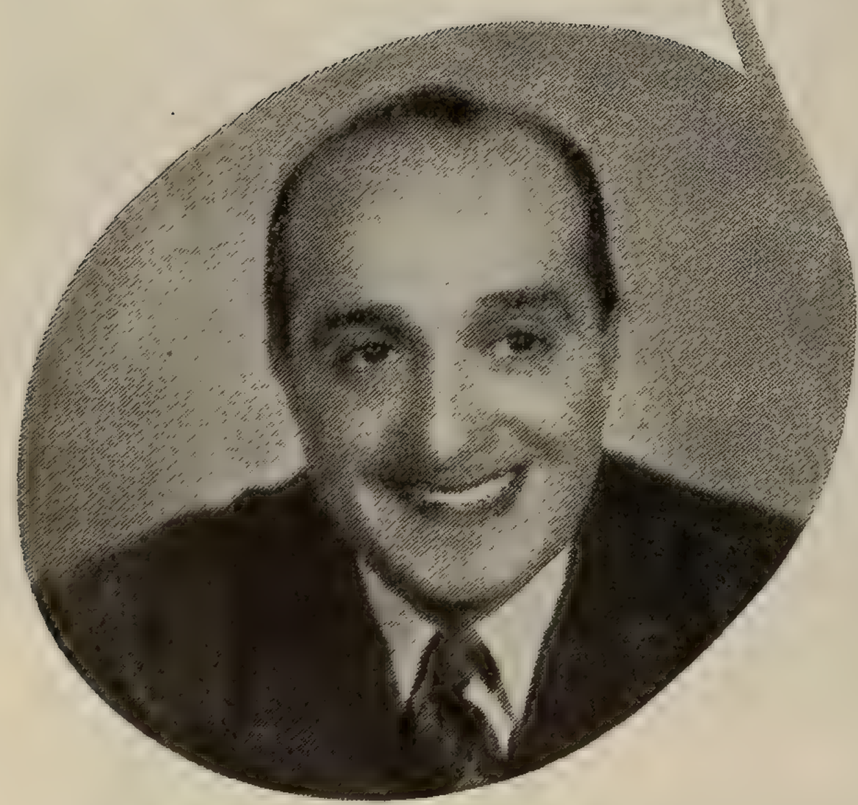
* * *

One of the shortest vacationers is the Beulah Show, which returns to the air about the middle of August. We have to hand it to the writers who took over the scripting assignment on this series after the death of Marlin Hurt, its originator and creator. They've done a consistently good job of retaining all (*Continued on page* 17)

The vocalists on KDKA's Memory Time. In the foreground: Elaine Beverley, Buzz Aston, Ev Neill (at the piano), Florence Berg and announcer Bill Sutherland. In the back row, the quartet, Dick Fisher, Bob Hughes, Bernie Markwell and Ray Griffin.

AL MARSICO

Tune Collector



As Musical Director of Memory Time, Al's on an endless search for those half-remembered songs which are so often requested under wrong titles.

BUILDING any kind of a radio show is no easy job, but when it comes to preparing a show like KDKA's Memory Time, half hour musical which features the tunes of other years every Thursday night on the Pittsburgh station, there's a real task involved.

Don't take anybody's word for it. Just ask Al Marsico, famed Pittsburgh musician who is the musical director of the production. He says he doesn't even take time out to say hello when he meets his friends. Invariably it's: "Say, tell me where I can get the words and music of. . . ."

Currently he's looking for a copy of "She Sleeps in the Valley by Request." If you can help him out, he'll certainly appreciate it.

Al started out as a violinist in Millvale High School and began his career as a member of Ralph Harrison's orchestra. He bought his own baton in 1928 when he went to Pittsburgh's Enright Theater as musical director. One of his first duties was to teach a young singer, Dick Powell, how to m.c. a show. Marsico made a lot of other famous friends at the Enright, folks like the Ritz Brothers, Tom Mix, Burns and Allen, Olive Borden and Joe Penner.

Al began a round of night club work in 1932 when he played the old Plaza Restaurant. In 1937, he went to the Show Boat and in 1939 he became the musical director at Pittsburgh's famous Nixon Restaurant. And he's still there.

He was selected to take over the musical chores on Memory Time in 1943. He's been at it ever since, working in close harmony with the producer, Ronnie Taylor, writer Les Stern and arranger, Chauncey Lively. With its 18-piece orchestra and singing stars, Memory Time has given Pittsburgh a show of network quality.

Between his work at the Nixon and at KDKA, Al figures he devotes 60 hours a week to music.

He worked overtime just recently during construction of his cottage at Ligonier, western Pennsylvania mountain resort. Marsico and seven other musicians bought a 35-acre tract there, complete with well-stocked lake and swimming pool. Al's cottage is a 34x34 stone and timber structure overlooking the lake.

COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 15)

all the show's comic potentials without sacrificing the dignity and natural wit and intelligence of the central character as she was first conceived. Marlin Hurt never intended Beulah to be a stereotype comedy Negro and she hasn't become one, although the job of avoiding clichés in situations and gags must be a heavy one, now that the show is on five times a week.

* * *

Elvia Allman, who plays Mrs. Buff-Orpington on the Blondie show, is very pleased with the results of an idea she had back in the Spring. There's a large and, formerly, unsightly vacant lot next to Elvia's home. Last Spring, when Elvia and her husband were working to re-landscape their garden, they wound up with some plants and shoots and seeds left over. They planted their left-overs in the vacant lot and now it's a pleasure to see the eyesore changed into a beauty spot.

* * *

One thousand guests, including all the stars who have contributed their performances to the Screen Guild Players radio show, recently attended the dedication of the hospital built with funds from the proceeds of the Screen Guild Players series. The 40-bed hospital, which cost $1,300,000, adjoins the famous Motion Picture Country House, a Motion Picture Relief Fund project which takes care of anyone who has worked in the film industry for 20 years and who is no longer able to support himself. Jean Hersholt, president of the Fund, presided over the ceremonies and the program featured Dinah Shore, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Reagan, Shirley Temple and The King's Men.

* * *

When Groucho Marx arrived in New York awhile ago, everybody was even happier than usual to see him . . . because he was sporting a real mustache, which makes him look really like Groucho Marx, if you get what we mean.

* * *

John Loveton, producer-director of Mr. and Mrs. North, had his hands full a couple of weeks ago. Linda Watkins, a nice young lady who specializes in gun molls on the program, is a cat fancier and owns six felines. One of them had to be taken to a vet, so Linda brought it to the studio with her to save having to pick it up after the show. She put the cat in the control room to keep it out of the way during air time. But cats aren't crazy about strange places and this one got excited in the middle of the show and started acting up with the controls and director Loveton. John was a very tired and irritated man when he came out of that control booth after the show went off the air. And Linda has promised to keep her business and her hobby strictly apart from here on.

* * *

Bet you'll never guess what profession is represented most often by contestants who appear on Sammy Kaye's So You Want To Lead a Band? program. Believe it or not—undertakers.

* * *

There are many reasons why there's no business (*Continued on page* 95)

"I dress for a moonlight ride ... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "Here's how I manage morning to moonlight dress problems," says this smart career girl. "I wear a little scarf caught with a chic gold pin at the neck of my silk shantung dress. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours.*"

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes, I change the scarf for a dashing striped silk stole, fasten with a glittering pin and belt. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*"

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(*Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.*)

SKIPPER DAWES

WHEN Edmund Dawes, generally addressed as "Skipper," graduated from Swarthmore College in 1932, he formed an orchestra of former college students, spotting himself where he could do the most good—at the piano. The group soon had a job with the Holland-America steamship line.

Skip saw no future in entertaining tourists, so he became, successively, a cheese salesman and then an insurance investigator. Neither job held much promise either, so Skip went back to school. In 1938 Temple University gave him a master's degree in music education. He became music supervisor in Bangor, Pennsylvania, and then supervisor of elementary school music in Haverford Township.

In August, 1942, the father of one of his pupils named Skip for a WFIL opening. Inside of one month's time, Mr. Dawes had gotten himself a new job, a new house, and a new baby.

One of his first assignments was to record a short program to be replayed in Philadelphia schools to stimulate a scrap metal drive. It was good enough to move Dr. Philip A. Boyer of the Board of Education to suggest that WFIL start a series of educational programs for classroom use.

The idea caught, and with Skip at the helm, WFIL began broadcasting Quaker City Scrappers, the first radio program designed for in-school listening produced by a Philadelphia station. With Skip as educational director for the station, that single program grew to five programs a week—the most popular of all Philadelphia's school series.

In 1943, Skip began the Magic Lady programs, which were designed chiefly to appeal to children. In that same year, Skip formed an all-teen-age-girls chorus, The Choraleens, and the 22-voice group became ABC network stars, broadcasting a series of weekly programs coast-to-coast. That same chorus forms the backbone of another Dawes' production, Teen Age Time, broadcast Saturdays at 9:00 A.M. in Philadelphia. Skip directs The Choraleens in two other weekly broadcasts and handles a weekly television program in addition.

His wife, Betty, and his two sons, Edmund, 12, and Robert, 6, think he's a pretty clever guy.

The Skipper pours for Candy, Eddie and Angie.

Cathy MacGregor

CATHY MACGREGOR was born in New York City and she was slated for the theater from the day she was born, for her whole family was in it. And her uncle, Edgar MacGregor, was one of the most successful musical directors of his time.

Uncle Edgar always said, "Have a happy, carefree childhood, dear, and when you are ready come to me." So Cathy went to school, appeared in every play the schools put on.

In 1939, Cathy was graduated from Curtis High School on Staten Island. And she went to her Uncle Edgar. She was ready. But Uncle Edgar said, "Well, it isn't as easy as all that, dear." So Cathy decided she'd better learn how to make a living. She bought a book and learned stenography and typing in one month.

On her first secretarial job she met a girl who was connected with the Little Theater at the YWCA. After office hours, the two girls worked in the Little Theater and during the summer caught a 5 o'clock train for Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, every day, to work in summer stock. They had a wonderful time and, by the end of the summer, both of them had pernicious anemia.

Through a friend, Cathy got an audition with Bob and Betty White on the People's Playhouse show. The Whites were very enthusiastic about her acting and advised her to give up everything else and stick to radio. And suddenly she began to get jobs in radio, in very unusual ways. For instance, unknown though she was, she insisted on reading for a part in Studio One's production of "King's Row," and so impressed director Fletcher Markle that he gave her the part and pointedly introduced her to the audience as one of the most brilliant actresses to come his way. Then she got a running comedy part on the Perry Mason series, because she ran into Arthur Hanna, the director then, on a furiously cold day on 52nd Street and impressed herself on him by being able to joke about the cold which made him so miserable. The writers on the Dick Tracy program also found themselves writing the part of Joan Ashland into the script more often than they'd originally planned, after Cathy started playing it.

Catherine MacGregor is on her way up, now. She's found her way at attracting attention, initially by her sparkling good humor which infects everyone, then by her really compelling performances. Watch for her, because she's moving very fast.

It Whispers Lovely Things About You

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Perfume 75c to $12.50

Eau de Cologne 65c to $1.50

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All Prices Plus Tax

MORE SWIFTLY than the eye, more clearly than the spoken word, this sweet and gentle fragrance tells the story of your charm. None can forget its haunting perfume . . . nor resist the appeal of the one who wears it.

BOURJOIS

RALPH HUBBELL

Sportscaster

WBEN's Sports Director has a 12-hour work day.

Charley Bailey of WEBR, Jim Wells, Vice President of the Buffalo Bills' Football Team; Sig Smith of WKBW and Ralph Hubbell.

Ralph is the subject when the obliging Mike Mazurki, wrestler and movie actor, demonstrates an airplane spin for WBEN-TV.

BACK in the early 30's when Ralph Hubbell was breaking into Buffalo radio, he had a daily poetry program, in addition to his nightly sportscast. One day he received a glowing letter from the rugged Jimmy Slattery, of Buffalo, then the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

"Please," wrote Jimmy, "send me a copy of the verse you read on the air today. It was swell."

This letter—from an athlete who wrote not about sports but about poetry—illustrates the wide appeal of the Hubbell voice and helps to explain why the WBEN sports director makes more than 100 personal appearances annually, in addition to his 12 weekly sportscasts.

The youthful dean of Buffalo sportscasters has broadcast every sport from badminton to wrestling in his 17 years in radio. He has always loved his job and is even more enthusiastic now that WBEN-TV has added television.

"I had to learn when *not* to talk in television," the smiling sportscaster said, "because the fan has the picture of the action in front of him. Of course, in a wrestling match the sportscaster helps by explaining the various holds and adds facts on formations when telecasting football."

Ralph is an athlete himself—he broke 80 in golf last year—and won several varsity letters at Brooklyn's Flatbush High. When he graduated from Flatbush in 1930, it marked the 14th school he had attended in six different states.

After his mother died in 1919, the sportscaster was raised by a maiden aunt, a teacher who taught in schools from New York to Florida. She took Ralph with her wherever she went and he acquired a remarkable knowledge of the habits of peoples.

Ralph was once a director of boys' work at a settlement school in the rough-and-ready Red Hook section of Brooklyn. This practical experience served him in good stead and he is an outspoken advocate of the value of boys clubs' activities.

On his way up to his present post, Ralph has worked in various capacities on all other Buffalo stations, which is somewhat of a record in itself. He came to WBEN from WGR on February 29, 1948.

When Ralph makes any kind of prediction in sports, he is certain to have at least two faithful fans who are about to double-check him on the reasons why. They are his two sons—Peter, 11, and Philip, 8.

Hubbell broadcasts over WBEN every weekday evening at 6:15, Monday through Friday nights at 11:25 and every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Joan Tompkins

Nora Drake, CBS
Mon.-Fri., 2:30 p.m. EDT

A POPULAR American notion is that people who make good in show business come from small-to-middlin'-towns, migrate to New York or Hollywood, storm the gates and zoom to the top. This notion is probably what leads hundreds of hopefuls each year to these two Meccas of success. And these hundreds of outlanders are what make it so difficult and so rare that a born New Yorker, or Californian, even makes a hit in the home town. But Joan Tompkins, who plays the leading role on This Is Nora Drake (CBS, Monday through Friday at 2:30 PM, EDT), came through with flying colors.

Not exactly a New York City native, Joan was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., which is a hamlet about 20 minutes from Manhattan. She's been in the theatre practically all her life, having made her first professional appearance in a local production at the age of five. She spoke one line in that play—but in Italian. She went to school like every other American child, but she trained herself for her future, by working in summer stock year after year.

In 1933, she tackled Broadway and without too much difficulty landed a part in "Fly Away Home". That led to roles in "Pride and Prejudice," "Golden Journey," "Saint's Husband" and "My Sister Eileen." It was during the run of this last play that Joan met an actor named Bruce MacFarlane—and, later, married him. In those years, Joan went on the road, too.

Joan is a radio veteran of over 10 years. At first, it looks as though she broke into radio in a strictly routine manner, applying for an audition, reading for some directors and getting a job on a series called Snow Village Sketches. But the twist is that five whole years passed after this break, before someone at the studio dug her file card out of the dusty files again. Oddly enough, when she was summoned after this five-year lapse, it wasn't for a small bit. It was for the lead in Your Family and Mine. And, since then, there have been no lapses whatsoever. In fact, sometimes, Joan wishes there were more than 24 hours a day, because besides her lead in This Is Nora Drake, Joan has prominent roles in David Harum, Young Widder Brown, the lead for two years on Lora Lawton and Call the Police.

ON THE RADIO I heard a haunting song about a new shampoo: "Dream Girl . . . beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl." Since I was no "dream" in Jim's eyes, it gave me new hope for *my* dull-looking, unruly hair!

HAPPY ME! A noted hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo with magic results. "Use it at home, too," he said. "It's not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new *cream* shampoo with lanolin. It *glamorizes* hair!"

Lonely "bachelor-girl" becomes a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl

JIM TURNED ROMANTIC . . . the night we dined at his country club. Someone switched on a radio and there was the Dream Girl song. Jim, for the first time, noticed my hair—now so lovely, thanks to my home-shampooing with Lustre-Creme. "Say," he whispered, "that song fits you. How about being my Mrs. Dream Girl?"

For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

You can say "yes" to Romance

because

Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"

—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

Veto says "no"

—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

Cuban radio executive Goar Mestre wanted a Cuban counterpart of our Radio City. Pearl Carrington wanted to fly. They'd never heard of each other before—but when his dream came true, hers did too, in a truly miraculous way

Miracle in Cuba

By PEARL D. CARRINGTON

YOU know those people who sometimes call you up and ask you what radio program you're listening to? Well, take a little advice from me. Whenever they call be very, very polite to them. It may be just an ordinary radio poll but it may be . . . well, I'm getting ahead of my story.

It all began when I was at home alone one night. I have a daughter and a son, both of them married. Until they went away I was one of the busiest women alive. I kept house, did all the sewing, baked the bread—partly to save money and partly because we all liked home-made bread. I even made the slip covers and draperies and curtains for the house and did all my own carpentry work.

Then I found myself fairly idle for the first time, with the children gone. Of course, I still sewed for my daughter and daughter-in-law but that did not fill the days. I read a lot and listened a lot to the radio, which I had not had time for before.

This night, just after supper, the telephone rang and a man asked me if I had my radio on and what I was hearing. This has happened to me several times and usually those are the only two questions asked. But that night the man was more inquisitive. He wanted to know a lot of things about me—how much I listened to the radio, what programs I liked, what ones I didn't like.

He asked me if I liked the disc jockeys. At first I thought he meant those lovely recorded musical programs but when he explained I said, "Oh, you mean those men who play popular records late at night and giggle in between."

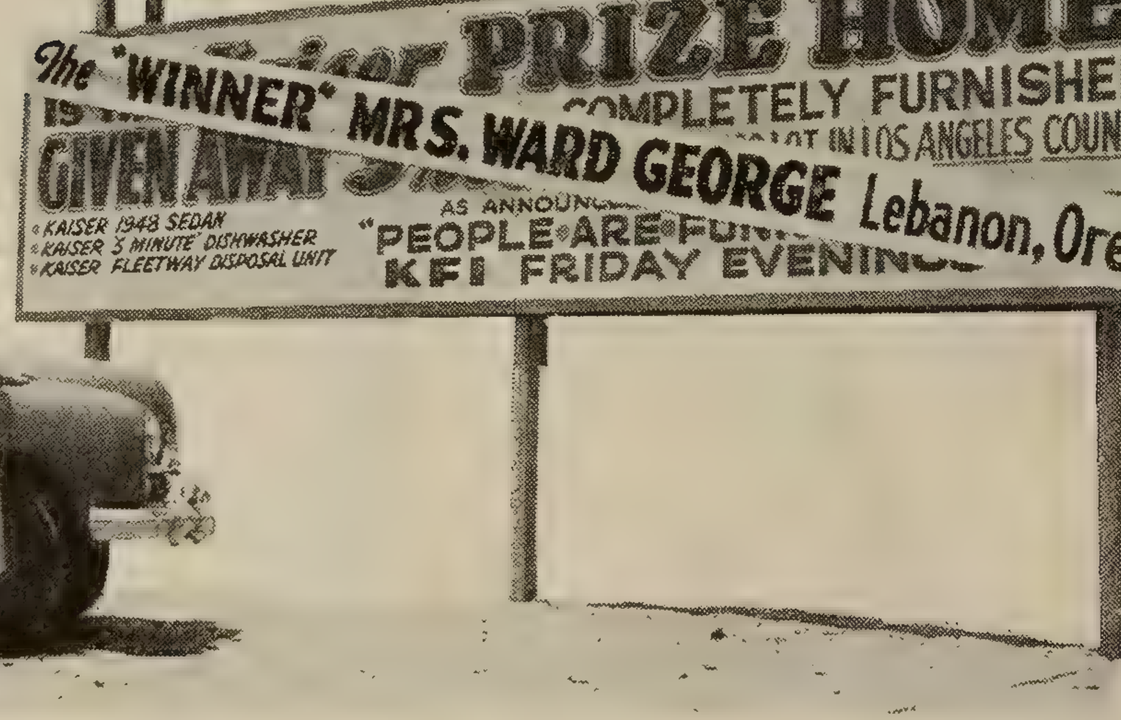
He seemed to think this was funny and then he started to get very personal. He asked me how old I was and what family I had. He had a pleasant voice and seemed nice so I told him what he wanted to know and thought no more about it.

Then the miracle happened! A week later he called again and asked me if I would like to fly to Cuba to participate in the opening of Cuba's Radio City—all expenses paid. At first I could not believe it. Well, would you? If it had happened to you?

The funny thing is that one of my dreams has been to take a long air trip, but I had never had the time or the money. And Cuba was a place I had always wanted to see. When I was a girl I had spent some time in Mexico and my father had once been the Texas correspondent to a Cuban newspaper. And now here was a strange man asking me if I would like to fly to Cuba. Would I! Wouldn't I just!

I don't know how I sounded when he convinced me it wasn't a joke. And that I wasn't dreaming. I wasn't sure until the letter came which explained everything. I had been selected as a typical American radio listener and was invited to join a group of radio (*Continued on page* 97)

Summing up the Georges: past—dark with hardship; future—bright with promise. And the present? Sheer, delirious happiness!



By Mrs. WARD GEORGE

★

WINNER OF PEOPLE ARE FUNNY "BRIGHT FUTURE" CONTEST

★

People Are Funny is heard Fridays, 9 P.M. EDT, on NBC

I'LL never forget that *look* on Art Linkletter's face when I gave my answer to the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle. He seemed so shocked that I was sure I had failed!

It was the People Are Funny NBC program. The contest had been going on for months . . . and this Friday I was the lucky candidate who had been chosen to appear and see if I could guess the city—a big city—the name of which was buried in the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle:

"Big Chief Windbag, gloomy and gay
I'm one over others that lie in decay
Where may I be found? Upon low ground
That's all. . . . That's all I will say."

So there I was. And when Art had asked me: "Well, Mrs. George—there's the riddle and you have only one guess. Listen carefully." He repeated it again. "Mrs. George, what city do you say is Big Chief Windbag?"

"Cairo, Egypt," I managed to whisper.

That was when he got that peculiar, shocked expression on his face. (Of course, now I realize that Art Linkletter is a natural-born tease, and that he couldn't resist keeping both me and the audience in suspense just a little bit longer.)

But I didn't realize it then. And in the ten seconds it took him to speak, I died ten thousand deaths.

Then it came.

"That ends the contest. YOU ARE THE WINNER!"

I hope I never come closer to fainting again in my life. There was a kind of roaring in my ears that was only partly due to the pandemonium from the studio audience, and I was genuinely in need of the bottle of smelling salts that Art Linkletter pulled out of his pocket and shoved under my nose. He did it as a gag—but it was no gag to me.

Imagine! . . . I had written a letter—just a brief simple letter of two paragraphs, expressing my hope and sympathy to a family in Europe from my husband and myself. This had earned me—when Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson selected mine out of the thousands sent in—the right to appear on the People Are Funny show. Then, just two words—two words, mind you!—*Cairo, Egypt*—had won for me prizes such as you could only dream about in an Arabian Nights tale.

A completely furnished, brand new home—two bedrooms, den, living room, dining room alcove, kitchen and service porch. And when I say furnished, I mean beautifully! From lovely sofas and

Inside and out, the house is spic and span and pretty as Mrs. George's most extravagant dreams. And complete down to the last stick of furniture.

WON OUR FUTURE

chairs to an electric dishwasher, electric stove, refrigerator—oh, everything! And a 1948 Kaiser four-door sedan. And if Ward and I wanted to move to Los Angeles, a job guaranteed for both of us, in whatever field we were interested in.

This is the bright, lovely future that People Are Funny have given me. To remember what was the Past, before that lucky Friday night, I'll take you back to the preceding Monday of that same week.

It was a Monday in the small town of Lebanon, Oregon, where the first day of the week is a work-day for the men, and wash-day for the housewives. But I was doing neither. A headache had kept me home from my part-time job in the plant nursery, and that same headache made me turn from the laundry basket with distaste. Instead, while I cooked my lunch over the electric hot plate that served us as a stove, my mind went back to its favorite pastime. Wondering about the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle.

Weeks ago I had written my letter, and enclosed ten cents to the family in Europe. Believe me, ten cents was all I could spare! When you are living, as we two were, in an eight hundred and fifty dollar, mail order, imitation paper brick house on which you still owe six hundred dollars, ten cents is a lot of money. (*Continued on page* 80)

New home, new car, new job—the key to a brand new life. It's no wonder the Georges wander around in a lovely daze, patting things and beaming at each other!

There's Jane on the air . . . and there's Jane at home. It takes a very perceptive husband to draw the line that separates these ladies

By Goodman Ace

as told to Gladys Hall

JANE reads quite a lot. Reads novels. Reads the fashion magazines. A few whodunits. But she is not interested, I'm afraid, in the American Scene. A little confused, let me put it that way, about politics.

You say to Jane, "The domestic situation is tough."

"Yes," she agrees. "Help is hard to get."

The other evening some friends dropped by and we got to talking about Stalin and Molotov. "Know what I think?" Jane asked us, "I think they are—*Communists!*"

I am often asked to describe the difference, if any, between Jane Ace and Jane Sherwood—whether, that is, Jane at home and Jane on the air are "alikes."

"Do you," an acquaintance recently inquired of me, "play straight man to Jane at home?"

No. No, I do not. Away from the mike, I am not a straight man. There is no need for me to be since Jane is *not* a comedienne off stage. She doesn't try to be funny. She hates funny women who tell jokes. She doesn't gab all the time, although she does, now and again, give you all the details. Nor do I try to be witty with her. She knows all the answers.

The way it is with Jane Ace (as with Jane Sherwood) she doesn't listen very closely to what's going on. What she does get of what's going on, her mind is ahead of you. You run into Jane Ace downtown and "What are you doing downtown?" you ask. The answer is "Just fine!" Or you say to Jane Ace, "That's a lovely dress you're wearing," and she says, "You do!"

Income tax baffles her. Completely. Come the Ides of last March and our income tax was, according to Jane, too high—she really believed the auditor was splitting it with the Government. "The auditor couldn't be doing all this," she said, "and getting nothing but $500 for it!"

And bills. Our bills, Jane laments, are something made up by a writer for the pulps. All the bills that come in—"our" bills—I suggest to her, are from Milgrim, Bergdorf, Saks-Fifth Avenue, coiffeurs. To which she replies, "Well, never mind. . ."

But this doesn't make Jane any different from, let's face it, other women. Almost every man I run into says of Jane (on the air), "My wife is just like that." Unless you find a very erudite woman, a writer, perhaps, or a female doctor or lawyer, women *are* like that; are like Jane Sherwood. So, no less and not so *very* much more, is Jane Ace.

It was accidental, our going on the air. That is, it was accidental that Jane went on the air.

To begin at the beguine, as Jane would put it, I was born in Kansas City, Mo., on January 15, 1900. Jane was also born in Kansas City, Mo., on—well, even her CBS biography leaves this blank. "To mention a lady's age," Jane would be sure to say, "I think it's *abdominal!*"

My first job was with the old Kansas City Journal-Post. I wrote a comedy column every day. I was the motion picture critic. I wrote dramatic criticism—and anything else they had around the place.

I stayed with it for twelve years before breaking into radio—meanwhile marrying Jane, who had been my girl-friend through grade (*Continued on page* 77)

Mr. Ace and Jane are heard Friday nights at 8 EDT, on CBS.

The value of radio? Entertainment is one answer, education another. And Father Patrick Peyton can prove that there's a third

Charles Boyer and Ethel Barrymore are two of the busy stars who make time to cooperate with Father Peyton.

"The FAMILY

By ROBBIN COONS

A YOUNG Irish-born priest cherished a memory, a dream, and a faith.

And through the radio program these inspired, he has proved that miracles—even in this materialistic age of ours—can happen in men's hearts. They are miracles wrought by family prayer, the cause to which The Family Theater, presenting first-rate drama with star-studded casts, is dedicated.

The program has received thousands of letters attesting that the memory, the dream, the faith are bearing fruit. The Family Theater, combining prime entertainment with spiritual values and omitting preachments, is helping to restore prayer as a vital force in listeners' homes and lives.

Father Patrick Peyton, C. S. C., remembered his old home in Ireland, where family prayer was "as normal as suppertime" and shed its beneficent glow on his growing-up.

He dreamed of reaching millions with the message of the power of prayer—prayer which is not merely a Sunday thing for inside churches but also an every-day habit inside the heart and home, as much a part of daily life as eating, sleeping, working.

He believed, with a sublime faith strengthened by his own experience, that such prayer could lighten human burdens, uplift men's hearts, save tottering homes, forestall adult as well as juvenile delinquency.

And so, through his efforts, was born The Family Theater, heard over Mutual on Thursdays at 10 P. M. (EDT).

This, then, is the inspiring story of Father Pat and his phenomenally successful program which, unsponsored and non-commercial, commands the services of Hollywood's greatest stars to sell a spiritual commodity, the power of prayer.

As virtually anyone who's tried can tell you, it is essential to know the ropes if you would make your place in radio. The beginner's path is strewn with thorns, nails, ground glass and

It couldn't be done. till Father Peyton did it: stars whose time is measured in gold give it, for nothing, to the dramatic productions of Father Peyton's Family Theater. Mutual contributes the time—Thurs., 10 P.M. EDT.

that PRAYS TOGETHER"

Loretta Young was one of Father Peyton's first Hollywood friends.

carloads of hard commercial facts, and heartless hucksters lie in ambush at every turn.

You wish, for instance, to persuade Bing Crosby to take the air for you. You've half lost already. Bing's a busy fellow. He has movies to think about, and his own radio show, and benefits, and his ranch, and his family. "Oh, you couldn't possibly get Bing," you'll be assured.

Father Pat in his zeal didn't think about all this. He is a huge broth of a man, six feet four, 207 pounds, now aged forty years, sandy-haired, pink-faced, and by some accounts naive.

To begin near the beginning, one day in 1945 Bing Crosby took a telephone call from New York.

"Bing," said the voice, "I'm a Catholic priest from Albany and I want you to do something for Our Lady."

"Certainly, Father," said Bing.

And on Mother's Day that year, at 7 A. M., Bing Crosby went (*Continued on page* 86)

"I'll Make the SAN FERN

Jerry Colonna, Monte Montana and two friends go in for Western atmosphere. Most Valleyites are animal-lovers; in fact space for pets is one reason Dinah Shore (below) moved out there.

Far from strenuous "Saigon," Alan and Sue Ladd spend a quiet Valley Sunday.

Lum 'n' Abner (Chester Lauck, Norris Goff) are Valley neighbors as well as partners.

By Ela

THERE was a time when native Californians believed that no one but the most frugal (and probably demented to boot) truck farmers would ever try to eke out a living in that flat, hot, very dusty part of the world known as the San Fernando Valley. If you had to go to San Fernando, you figured that Dante, who seemed to be a fellow who knew his way around the Inferno, ought to go hand in hand with you.

Then, a few years ago, something happened. All of a sudden you couldn't buy a

ANDO VALLEY My Home!"

John Scott Trotter says he wants to sell his ranch. But suppose he gets an offer?

Jack Carson (above) and Fibber McGee and Molly (Jim and Marian Jordan) are all Valley dwellers. The Jordans are a touch unusual, though—Jim is light on animals, heavier on his gardening.

Radio announcer Wendell Niles has exchanged *his* animal, a horse, for a new swimming pool.

postage stamp with a tree on it for under ten thousand dollars in what had mysteriously, over night, become "the ultra smart San Fernando Valley." If gold had been discovered, there couldn't have been a greater rush, and sixteen-cylinder conestoga wagons whizzed madly up and down Cahuenga Pass, which connects Hollywood and the Valley, by day and by night. The big land grab was on.

There is a certain wondrous madness, politely labeled eccentricity, common to all

390-acre Melody Ranch bears the Wild West motif inside and out. It's Mr. and Mrs. Gene Autry's.

John Scott Trotter found himself 22 acres of fruits, nuts, and lots of lawn.

"I'll Make the SAN FER

From Jack Carson's land there's a good view

valley dwellers. Remember the old song that went *Oh, they keep the pig in the parlor, they keep the pig in the parlor?* At the present writing there are no pigs in the parlors (no parlors, either, in grandma's sense of the word) but Gene Autry's horse does live in the Autry house, Dinah Shore hides a banty rooster in the living room, Penny Singleton gives shelter to a pair of rabbits in her private sitting room—all in the now-fabulous acreage known simply as "The Valley" to the initiated.

Lionel Barrymore, who started the trek and became the first of the famous to dwell in the Valley, maintains testily that the most expensive and eccentric farming ever done was by two elderly ladies who kept a pair of cows on 34th Street, New York City, while the metropolis (and the taxes) mounted round them. These ladies, however, have long since gone to graze their cattle in a happier land, leaving the Valley dwellers in sole possession of a privilege which may or may not be desirable—to farm as farming is known nowhere else on the face of the earth.

To begin with, the Valley comprises some two hundred and twelve square miles of rich, sun-drenched land to the north of Los Angeles. It nestles between the Coast Range on one side and the majestic, snow-capped Sierra Nevadas on the other. It is reached through Cahuenga Pass, or one of several other winding passes through the Coast Range—Cold Water Canyon, or Laurel Canyon. The would-be farmer can make up his own mind how far from Hollywood his acres are to be. The communities, which are really little more than shopping centers boasting a branch of the Los Angeles City Hall, string themselves along Route 99 on the road to San Francisco. Van Nuys, Tarzana, Sherman Oaks, Canoga Park, Chatsworth and the rest—but to

IDO VALLEY My Home!"

the Valley's attraction for homesteaders.

Dinah and George Montgomery frown on "gentleman farming." They attend to their ranch duties themselves.

Lassie bought trainer Rudd Weatherwax a nice big piece of the Valley.

the natives it's all The Valley, where the amateur has gone back to the land and the farmer has gone quietly crazy.

The people who live there are a hardy race. They work themselves thin making movies or broadcasting coast to coast for the doubtful joy of racing some thirty-five to fifty miles home each night to milk a cow who, for the price, ought to give pink champagne, or tend a flock of chickens that should lay golden eggs—and don't.

Take the case of Gale Page. She confided to Bill Bendix, who's been a Valley dweller for a couple of years, that she wanted to buy a ranch. "Then you'd better grab off a radio show to support it," said farm-wise Bill. Gale bought the ranch—and accepted a radio offer when the feed bills began rolling in.

Then there's Lassie, that hard-working collie farmer. For him to return to the soil where his forefathers undoubtedly herded sheep, he has to supplement his weekly ABC program with all the movies he can lay paws on. This provides him with a cow and with chickens which produce about two dozen eggs a day at approximately five dollars the dozen. Of course it also enables him to take the air on his own private prairie, away from the hustle and noise of the city, and to entertain as non-paying guests some twenty-four canine friends, assorted ducks, pigeons, horses, and his favorite white cat. According to owner-trainer Rudd Weatherwax, who works the ranch, Lassie is entitled to his fair share of the good things of this world. Just the same, it's the most expensive Noah's Ark on record!

Jovial Tom Breneman, a Valley resident at the time of his death, was a chicken-raiser, as a man with breakfast on his mind might well be. (*Continued on page* 84)

In Living Portraits

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D.

MRS. IRIS BLAKELEY is wealthy, socially powerful, devoted to her attractive son DAWSON. She bitterly resents the love between Dawson and Joyce, but knows she is indebted to Joyce's skill as a surgeon for Dawson's being able to walk. A recent plane crash had crippled Dawson, and there seemed no hope for him, until Joyce performed her magnificent operation. (Mrs. Blakely is Elizabeth Watts; Dawson is Les Tremayne)

JOYCE JORDAN'S brilliant career as a surgeon has not prevented her from developing into a desirable, vital woman. She came to New York recently from Centerfield, and built up a private practice. Joyce made both her office and her home in one of the city's old, quiet brownstone neighborhoods.

(Played by Gertrude Warner)

ERNEST EDEN is Joyce's 14-year-old foster son, child of a man who loved Joyce, and who died in China. Ernest and the friendly, warm-hearted maid Celia are now the whole of Joyce's family.

(Ernest is played by Larry Robinson; Celia is played by Amanda Randolph)

Joyce Jordan, M.D., is heard Mon. through Fri. at 10:45 A.M. EDT, NBC.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. *and the Story of the*

DIANE OGDEN, wife of Centerfield minister Rev. Gregory Ogden, was sincerely anxious to be a credit to her husband. But fun-loving, clothes-conscious Diane was not the town's idea of a proper clergyman's wife, and she was too inexperienced to handle the suspicious dislike of her critics. Lonely, discouraged, Diane was delighted to see her cousin Edgar Jarvis, who paid an unexpected visit to Centerfield one day when Gregory happened to be out of town. When Diane said goodbye to Edgar at the airport, she felt for the first time in months that she was not completely friendless. But talkative Leah Bartel, who witnessed the leave-taking, knew only that she had seen the minister's wife kissing a handsome young man. She lost no time in spreading the news around. The town heard Leah's description with satisfied nods. Speculation pressed so hard against the private lives of the Ogdens that Gregory felt it was hopeless to go on. He prepared to resign his Centerfield parish, leave town forever. But Diane was no weakling. All at once her native courage and sense of fair play asserted themselves. She spoke to Leah Bartel, making a plea for herself that was at the same time an attack on Centerfield narrowness. Somehow she found words to explain how her youth and inexperience had created a false impression—and how the town had failed in tolerance.

Minister's Wife

So Gregory was spared heartbreak—he kept his church. With Leah's attitude so changed that she became a close friend, Diane was able to make other friends in Centerfield, and the Ogdens took their place as leading, respected members of the community. To add to their happiness, one day Dr. Joyce Jordan delivered Diane of a baby son. (Gregory Ogden is played by Boyd Crawford; Diane Ogden is played by Virginia Dwyer; Edgar Jarvis is James Monks; Leah Bartel is Ida Heinemann.)

Between the

LOST SON

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Never again will his deft feet follow
The pasture-pond that was round and shallow,
Yet somehow, strangely, he walks there still,
Swinging his lantern—a ribbon of flame
Threading the dark; and I call his name!
But only my echo shouts back from the hill.

Only grey silence drifts up from the meadow,
Yet still, I say, I can see his shadow.
Oh, always in spirit he'll cross this land;
And only a mother can see him pass,
Bending the tassels of haunted grass,
The years' light locked in his young, brown hand!

—Pauline Havard

BARGAIN

It was a timid lad who came to sell
A pail of string beans at my kitchen door.
I do no canning, but I bought the beans,
And said: "How nice; do give me two pails more!"

I knew that they were stringy, tough, and scorched
By the drought-sun that flames the Ozark skies—
And now I sit and stare at all the beans
I bought, to see success in a child's eyes.

—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

AUTHENTIC CALENDAR

How shall I know that I'm growing old
If time leaves no tell-tale trace?
If no silver gleams in my dusky hair
And no furrows indent my face?
I shall know at last that I'm growing old,
Though no record of years I keep:
When I weep at things that once made me smile
And smile at what made me weep.

—Anastasia Thomas

WHEN YOU HAVE NO CHOICE

Why must you be so pitiless O heart
That has so pitifully brief an hour
To beat, to ease this raw and bitter smart,
To lean austerely from your narrow tower
And comfort the lost wanderer? Share now
Your fire; take that chilled hand in your own
And let love place his kiss upon your brow.
This life is so precarious a loan.

Soon, soon you will lie still in endless night,
Forever undisturbed by my despair
Although I beat your gate with reckless might
And cry your name on the unanswering air.
You will be deaf to the most vibrant voice,
Cold and unmoving—when you have no choice.

—Ethel Jacobson

Verses to stir the surface of your mind as gently as a summe

Bookends

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EDT, over ABC.

STUDIES IN GEOMETRY

When I was small—
  Oh, five or four—
My world was a circle,
  Nothing more.
I, standing at center,
  Could not sense
Beyond the bright
  Circumference;
All things were good
  But in degree
As they brought happiness
  To me.

I've seen the small
  Bright circle change
To geometric
  Figures, strange
And awesome;
  I have found my place
At apex, corner,
  Or at base.

Today I cannot
  Quite define
The shape of world
  I now call mine;
And as for my
  Location in it,
That shifts about
  With every minute . . .
At last I count it
  Very grand
When I find *any*
  Place to stand!

—B. Y. Williams

PRAYER FOR ANY WIFE

Lord, let my golden store
Of laughter, as I pour
It from its pitcher, be
Replenished, so that he
May always have it when
He wishes it—for men
Need it from women's lips.
And if the pitcher tips
With difficulty now
And then, Lord, show me how,
In the face of fear or doubt,
To get good laughter out.

—Elaine V. Emans

LAST LAP

"How you have grown, my son! I swan.
When you were just a little chap
You often liked to sit upon
My lap!"

"You, too, have grown since days remote,
For, Dad, the lap I sat upon
When just a little chap, I note
Is gone!"

—Addison H. Hallock

EXOTIC

I've tried so many heavenly scents,
But alas for my noble experiments!
Comes romantic dusk, my husband prefers
The fragrance of onions and hamburgers!

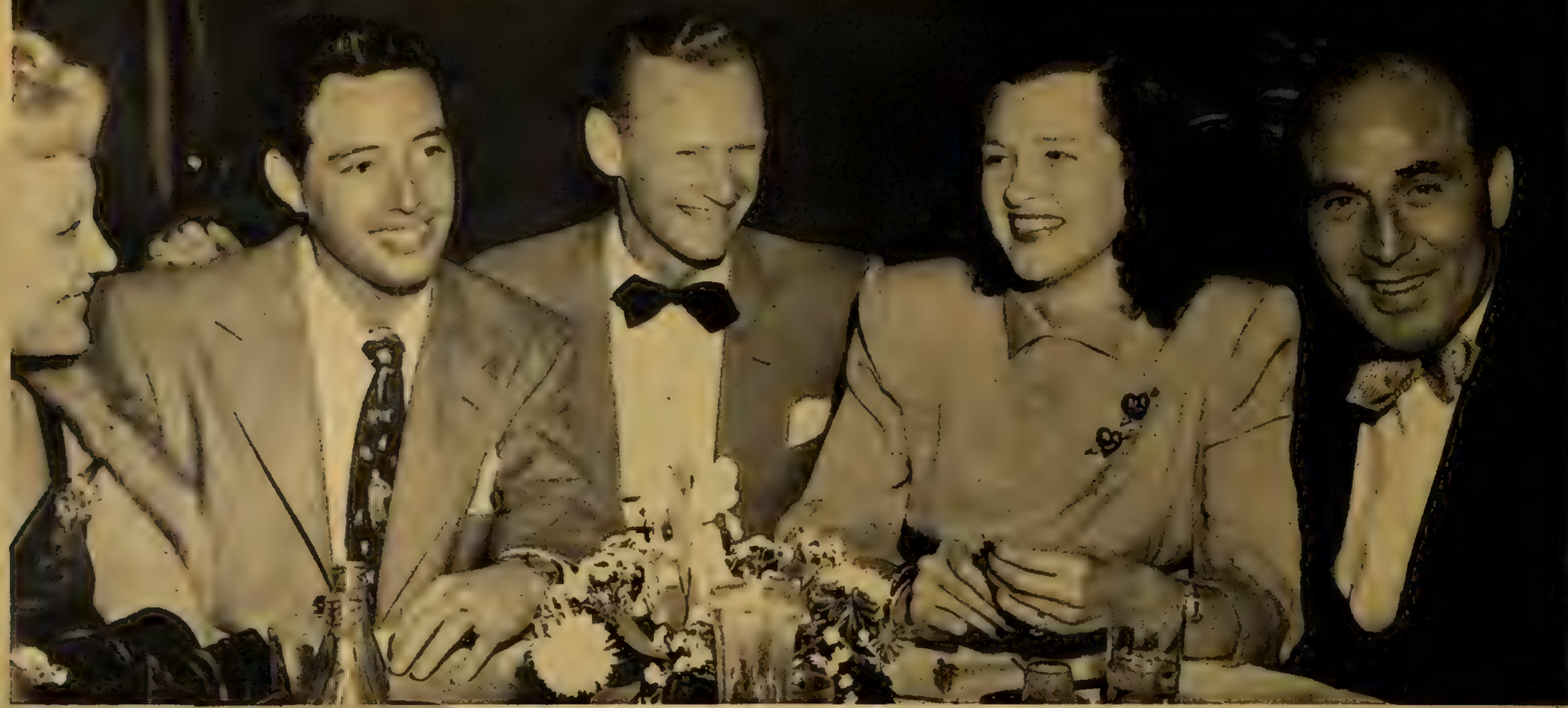
—May Richstone

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

reeze passing over water

Mrs. Andy Russell, Andy, Sammy, Jo Stafford and Sammy's manager Mike Nidorf when Jo's summer vacation began —Sammy took over her week-night dates on the NBC Supper Club (Monday through Friday, 7 P.M. EDT).



They ALL want to

1947 Lead a Band winner was 17-year-old Rodney Andrews, of Dayton, Ohio. He'll invest his prize in a musical education.

Sammy's autograph is in many copies of his Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry—the book that led to his Poetry Contest, last won by Mrs. B. Y. Williams (below) of Cincinnati.

LEAD the BAND!

Sammy Kaye suspected that lots of people would welcome the chance to lead a band. Here's the story of how right he was

By DAVID O. ALBER
Sammy Kaye's Press Agent

SAMMY KAYE has been surprising me for eleven years.

He surprised me with the originality of his music the first time I heard it, which was on the radio and from an out-of-town station. And he surprised me the first time I saw him a year later.

His dreamy, melodic style had led me to expect a somewhat romantic personality. The last thing I was prepared for was a tawny-haired, blue-eyed young man, slender but with an athlete's build. At that time I did not know that he had won his letters at Ohio State University in football, baseball, basketball and track. In fact, I did not know anything about him except that I thought his music was wonderful and that I had picked him for a client a year before.

Now, what was somewhat more important, he was at last considering engaging me as his press agent.

I had my fingers crossed, hoping that our first interview would go well enough to lead to further discussions and that, before long, I would add him to my list. I had more than just a professional interest in his band.

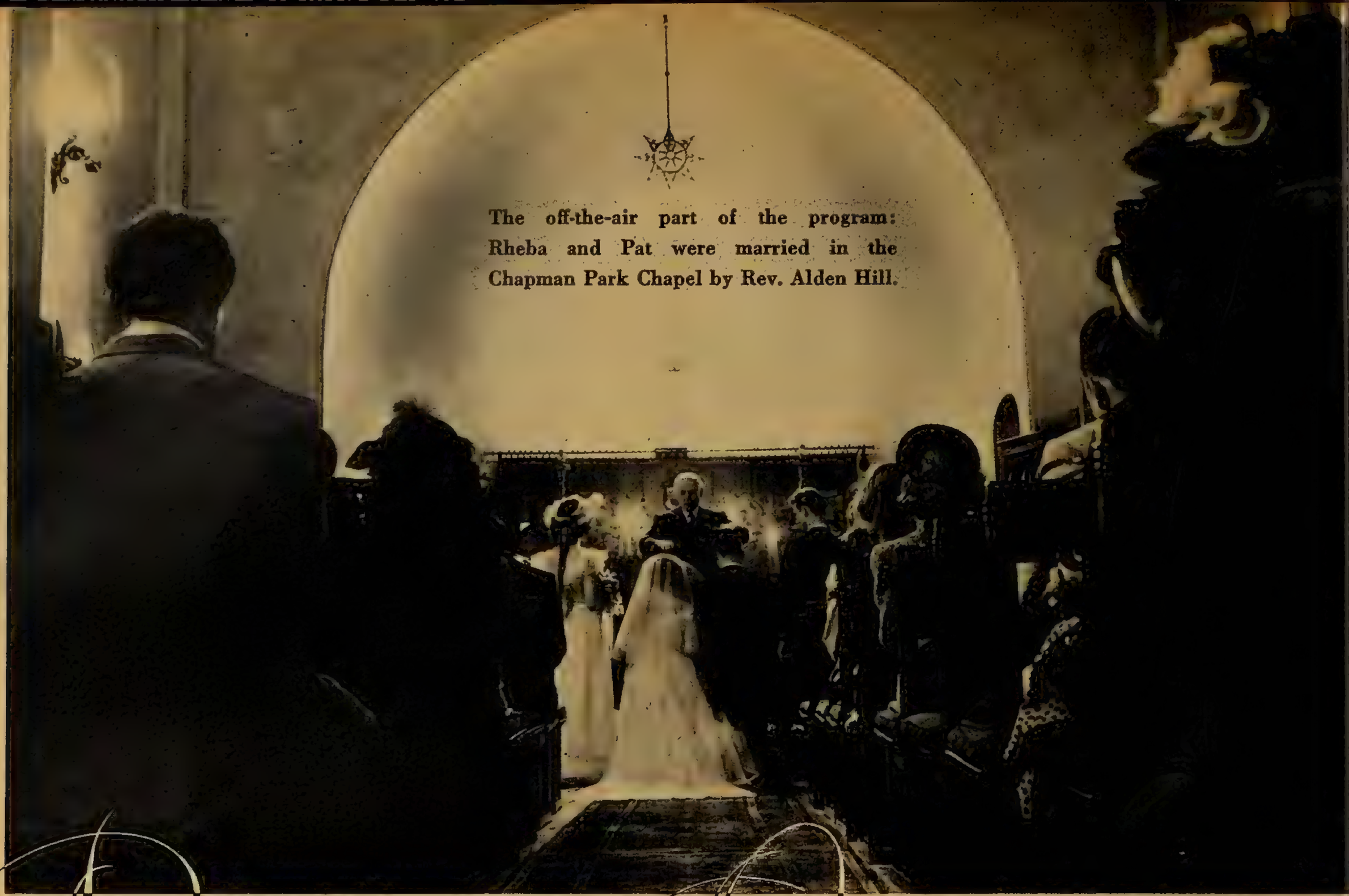
I am a band fan—always have been. It was pleasure for me, as well as business, to listen to all of the new bands that were coming along.

I was crazy about Sammy's style from the first time I heard him. I liked the distinctive tricks he used. I liked his vocalists, and I liked his slogan, "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye." So I wrote to Jim Peppe—who was then Kaye's manager, and is now associated with Mike Nidorf in his management—outlining what publicity services my office could offer.

Nothing came of it, but I ran around town raving about Sammy Kaye's band, anyway, telling everybody to listen to him and watch him become a star before he ever had a play date in New York—a thing that almost never happens to a band.

Sammy gave me another surprise that first morning.

We talked for twenty minutes or so about what was required in the way of publicity for his first New York engagement, and I was hired! (*Continued on page* 90)



The off-the-air part of the program: Rheba and Pat were married in the Chapman Park Chapel by Rev. Alden Hill.

Bride AND Groom IN

Never mix business with pleasure—

that's a rule. But rules, after all, are

made to be broken. Especially by people in love

By JOHN NELSON

M.C. of Bride and Groom, heard Monday through Friday at 2:30 EDT on ABC, tells this story from the program's files for Radio Mirror.

WHENEVER we are being interviewed about the program, the interviewer invariably gets around to saying, "Sure, it all sounds wonderful. But what about after the honeymoon? How many Bride and Groom couples really stick together?"

Love that question! It gives us another chance to brag up a set of figures that we're really proud of—figures showing that the divorce rate for Bride and Groom marriages is so much lower than the national rate as to be practically non-existent!

The interviewer's next question, of course, is always, "How does that happen? Why should your couples turn out to be more sincere than the average couple when they make their vows about '. . . till death do us part?' "

We've asked ourselves that question, and we think we've come up with the two most important answers. First, and most obvious, is the fact that our board of judges is mighty careful when it comes to approving a couple's appearance on the broadcast. Each application (and we receive several hundred a month) is judged not only for the dramatic and human interest of the couple's love story, but also for the couple's attitude towards marriage. Do they realize that it's an adult job they're taking on—and that marriage usually includes times that aren't all laughter and glamor and romance? Their answer must be a decided affirmative to that, as well as to the important question of "Are you truly and happily in love?" before the judges will write "Approved" on their application.

We've decided that the second reason, to explain the unusual record of lasting happiness among Bride and Groom couples, is a simple one—we've been just plain lucky in the kind of people who have been married in connection with our program.

A wonderful example of this was a very recent couple—Rheba LaVene Smith and Patrick B. Raymond. In fact, Rheba and Pat were such an unusually swell couple, and their love story so special and interesting, that we arranged for them to have a really super-honeymoon. To explain how that came about, I'll have to explain first a little about the three co-owners of the Bride and Groom program.

To start with, all three of us have one thing in common—our first names are "John." First, is John Masterson. He originated the idea of the program, and is sort of our director-in-chief (in addition to being managing-partner of the Breakfast in Hollywood program). Then there's John Reddy, our manager, who not only handles the administrative and executive chores, but who also arranges for the more than half million dollars

A DOUBLE PARTNERSHIP

Why wouldn't John Nelson love his job? The brides, delighted with their Bride and Groom gifts, always end by kissing him . . . as did Rheba.

Rheba was a singer, Pat was her agent. But Pat's mother saw them this way, from the beginning.

worth of gifts awarded to Bride and Groom couples each year. Finally, there's myself, John Nelson.

The three of us got together during college days, at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. (Gonzaga was also the alma mater of another fellow you may have heard in radio—a fellow named Bing Crosby.) Those were swell days and, as a result, we've never stopped being boosters for the State of Washington.

THAT was how it happened that the application of Rheba Smith and Pat Raymond, after being approved by the judges, was brought to our special attention. For Pat, in explaining why he wanted to be married in connection with Bride and Groom, had written: "Ever since I first met Rheba, I've been enthusing about Washington as being the best and most beautiful state in the union. A Bride and Groom honeymoon would make it possible for me to show her that I wasn't exaggerating!"

That was all it took. Masterson, Reddy, and I started sending wires and making long-distance calls to everyone we knew in Spokane—"You've got to back us up in all the praise we've heaped on Washington, by showing this couple the best time any newlyweds ever had on any honeymoon!"

Before the honeymoon, of course, there was the broadcast, which means the love story. Pat and Rheba's love story started a little more than a year ago, right here in Hollywood. Pat was then working as a literary agent with the Rosalie Stewart Agency.

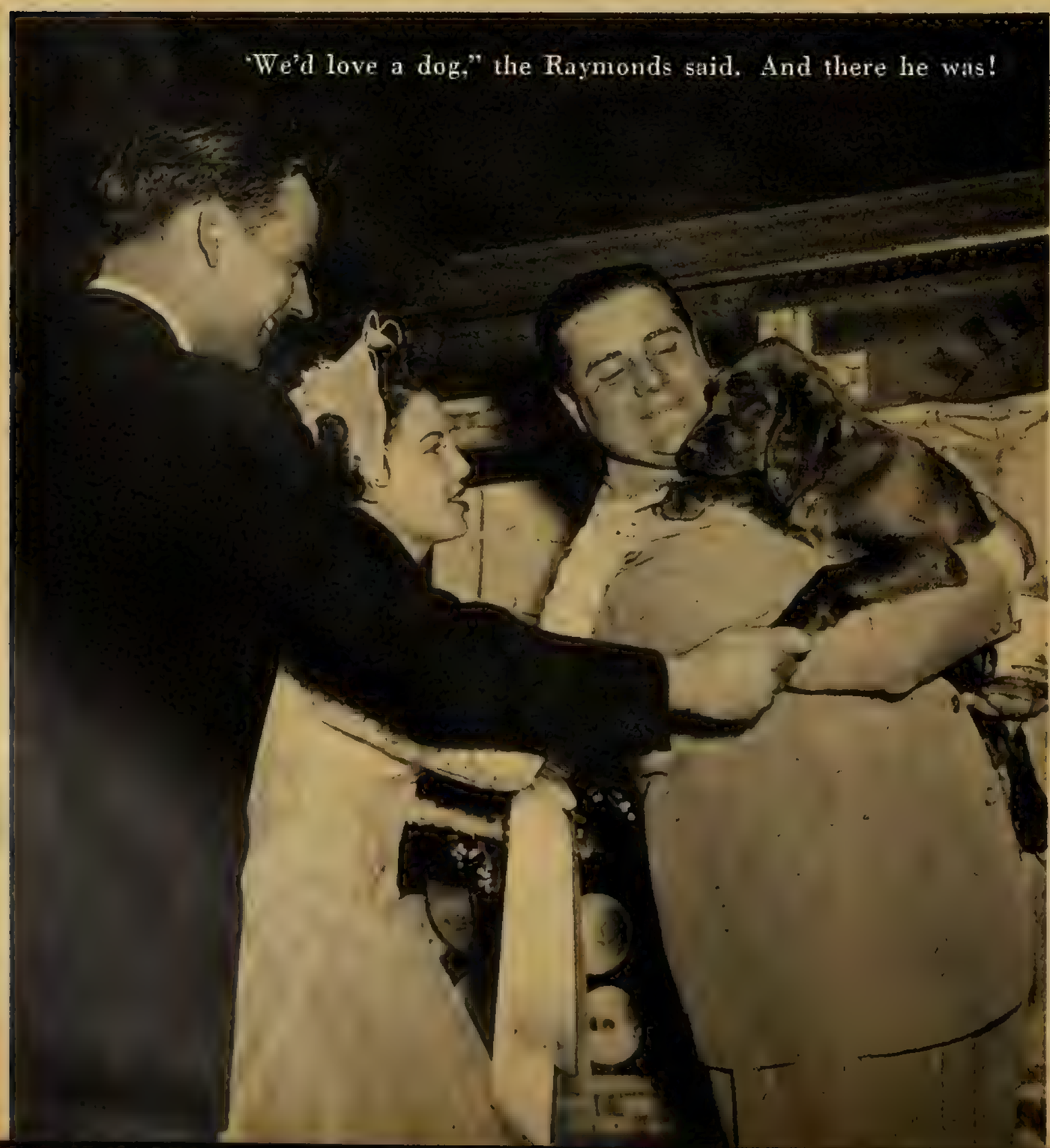
"Stories and writers were my specialty," he explained, "but, of course, I was always on the lookout for any talented person who might be interested in having the agency represent them. In fact, I'd asked my friends to let me know if they ran across anyone who looked promising."

But, being a good agent in Hollywood means being not too naive about glowing praise of unknown hopefuls. Hollywood Boulevard, the Sunset Strip—pick any street in Hollywood and you're pretty apt to find it crowded with people looking for a break in the movies or in radio. Unfortunately, too many of them aren't equipped with the talent needed to earn and hold such a break.

So, when Pat's own mother called him one day to talk about a "wonderfully talented girl" who lived right around the corner from her, Pat was polite but skeptical. "But you've got to arrange an audition for this girl," his mother insisted. "Why, the whole neighborhood is talking about her wonderful singing."

"But, Mother," Pat protested, "there's a big difference between a voice that happens to be sweet enough to entertain neighborhood friends, and a voice well-trained enough to interest hard-boiled producers who are used to top-ranking professionally trained singers."

Finally, to please his mother, rather than with any hope of discovering a new star, Pat telephoned Rheba and suggested that she send him a couple of pictures of herself, along with a recording of her voice. "Only someone who's been in the same position will know how excited I was about that call," Rheba explains now. "And to make it worse, I didn't have any



"We'd love a dog," the Raymonds said. And there he was!

A gift to be treasured: from Rev. Hill

At Grand Coulee dam: awesome machinery . . .

. . . and wonderful shots for the family album.

recording. I was afraid to tell Pat that—he sounded so professional over the phone—afraid that he'd dismiss me as a completely hopeless amateur."

However, Pat did have pictures of herself, so took a chance and sent them to Pat without a recording. "I found myself paying a lot more attention to those pictures than an agent usually does to pictures of a possible client," Pat admitted later. "I'd seen a lot of beautiful girls in Hollywood, but there was something about Rheba's picture that should have told me I'd finally found The Girl."

Instead, Pat finally put the pictures away, telling himself that it would be Rheba's voice, not her attractiveness, that would tell the story. But he wasn't given a chance to forget her—in the next few days he received phone calls from at least six of the women in his mother's neighborhood, each one singing the praises of Rheba and her voice. "It all began to sound like the old story of someone trying to get attention by having friends and relatives pose as admiring fans. Usually, that sort of thing is done by some spoiled brat with little (*Continued on page* 88)

to Rheba, a book on marriage.

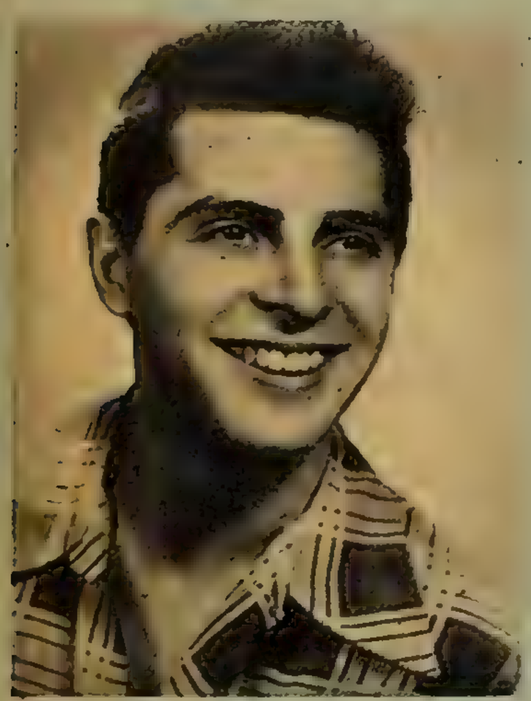
Rheba played the wedding party's exit march on her new Bride and Groom spinet.

COAST to COAST in

GENE O'DONNEL is Barney Blake, Police Reporter (Thurs. 9:30 P.M. NBC). He broke into acting via summer stock, and after an Army detour returned to the stage and television. Born in Des Moines, Gene made Hollywood his home town long enough to be seen in many movies and heard in Lux Theater, Big Town, Sherlock Holmes.

KYLE MACDONNELL stars in NBC's For Your Pleasure, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, and then rushes to Broadway for her part in "Make Mine Manhattan," in which her tall blonde beauty and appealing voice win raves. Kyle was a Conover Model before her first Broadway job in "Park Ave."

Over Dumont station WABD, Monica Lewis projected



JOHNNY DESMOND is half of the singing team of CBS-TV's Face the Music, Mon. and Wed., 7:15 P.M. Johnny began as a boy soprano in Detroit. When his voice dropped, he made a switch to radio acting, and was heard in Lone Ranger, Green Hornet, and other Detroit programs. Then he came of age, and went back to singing with Bob Crosby, Gene Krupa and eventually Glenn Miller. With the Miller Band, Johnny sang all over Europe, including a couple of performances for royalty. Johnny is as telegenic as his partner on Face the Music, Shaye Cogan, which makes their tuneful offering attractive to watch. They are backed by the Tony Mottola Trio.

GRACE GIOE is known as "Aunt Grace" to the thousands of youngsters who see and hear her Birthday Party television show every Thursday night at 7 over the DuMont station WABD. "Aunt Grace" was born Grace Catherine Gioe, in 1921, in Brooklyn, and still lives there. She received her early education in St. Angela Hall Academy and followed by graduating Marymount College in 1942 in Tarrytown, New York. Grace handles the whole Party show from auditioning the youngsters to acting as moderator and m.c.

IN RADIO errors can be covered up with no all-seeing camera eye to worry about; and in Hollywood if something goes wrong they merely stop and do the scene over again. But in television once the action has begun, *nothing* can stop it. A classic example is the time they were doing a dramatic skit at WNBT in Radio City. When they came to the place in the script where a marriage was to take place in a tiny weather station in Alaska, everyone was grouped about in heavy furs, the happy couple and the minister were ready, and the best man crossed to the old-fashioned Victrola that was to play "The Wedding March." As he placed the arm to the record, the needle fell out and disappeared! The bride and bridegroom frantically ad-libbed while other members of the cast got down on hands and knees to search for the missing needle; for the cameras just had to keep grinding. The needle was found and the action continued with the actors perspiring a little more than usual.

* * *

With the baseball season at its height—let's take a look behind the scenes at how a game is televised. The televising requires as finely co-ordinated team work as the winning of a big-league match. To do a video broadcast also requires more men than are on a ball team. The list includes the announcer, his spotter,

TELEVISION

a personality as attractive as her song interpretation.

Dumont's wrestling-match commentator, Dennis James, is as popular with the audience as Gorgeous George.

At "Arch of Triumph" opening, NBC-TV's Bob Stanton caught Ingrid Bergman for her first television appearance.

two cameramen, program director, audio engineer, two video control technicians, a switch technician and a transmitter supervisor. When doubleheaders are played two crews are used, except for the announcer and his spotter, because of the fatiguing concentration required. The two television cameras that are used to telecast a baseball game are located in a camera booth hung from the upper tier behind home plate. In the same booth are the announcer and his spotter. While two cameras continuously follow the action of the baseball game and catch different views, only one of them is sent out over the air. The program director decides which view is broadcast. He and his crew are housed in a television control room under the stands. In front of the director are two screens—one for each camera. It is his task to decide instantly which view is the better and order it transmitted.

* * *

NEWSREELS are proving to be extremely popular on television; and why not—pictures of news and special events reach the televiewer as quickly as the day they occur. The Camel Newsreel Theater, for example, which is seen at 7:50 every week-day evening over the NBC network—and the films are flown to other video stations throughout the country—shows Fox-Movietone newsreels days before they can be shown in theaters. And the theaters are getting nervous.

* * *

Word comes from France that despite limited budgets, television there is forging ahead. Radiodiffusion Francais executive Jacques Armand told recently of plans for a video station complete with a large swimming pool to be used for underwater scenes!

* * *

Television courses have been given in Eastern colleges for several years—but only for the technical side of the medium. However, North Texas Agricultural College, at Arlington, Texas, will offer advanced speech courses tailored to the television industry in the Fall. (*Continued on page 79*)

Women of Fashion

Guest Vincent Lopez found that the girls who model on Television Fashions must have brains and acting ability.

Director's voice comes to Miss Hawley through headphones.

Adelaide Hawley's Television Fashions on Parade script gets a friendly preview by Virginia Pope, r., Fashion Editor of the New York Times.

THERE is no reason why the woman with a television set should not be well dressed. Each Friday at 8:00, Adelaide Hawley brings her a complete fashion show, on Dumont's WABD.

That Adelaide Hawley is qualified to do that is proven by the letters of praise that pour into the program each week and by a quick glance at Miss Hawley's background—which includes more than ten years as a radio commentator on things feminine, and ten years as an editor and narrator for MGM's "News of the Day" newsreel. All this experience made Adelaide the natural choice when producer Leon Roth and director Raymond Nelson wanted someone to coordinate and narrate their Television Fashions on Parade.

However, Miss Hawley is quick to point out that no amount of experience in other media prepared her for the merry-go-round she rides each week. Of course early in the week she meets with the department store representatives and they go down to the wholesale market to select the clothes for Friday's show. She sometimes has a little difficulty with said representatives until she has proven to them what things televise well and what would be completely lost on video. For instance, Miss Hawley will select a string of pearls with a rather large bead; the department store representative will protest that the beads are too large to be really smart. Miss Hawley will patiently explain that when the tele cameras get through with them the pearls will just be noticeable, and women will ask for the usual size pearl when they come to buy. On broadcast (or telecast) day, the models are called for 12 noon and are put through three complete rehearsals. Since Television Fashions on Parade is really a musical comedy with clothes, rather than a fashion show with music, a great deal of integration is needed among the story, music and fashion groups. Miss Hawley is off in a booth to do her commentary. She wears headphones so she can hear the director's instructions and watches a television receiver so she can check that everything she is describing is actually being photographed at the same time. That set-up is certainly one of the greatest tests of coordination ever devised; but Miss Hawley is equal to it.

"Teacher" Happy Felton calls to order the "students" from the audience at his School Days (Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, WABD)

Happy Time

HAPPY Felton has been making radio audiences laugh for a good many years, but one glance at his generous 300-pound girth and jolly face proves that Happy was built for television.

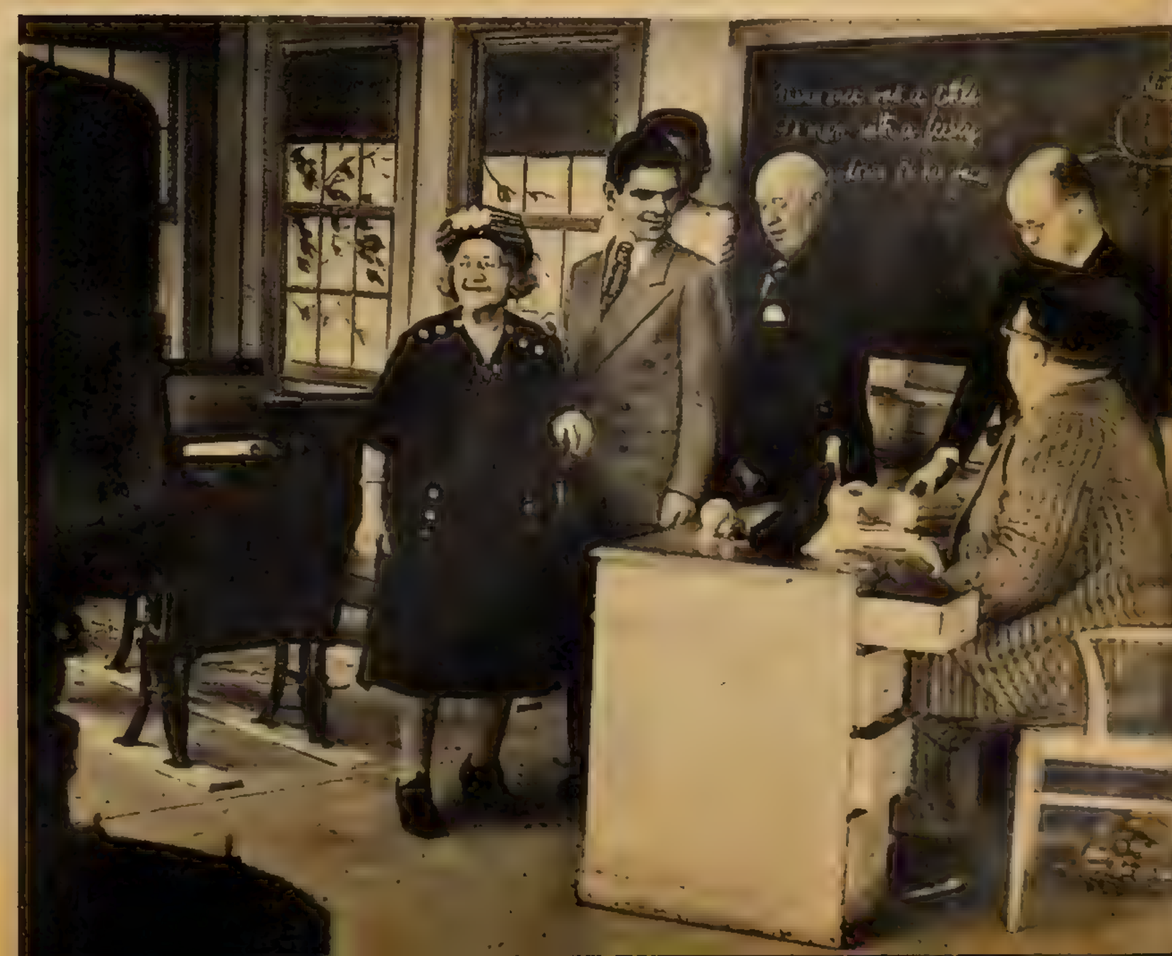
Producer Ray Harvey thought so, too, and when he decided to put an audience participation show on video, he got together with Happy Felton and cooked up School Days which is now seen and heard on WABD every Wednesday at 8:00 P.M. Participants are chosen from the studio audience. Prizes go to the students with the highest grades.

Producer Harvey doesn't believe that the stunt program can be lifted right out of radio and put on television as is. "It's one thing to see a man hit with a pie way up on a stage or hear it over the radio; it's quite another thing to see a man so treated right in your own living room. It's my opinion that the video audience participation show cannot go in for broad slapstick. The medium is too intimate," declares Mr. Harvey.

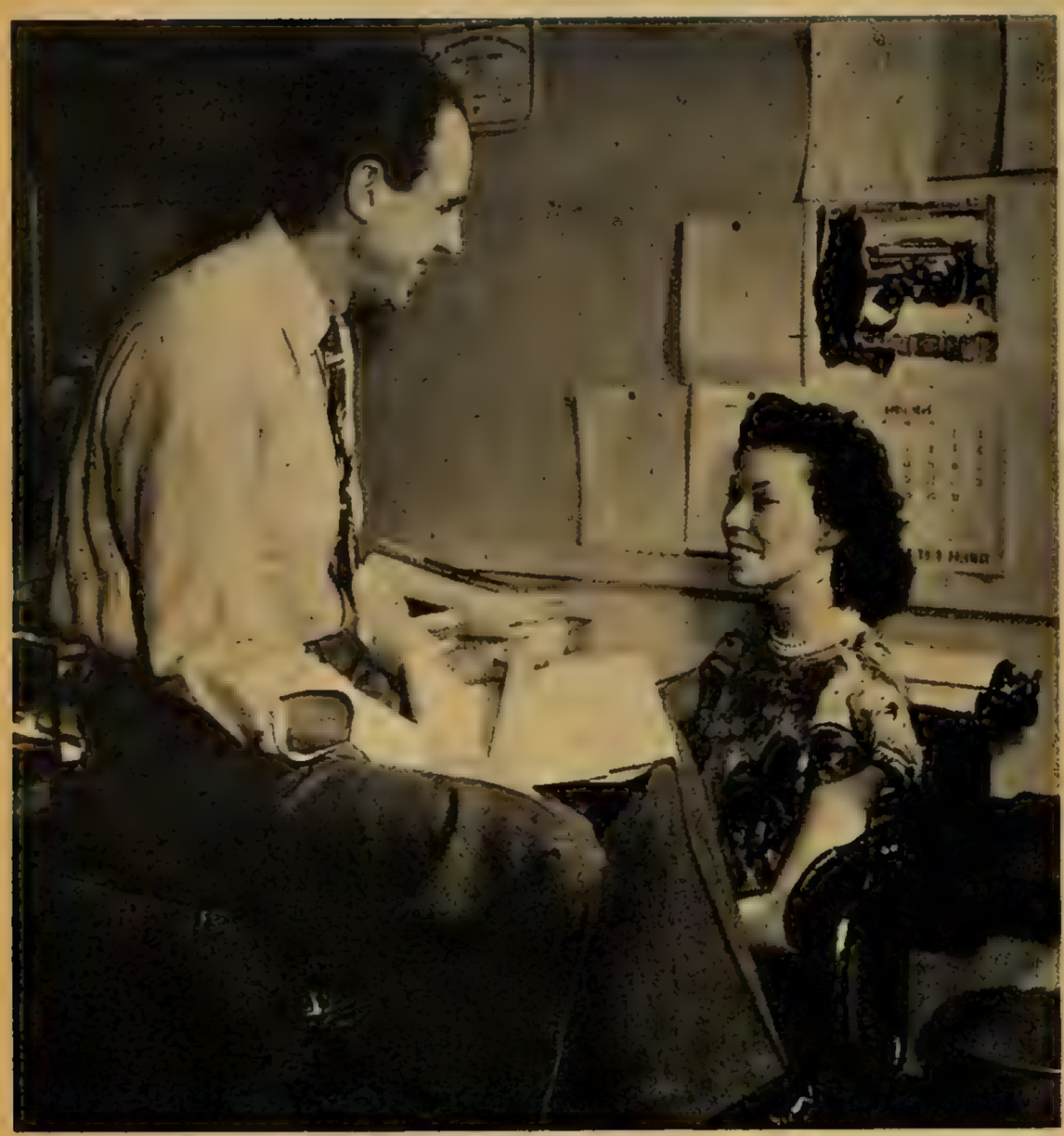
On a participation show, contestants and m.c. share in importance. Mr. Harvey is an expert at choosing participants who will speak up in clear voices and will be able to take a joke. The Master-of-Ceremonies carries a burden in television that makes a similar radio stint seem like play. Once the show begins, he is constantly on camera, and completely on his own. In radio he can be given all manner of cues, directions, and even have notes slipped to him. In video, however, the viewer sees all the action there is.

Prizes go to "students" who make the highest grades.

Radio's famous "audience participant," Sadie Hertz, made her television debut as one of Happy's "students."



Here's Peter Grant



Peter Grant, with WLW secretary Evelyn Walters, checks one of the newscasts which have built his reputation for reliable reporting wherever WLW is heard. His mother (r.) enjoys Peter's broadcasts, but enjoys even more a session with her son's colorful scrapbooks.

THERE'S a strong connection between a young man from St. Louis named Melvin Maginn and WLW's ace newscaster Peter Grant. In fact, you can trace Melvin's career through its soda clerk, tree surgeon, bus driver and law student phases right up to the radio-announcing phase in which he *became* Peter Grant.

During the bus-driving days in St. Louis in 1924, Melvin used to combine an informative sight-seeing spiel with the maneuvering of his vehicle. One of his passengers, much impressed, told him he ought to be "on the radio." "I laughed and laughed," Peter says, "because I knew I was going to be a lawyer." This was the goal on which he kept his eye all through George Washington University and law school. He reached it, unfortunately, in 1930, when he graduated—right into the middle of the recession. At that point, of necessity, he took his eye off it and looked around for something that would feed him. A bright friend urged him on to Station KMOX, feeling that Peter's active undergraduate background in amateur theatricals might qualify him for radio acting. It did; gradually he did less acting and more announcing, and in 1932 transferred to WLW to become chief announcer. Except for four Army years which took him to Hawaii and sent him back a Major, Peter's been at WLW ever since, building in the midwest his solid reputation for crisp, understandable news delivery. He has also announced major network programs, Famous Jury Trials and the Red Skelton Show among them.

Listeners approve of what Peter calls the "25% British" in his diction. It's in character, for Peter is a horse-and-dog man. He lives a comfortable bachelor life with his father and mother, hunts with the Camargo Hunt Club and has a closet full—naturally—of tweeds.

Portrait of a squire: WLW newscaster Peter Grant is a horse-and-hound, pipe-and-tweeds man

Cordially
Peter
Gaus

1. Financier Walter Stevens hires Ted Marshall to kill a man named Victor Brown, and make the murder look like suicide. Ted agrees on a price of $2500 and asks no questions . . . but makes up his mind to find out what Brown has on Stevens.

2. At local FBI field office Agents Grant and Taylor begin a search for promoter Walter Jones, who went bankrupt a year before, shortly after his bookkeeper disappeared. Hikers have found the bookkeeper's decomposing, murdered body.

THIS IS YOUR

JERRY DEVINE produces This Is Your FBI, the dramatic presentation of cases from the Federal Bureau of Investigation files. Here, as you heard them on the air, are: Frank Albertson as Stevens; Tony Barrett as Ted; Woodrow Williams as Victor Brown; Peggy Webber as June; Stacy Harris as Taylor; Ira Grossel as Grant; Rita Lynn as the secretary. Listen Fridays to ABC, 8:30 P.M. EDT.

5. Despondent and broke, Brown killed himself, but Ted demands his half from Stevens because no matter how the man died, Stevens' purpose is accomplished. When the promoter refuses, Ted threatens to make collection with a gun.

3. Ted and his girl June contact Victor Brown. He is drinking heavily, confides he worked as bookkeeper for Stevens when latter recently promoted a stock issue. Ted glimpses Stevens' "angle," decides to wait before killing Brown.

4. Ted accuses Stevens of planning to go bankrupt and frame things to look as though Brown, guilty of misappropriation, has killed himself. Ted raises his fee to half of Stevens' "take," goes back to Brown . . . and finds him dead.

FBI

6. Meanwhile, the vast FBI network has traced Walter Jones to Walter Stevens. One of Stevens' investors, Mr. Pine, calls to say he has a suicide note from Victor Brown, containing explanation and proof of Stevens' carefully arranged bankruptcy.

7. It's a big haul for the FBI. They get to Stevens' apartment in time to hear Ted convict himself of conspiracy in Stevens' affairs by trying to collect what he claims is due him. And June also is asked to "come along, please," by the FBI men.

PRINCE ALBERT

Minnie is really from Grinder's Switch.

Red ensembles with the Cumberland Boys.

Your ticket to GRAND

Down to the Opry House in Nashville there's a party,

ONE evening back in 1925, a hole suddenly developed in the program schedule of WSM, Nashville, and that's when Grand Ole Opry was born. A production executive called on "Uncle Jimmy" Thompson to fill the empty time, and "Uncle Jimmy" fiddled so many telegrams and phone calls into the studios from mountain music-hungry listeners that WSM decided he was there to stay.

Companionable southerners didn't let Uncle Jimmy solo for long. Pretty soon everyone who twanged a guitar, blew on a jug or could handle a zither swarmed over to WSM and offered to help out. Opry personnel expanded; nowadays, it is made up of farmers and ranchers recruited from the bayous, canebrakes and tobacco fields. Some are

L. to r.: Cumberland Valley Boys; at microphone, Red Foley, comic Rod Brasfield; more Valley

OLE OPRY

urday nights—and Radio Mirror is taking you along

small shopkeepers. On Saturday nights they head for the Opry House, transform themselves with outsize shoes, flour-sack dresses and Uncle Sam beards, and trample out before the Old Barn backdrop. Rehearsals are a matter of inspiration; five minutes is all it takes to break in a new member.

Grand Ole Opry's national hook-up dates from 1938. To accommodate the 4000 folks who come from near and far to see it, an old tabernacle, the Ryman Auditorium, was bought. What you hear on the air (NBC, Saturday nights at 10:30 P.M. EDT) is only a fraction of the show. It actually starts at 8, goes on till 12, with the stomping, singing audience very much a part of the proceedings.

Rod Brasfield, dressed for Saturday night.

Commercials fall to Old Hickory Singers.

s; "Gossip" Minnie Pearl, announcer Louis Buck; Old Hickory Singers; director Jack Stapp.

DOWN ON

Come summer, Donald Dame

The stone-paved old back stoop provides an excellent place in the sun for Donald and his pretty wife Dorothy—for purposes of painting, labeling or—very seldom—just resting.

Donald and Dorothy go to town—Nassau

WHEN city people go back to nature, they are likely to do it on a full-time scale. That was the ambition of Donald and Dorothy Dame from the first time they laid eyes on the beautiful farm home which they purchased near Tanglewood, New York—and they're busy living in that pattern now.

Of course, Donald Dame has a weekly singing stint; he's the tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, heard at 9:30, EDT on NBC, Sunday nights. But on weekdays he's a farmer, heart and soul.

Donald and Dorothy—she was studying voice when they met at the Berkshire Music Festival—have been married eight years. The farm is their *home,* but they have an apartment in New York City for the worst of the winter weather so that there'll be no possibility of Donald's missing a program.

The Dames do most of the chores on the farm themselves, preserving and canning their crops for the winter. They raise everything suitable to the climate and soil of their part of the country, and they have the usual assortment of farm animals, too. (Donald says that there's nothing like musical training to get you in shape for hog-calling!)

DONALD'S FARM

does his singing in the sun

at is—for mail and for refreshments.

Rest comes with evening—practice for Donald, crocheting for Dorothy. A radiator hides in that decommissioned stove so it won't spoil the farm's Early American flavor.

It isn't all sowing and garnering. You need a touch of the stonemason and the plumber in you as well!

It's no joke to say that farm work keeps Donald's nose to the grindstone.

Fetch-and-carry is part of the rural living scheme of things.

Tall and Handsome

All on a summer's day: old-fashioned lemonade with a new idea in each glass, and extra-luscious banana splits. With such cold comfort at hand, let the sun shine!

LONG cool drinks always hit the spot in hot weather. The ones shown in the picture are all old-fashioned lemonade. Try this little trick for making them colorful. Pour any left-over juice from the maraschino cherries into a freezing tray of the refrigerator. Freeze it until it is solid ice. Do the same with grape juice—the result will be a deep red-purple ice cube. Freeze leftover lemonade or limeade for yellow and green cubes. Delicious chunks of orange ice can be made by freezing fresh orange juice. Try it with grapefruit, raspberry, strawberry or apple juice. These fruit flavor combinations will make your lemonade look and taste "out of this world."

Here are favorite summer coolers from my recipe file. They will do double duty for any party or outdoor refreshment this time of year. And I've suggested some new ways to serve our old favorite ice cream. Included are a couple of recipes for homemade ice cream, too. You can mix them in the morning, go to the beach all day, come home and find them ready to eat.

Old Fashioned Lemonade

6 lemons (about 1 cup juice)
½ cup sugar
½ cup hot water
3½ cups cold water

Squeeze juice from lemons; strain if desired. Combine sugar and hot water. Heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool and add to lemon juice. Add the cold water. Add more sugar if you like it sweeter. Pour over cracked ice in a tall glass. Garnish with a few mint leaves if you have some growing in the yard. Nice for garnish also, is a slice of orange, lemon, fresh berries or a stick of fresh pineapple. Makes 6 tall glasses.

Iced Coffee

Prepare coffee making it twice as strong as usual. Pour the hot coffee over cracked ice in tall glasses or over a large piece of ice in a large pitcher. Serve it plain or with cream, or whipped cream and sugar, or serve it black. Left-over coffee may be frozen and used as ice cubes, if you like your iced coffee strong.

Iced Tea

Prepare strong tea, using 1½ teaspoons of tea leaves for each cup of water. Boil the water and pour it over the tea leaves; allow to stand 5 minutes. Strain and discard the leaves. Pour the hot tea over cracked ice in tall glasses. Iced tea, cooled quickly, is clearer and more sparkling than tea which is cooled slowly. Garnish each glass with a slice of lemon or orange. Left-over iced tea may be frozen into cubes and used in the iced tea instead of plain ice.

Fruit Fizzes

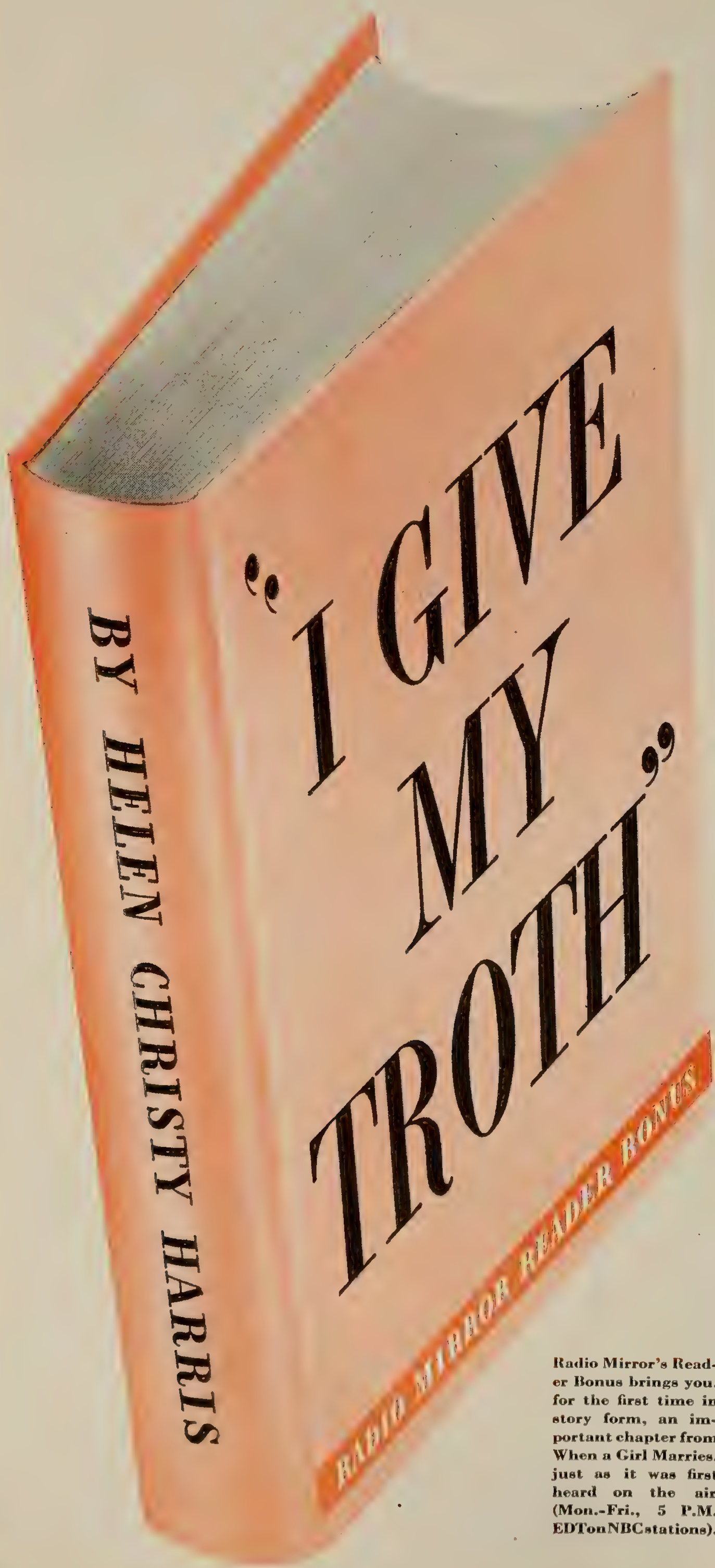
Combine an equal amount of fruit juice and gingerale or soda water. Add sugar if necessary. Add the soda or gingerale just before serving and pour over ice cubes.

Orange Milk Shake

2½ cups orange juice
1½ cups grapefruit juice
1 cup evaporated milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon almond extract
¼ cup sugar

Combine all ingredients and stir well. Chill; serve over cracked ice in six tall glasses. (*Continued on page* 76)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on the Mutual network



Radio Mirror's Reader Bonus brings you, for the first time in story form, an important chapter from When a Girl Marries, just as it was first heard on the air (Mon.-Fri., 5 P.M. EDTonNBCstations).

When a girl marries . . . there are two faces to the silver coin in her slipper. One face is love; the other may be tragedy

THE sun rose red and hot over the fields of Beechwood. Scarcely a breath of air stirred; the land was still under its burden of heat. Even the corn, waxing fat and rich in the Davis field, stood with drooping leaves, looking deceptively lifeless.

Inside the old white farmhouse, Lilly applied the back of her hand to her moist mahogany brow, and groaned as she started up the stairs in search of young Sammy.

"Lord save us," she muttered, "but this is sure goin' to be a scorcher. I'm most dead on my feet, and I ain't even started yet. Burned my bread, broke a dish, upset the coffee—and now that boy don't come when I call him. If that ain't enough things to make me sure the evil spirits has taken over these diggin's, my name ain't Lilly. Sammy!" She raised her voice, calling.

Sammy's door was closed. There wasn't a sound from within. "Sammy!" Lilly called once more, and opened the door.

Sammy was sitting on the floor, his paint book before him. He turned upon Lilly a look of elaborate surprise. "Did you call me, Lilly?"

"Call you!" Lilly exploded. "I should think I been callin' you! What you doin', Sammy Davis, sittin' there on the floor when you know it's breakfast time—"

"I'm painting," said Sammy.

"I sees that," Lilly retorted. "But how come you has lost interest in breakfast? You come right downstairs and get your cereal and cream—"

His shoulders moved uncertainly, but he remained where he was. Lilly started for him, and stopped as the telephone rang downstairs. She groaned. "Land sakes, now the phone's startin'

Reunion at Beechwood: Baby Hope and little Sammy with Harry Davis (played by John Raby) and Joan (played by Mary Jane Higby).

in—"

"Aren't you going to answer it, Lilly?" asked Sammy hopefully.

"'Course," said Lilly, turning. "And you make tracks for your breakfast—"

"I've got it, Lilly." Mother Davis' voice floated up the stairs.

"All right, Mrs. Davis. See—" Lilly said accusingly to Sammy, "you keep me from my work and make your poor grandma run to answer the phone on a hot morning like this. Now, is you coming or is you ain't?"

She reached for him, and he rose slowly, his eyes fixed on her face. Lilly gaped. *"Sammy Davis!"*

"I spilled it," Sammy explained.

"I sees you did. But what—" She touched a plump brown fingertip to the sticky mess on the rug. "That ain't plain water paint, Sammy Davis. It's something you mixed up."

"I mixed some paint I found in the barn with mine," said Sammy helpfully. "I wanted it to stick. It spilled under me. It was an accident, Lilly, an' —an' you said accidents can happen."

"I ain't beliein' that," said Lilly. "But you don't has to sit in it, does you? Sammy Davis, sometimes I think you is just a bad boy!"

Sammy's lips quivered, and Lilly felt an answering contraction in her own heart. "I didn't mean to, Lilly—on a stack of Bibles."

Lilly caught her breath. Her arms went around him, and now there was paint not only on the floor and on Sammy's pants, but on her clean apron as well. She couldn't stand it, hearing the little boy repeat the phrase he'd picked up when he'd testified at his father's trial. It wasn't right for a child to have to remember a thing like that; it just proved a saying her own momma used to have about the big black bird of trouble throwing his shadow before and behind.

Lilly knew all about the black bird of trouble. Seemed like, lately, he'd made the Davis farm at Beechwood his regular roosting place. Holding little Sammy tightly in her arms, Lilly let her mind go back over the past few months. First there had been Betty MacDonald, Mr. Harry's secretary—the whole mess of trouble had begun, Lilly reminded herself, when that Betty had fallen in love with Mr. Harry. She was the wilful kind of girl who wouldn't take no for an answer, and she'd done her best to wreck the marriage of Miss Joan and Mr. Harry and ruin the lives of their best friends, too. Why, Miss Joan had even packed up her things and taken herself and little Sammy back to her mother's place in Stanwood!

Poor Irma Cameron, Miss Joan's best friend who lived down the road a piece —everything had been going fine in her life, too, until Betty MacDonald appeared on the scene. Seemed like everything that woman touched turned out terrible. Miss Irma was in love with Steve Skidmore—had been for goodness knows how long. And then didn't Steve go and fall in love with that MacDonald hussy, and didn't she marry him, just so's she could be near Mr. Harry! Miss Irma's heart was like to break, Lilly recalled, shaking her head dolefully.

Just about the only good thing Betty MacDonald ever did was the very last thing she did. She'd given her life for young Sammy—snatched him from the path of a truck, and been killed doing it. For that one piece of goodness, Lilly was grateful to her. She hugged Sammy tighter, remembering.

Well, then, it looked like things were going to settle down and be peaceable—and then what happened? Just as if Betty MacDonald's ghost had come back from the grave to haunt them all, that's what it seemed like—because didn't her cousin Betty Scofield turn up in Beechwood, and wasn't she the dead spit and image of the first Betty, both in her looks and in her heart! That was right about the time Sammy's sister, Hope, was born, and Miss Joan in the hospital and all.

Good, kind Mr. Harry, always ready to believe the best of everyone, always willing to lend a hand to people, tried to help Betty Scofield, who told him she was in trouble. And what did he get for his goodness? He got himself charged with murdering her, that's what! Lilly shuddered, remembering that awful day when the police had found Betty, strangled, in the Davises' barn, and the worse days that followed, when Mr. Harry was on trial for his life.

Finally, Steve Skidmore had confessed to the murder, in time to save Mr. Harry. But not in time to keep Miss Joan from risking her life. Trying to help Mr. Harry, she'd tracked down a man Betty had known, and that man, hoping to keep Miss Joan from making public the things she'd found out about him, had kidnapped her. The car in which he was taking her away had been in an accident, and Miss Joan had landed up in the hospital again.

If there wasn't a potful of trouble for you, Lilly wanted to know what you *did* call trouble. But now things were straightening out, at least a little, and Lilly had her fingers tightly crossed. Mr. Harry was safe, free of the murder

charges. But Miss Joan was still in the hospital. And their friends Irma Cameron and Steve Skidmore were in prison —Mr. Skidmore, who had confessed to the murder, and Mrs. Cameron who was being held as a material witness, because she had shielded him. That left just old Lilly and Mr. Harry's mother to watch and worry and take care of Sammy and baby Hope at the farm.

Once again, Lilly shook her head, muttering, and Sammy stirred in her arms. "What did you say, Lilly?" he wanted to know.

"I said—" Lilly gave herself a little shake—"I said you're going straight into the bathtub and you ain't goin' to move until Lilly gets some turpentine and sees how she can clean up this mess—"

"Lilly!" Mother Davis' voice sang out.

"Yes'm—" Hastily, Lilly popped Sammy into the bathtub, started down the stairs. Mother Davis met her halfway. The older woman's face was white, radiant; she trembled with excitement. "Lilly, she's all right! She just talked to me herself! Her injury wasn't serious—it was mostly shock after being carried off by that awful Nobel man."

"Not Miss Joan!" Lilly gasped. "Not my Miss Davis-honey! Oh, praise the Lord—"

"And, Lilly, she's coming home! Dr. Wiggan's letting her go to her mother's house this afternoon, and tomorrow she'll be coming home to us!"

"I can't believe it." Lilly crossed her hands on her breast, prayerfully. "Oh, Lord, thank You—things will be just what they used to be. We'll be goin' on picnics down by the brook, and we'll be goin' down the road to—" She stopped. She had almost said, "We'll be goin' down the road to Mrs. Cameron's farm." But they wouldn't, like as not. Her eyes met Mother Davis' eyes, and the two faces, the plump brown one and the lined white one, became grave. No, things wouldn't be the same, not with Joan's dearest friends paying for the grim tragedy that had taken place in the barn. That's what would hurt her most. She would never pass the Cameron's without feeling it. . . .

"We'll have to do all we can to help her." said Mother Davis, as if they had exchanged their thoughts aloud. Lilly nodded.

"I got to start cleaning," she said briskly. "If Miss Davis-honey's coming home tomorrow, I got to have everything just as perfect as it can be."

In the Stanwood hospital, Joan returned to her room on Dr. Wiggan's arm. She was the healthiest looking patient he'd ever seen, the doctor thought; her cheeks were pink and her eyes were bright, fairly dancing with happiness.

"Thank you, Dr. Wiggan," she was saying, "for letting me telephone. Thank you for taking such good care of me and for letting me go home. Thank you—" At the door of her room she stopped short. "Where's Harry? He was here just a minute ago—"

A pretty little student nurse came up to them. "Oh, Dr. Wiggan, a policeman called Mr. Davis into that room where they've got Mr. Nobel—" And then Harry himself came down the corridor. Joan couldn't read his expression, except that it was tense with barely controlled excitement.

"I called home, Harry," she said, "and told your mother the good news. And Dr. Wiggan says that I can leave the minute you're ready to take me—"

"Good," said Harry. "I've good news for you, too. Dr. Wiggan, I'd like to talk with her alone, if you don't mind. You'll hear all about it later."

"Go ahead," the doctor smiled. "Only take it easy. Remember, this girl's had some shocks—"

"This one will do her good," Harry promised. The doctor left, and Harry led Joan to the deep chair near the window, drew another chair up for himself. "Joan, dear, it's about Steve and Irma—"

"Oh, Harry," said Joan bleakly. "I forgot about them in our own happiness. What are we going to do for them?"

Mother Davis (Marian Barney).

"Take them home," said Harry.

"Take them home? How can we, when—when Steve—"

"Steve didn't kill Betty, Joan."

"Didn't kill her!" But she believed it instantly. If she had been asked, back in the terrible days when Harry had been on trial, if Steve had killed Betty Scofield, she would have answered yes. Reason would not have let her do otherwise. Steve had been on the scene at the time. Sick in body and mind, he had confused Betty Scofield with his dead wife, Betty, and when Betty had laughed at him, he had leaped at her . . . and had run to Irma Cameron, babbling madly that he had just killed his wife in Harry Davis' barn. But all the while—yes, all the while Joan had been begging Irma to surrender Steve, to bring him out of hiding and persuade him to give himself up—she had found it difficult in her heart to believe that Steve Skidmore could kill anyone. She had believed it at all only on the grounds that Steve was out of his mind and that his wife Betty had made his life a living hell.

"Steve didn't kill her," she repeated. "Then who—"

"Robert Nobel," said Harry, hating to mention the name. "That's what they called me out to tell me. He's just finished his confession."

"But it's impossible," said Joan. "Steve said that he had—"

"It's one of those things you hear of once in a lifetime," said Harry. "Robert Nobel had followed Betty to Beechwood because he felt she had come to me to squeal about his stolen-car racket. She'd been delivering his cars for him—that's how she happened to be picked up in one. He was hiding behind the barn when Steve struck her—she fell to the ground—and Nobel finished the job. Joan—" He put his hands on her shoulders, steadying her. She was trembling suddenly, and very pale.

"He would have done the same to me," she whispered. "I know it now."

"Darling, you've got to forget all that—"

She shook her head blankly. "He would have, Harry. He killed his partner, you know—upstairs in that old house he used for an office. And I was right downstairs all the time—"

"Darling, I do know," said Harry gently. "We found the man when we were searching for you. And that's *why* Nobel confessed to killing Betty. He knew that they'd get him for the murder of his partner. Anyway, he's put away for good, now."

Slowly Joan returned to the present, and the color came back to her cheeks. "Does Steve know?" she asked.

"No, dear. He wasn't expected to live, you know." He went on quickly, "But the Lieutenant of Police spoke to the prison hospital just a few minutes ago, and there's a good chance that he'll get well."

"He's got to," Joan breathed.

"I'll say he has," Harry agreed, "because the authorities are going to let *you* tell him he's a free man—that is, if you want to."

"If I want to! Oh, Harry, more than anything else. Nothing—now you're safe—would make me happier. Why are you looking at me like that?"

For a moment he couldn't speak, couldn't put all he felt into words. He himself held nothing against Steve and Irma for the part they had played in tangling his life, but Joan was different. She had suffered more than anyone, and at a time when she was still weak and tired after Hope's birth. Besides, it was always easier to forgive an injury to oneself than an injury to a loved one. No, if it had been Joan who'd sat in prison while Steve refused to give himself up and Irma refused to reveal his whereabouts. . . .

"Because," he said huskily, and took her hand and touched it to his lips, "even if you weren't my wife, even if I didn't love you so much I can't say it—I'd still think you were the most wonderful person in the world."

There was a celebration at the Field's that night. It was a small celebration—just Mrs. Field and Joan's gay and lively younger sister, Sylvia, and Phil Stanley, who had accompanied Harry on the frantic search following Joan's kidnapping, and Harry and Joan—but it was a miracle to Joan. Moonlight flooded the terrace outside the dining room of the lovely old house on the Ridge; fragments of dance music drifted up from the country club down the road, the flowers and the silver and the linen, and Nettie stepping softly about, serving—all of these things were marvelous after the weeks of seeing Harry in prison, the torment of his trial, the ugliness of her own recent experience with Robert Nobel.

She touched Harry's hand, her eyes glowing and blue as the mound of cornflowers on the center of the table.

"You know," she said to all of them, "I'm so happy that I—I feel as though I'm going to explode."

"Please don't," begged Phil, "you're much too attractive as you are."

"Besides," Sylvia chimed in, "we've just got you back all in one piece, haven't we, Mama?"

Mrs. Field's normally petulant mouth thinned disapprovingly. She had never forgiven Joan for turning down Phil Stanley, whose own big house stood next door to the Fields', for an up-from-nothing nobody like Harry Davis. And although in her heart she wanted Joan's happiness as much as her own, she couldn't help feeling that life would be more rewarding if only, just once, her own dire predictions in regard to Harry Davis would come true.

"As I see it, Sylvia," she reproved her daughter, "I'd rather not joke about the thing that happened to Joan."

"Mrs. Field's very right," said Harry. "It's too close an incident, and too terrifying."

"Thank you, Harry," said Joan's mother with dignity.

"I'm guilty," Phil pleaded. "I'm afraid I started all this line of talk. But I was carried away—it's something to see the two beautiful and popular Field girls together again."

Joan glanced at Harry. He was laughing; he looked happy and at ease—but did this kind of talk still make him feel shut out, a little bit? He hadn't been one of the fortunate lads who had beaued the Field girls about in their fortunate days, who had called to take them dancing at the country club, who'd come to parties at the house. In fact, in those days Harry had been at the house only once—and that was when he'd come to ask her father for a job in his law office, and had blundered into the party celebrating Joan's engagement to Phil. That was the night, too, when she'd known she could never marry Phil, dear as he was to her, could never marry anyone but Harry Davis.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that it's Syl who takes the honors for popularity at this point. I'm just a very contented wife with two children, a handsome husband she's very much in love with, and the most beautiful farm in this whole, wide world."

Mrs. Field suddenly looked a little deaf. Sylvia laughingly protested:

"I'm not anything near the butterfly you insinuate, am I, Phil?"

"Well—" said Phil dubiously, and everyone, even Mrs. Field, laughed.

"Oh, you meanie," mourned Sylvia. "Haven't I a friend in the world?"

Joan laughed. "You most certainly have, darling," she said pointedly.

"And no one," said her mother, "knows that better than I with the telephone ringing every minute of the day."

Sylvia pouted. "I think you're all terrible to pick on a poor lonely girl when her husband isn't here to defend her. I'll have you know that I, too, am a devoted wife and mother."

"We all know it, Sylvia," Phil consoled her. "The trouble is, you don't look it in the least."

In all of a lifetime, Joan thought, there were few moments as perfect as this. She was with Harry and her family and her dear friend, Phil; in the calendar of the future there were only two notations, and those happy ones—going home to Sammy and Hope and Lilly, and going to see Irma and Steve. There was at the moment nothing more to wish for, nothing more to be desired.

"You know what I'd like," she said dreamily, looking out at the moonlit terrace, "I'd like coffee on the terrace."

Sylvia shot a glance at Phil, and clapped her hands delightedly. "It's exactly what we planned, isn't it, Mama?"

Mrs. Field nodded, but could not refrain from adding, "Only if Joan is sure she isn't overdoing."

"I never felt better in my life," Joan assured her. "Come on, Harry."

They strolled out to the terrace. Mrs. Field remained behind to speak to Nettie. Sylvia and Phil paused just inside the dining room door, whispering and laughing under their breath.

"Now what are you two up to?" Joan called. "Aren't you going to have your coffee?"

"In a minute," Sylvia answered. "We'll be right back." And she disappeared with Phil into another part of the house.

"What do you suppose—?" Harry began. Joan's hand closed upon his, carried it to her cheek for an instant.

"I don't know," she said. "At this moment I don't know anything but that I'm sitting right here beside you, that I can reach out and touch you any time I want to, that there won't be any more days of going to Summerville and just seeing you for a few minutes and then having to face the awful emptiness of going home alone. . . . It's awful to be so much in love with your husband."

"It would be awful for me if you weren't," he said soberly.

"Do you suppose we'll always be this way?" she asked, and he said severely, "You'd better not change, young lady."

"It would be nice if I didn't," said Joan. "I mean, Harry, think how terrible it will be when I get old and decrepit and constantly lose my eyeglasses—"

Irma (Jeanette Dowling).

"But think what you'll have to put up with in me," he teased. "I'll have gout, which will mean canes and irritability. I'll probably be as bald as a billiard ball—"

She reached up and touched his hairline. Her voice was very tender. "Dearest—you'll look very cute with a shiny bald head."

"And you," said Harry, keeping his own voice light with difficulty, "will have to take to carrying an out-size powder puff to keep it from shining like that moon up there. We're going to be a beautiful pair of ruins, my dear."

"Just," she said with a catch in her breath, "so that we're ruins together, my dear. Oh, my darling—"

They heard her mother and Nettie in the background; Harry glanced quickly around before leaning over to kiss her. "I feel wicked, kissing you under the moon," he said. "Like a school boy. One more before your ma gets here—"

It began as a light kiss, a romantic kiss, compounded of moonlight and summer and the music from the orchestra at the country club and the honeysuckle at the terrace's edge. Then suddenly Joan was aware that the pounding of her own heart had shut out everything else; she moved her head a fraction of an inch, spoke with her lips almost upon his.

"My darling—do you realize how long we've been separated?"

"Do I realize! Joan—"

"Put the service here, please, Nettie," said Mrs. Field, coming through the double doors. Joan and Harry sat back as if hands had reached out and parted them. Mrs. Field glanced at them, said irritably, "Now where in the world are Sylvia and Phil? Where do you suppose they could have gone?"

"They're up to some sort of foolishness, you can bet your boots on that." Joan glanced at Harry, and was seized with an impulse to giggle at the false heartiness in his voice. She herself didn't try to speak, not when her heart was still pounding away out of control. Then she heard smothered laughter from within the house, and Sylvia and Phil joined them, the stamp of conspiracy upon them, trying very hard to appear casual and natural.

"Sylvia," her mother complained, "I hope this isn't one of your practical jokes. I'm not in any condition to be frightened or anything like that tonight."

"Mama—" Sylvia patted her shoulder— "you've been an angel. You haven't a thing to worry about." But in spite of herself, she giggled.

"What *are* you up to?" asked Joan, and Harry said, sounding suddenly like a lawyer, "You're a little too quiet to suit me, Phil."

"I am not," said Phil with dignity. Sylvia giggled again, clapped a hand over her mouth. "Listen!"

The music at the club had stopped. Now it started again a little louder so that the strains reached them clearly and true.

"For the love of Pete," said Harry softly, and Joan straightened.

"Oh, Harry—*I Adore You.* It's our song, the one you wrote for me."

"We got Davie Burt over at the club to play it for you," Sylvia explained in a stage whisper. "Not that he minded. It's a beautiful song."

Mrs. Field sighed with relief. "Thank heaven! At least it doesn't scare one out of a year's growth."

"How about it, Joan?" said Phil softly. "It's a perfect setting. Moonlight and honeysuckle—"

"I can't," said Joan. "I can't sing it now." It was wonder enough that she could speak, so swollen was her heart with a happiness that was almost pain.

"I wish you could," said Harry, and she found that she had a voice after all. She lifted her head; the words that were written forever upon her heart poured out on the melody whole and true and haunting.

Watching his wife, Harry was conscious of a constriction in his chest, a sudden, almost fear- (*Cont'd on page* 70)

Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Voices Down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Howard K. Smith As Others See Us Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Choral Music Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson On Trial	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	William L. Shirer Mutual Music Box Music	Sam Pettengill Stewart Alsop, News National Vespers	Doorway To Life Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	RFD America Robert Merrill	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around the World Mr. President Drama	You Are There Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee's Omega Show Juvenile Jury	Johnny Thompson The Almanac Sammy Kaye	CBS Symphony Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Speak Up America Thinking Allowed	Local Programs
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	Under Arrest What Makes You Tick?	Superstition	Janette Davis Here's to You Carle Comes Calling

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner	Family Hour The Pause That Refreshes on the Air
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	I Love Adventure Johnny Fletcher	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Robert Shaw's Chorale Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parky's It's A Living	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons	Catch Me If You Can Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Strings Latin American Serenade	Jimmie Fidler	Shorty Bell with Mickey Rooney Escape

MAGGI McNELLIS—who always looks as well as she listens when she interviews her ABC luncheon celebrities.

FRANKIE CARLE—whose program, Carle Comes Calling, is summer listening on CBS, Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EDT, began to lead a dance band when he was only fifteen. He played next with Mal Hallett, then with Horace Heidt; then started an orchestra of his own. He has made many recordings, the latest of which is a composition of his own, "I Don't Want to Meet Any More People—I'm Satisfied With You!"

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Hilltop House David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst in H'wood Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing The Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Robert Q. Lewis Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Charlie Chan Billy Rose	Sound Off Stars in the Night	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Quiet Please	Tomorrow's Tops Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Players

DOROTHY KIRSTEN—the Metropolitan Opera soprano who shares the spotlight with Nelson Eddy on the summer Music Hall, NBC, Thursdays at 9:00 P.M., EDT. During the past season, when these operas were revived at the Metropolitan and in San Francisco, she sang with great success the roles in "Louise" and in "The Love of Three Kings" which had long been favorites of her mentor, Grace Moore.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	News			Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Hilltop House
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	This is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Bkfst in H'wood	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Kate's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Service Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme Quartet	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Evelyn Winters
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs	Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Robert Q. Lewis
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill		Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			Frontiers of Science
6:30		Local Programs		The Chicagoans
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Lennie Herman Quintet	News	Green Hornet Drama	
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dinah Shore, Harry James and Johnny Mercer	Mysterious Traveler	Youth Asks the Government	Big Town
8:15			Edwin D. Cantham	
8:30	Carmen Cavallaro	Official Detective	America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	Adventures of the Thin Man	Gabriel Heatter		We, The People
9:15		Radio Newsreel	Berkshire Music Festival	
9:30	Call the Police	Gregory Hood		
9:45				
10:00	Meet Corliss Archer	Public Defender	Let Freedom Ring	Studio One
10:15				
10:30	Red Skelton	Dance Orchestra	It's In The Family	

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air	Hilltop House
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Bkfst. in H'wood	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Kate's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	NBC Concert Orch.	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	The Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Evelyn Winters
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Robert Q. Lewis
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill		Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			Talks
8:30		Local Programs		The Chicagoans
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Adrian Rollini Trio	News	Lone Ranger	
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Special Agent	Mayor of The Town	American Melody Hour
8:15				
8:30		High Adventure	On Stage America	Dr. Christian
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	Tex and Jinx	Gabriel Heatter	Abbott and Costello	Your Song and Mine
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Racket Smashers	Go For the House	Harvest of Stars with James Melton
9:45				
10:00	The Big Story	Opinion-Aire	Comedy Writers Show	The Whistler
10:15				
10:30	Rexall Summer Theater	California Melodies	Gordon MacRae	Capitol Cloak Room

SANTOS ORTEGA—whom you have heard variously as Charlie Chan, Nero Wolfe, Perry Mason, Bulldog Drummond, Inspector Queen and Commissioner Weston, has now added Roger Kilgore, Public Defender, to his gallery of criminologists and is heard on MBS's program of that name, Tuesday nights at 10:30, EDT. New York-born Ortega had to fake a Latin accent to get his first radio role, twelve years ago.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music for You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Hilltop House
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Dorothy Kilgallen	David Harum
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Bkfst in H'wood	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Service Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme Quartet	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen for a Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Evelyn Winters
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When a Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Robert Q. Lewis
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill		Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			Of Men and Books
6:30		Local Program	Local Programs	The Chicagoans
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Lawrence Week	News	Henry Morgan Show	
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00		Lucky Partners	Front Page	The F.B.I. in Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Local Programs	Talent Hunt	Criminal Casebook	Mr. Keen
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kirsten	Gabriel Heatter	Willie Piper	Dick Haymes
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Revere Revue	Candid Microphone	Crime Photographer
9:45		Background For Stardom		
10:00	Bob Hawk Show	Family Theatre	Boxing Bouts	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30				The First Nighter

FLETCHER MARKLE—is producer, director and frequently a featured actor on CBS's Studio One series, Tuesdays at 10:00 P.M., EDT. This twenty-seven-year-old Canadian has recently been spending his spare evenings and weekends directing his first American movie, "The Vicious Circle," starring Franchot Tone. His initial American radio work was three scripts for Columbia Workshop, two of which he directed.

DORIS McWHIRT—was eight when she first broadcast, down in Oklahoma. At fourteen, she understudied Luise Rainer in the Washington, D. C., Civic Theatre's production of "St. Joan." Now, twenty-two, a veteran of many daytime serials and evening dramatic programs, she's heard on True Detective Mysteries, over Mutual, Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EDT, and proves she's still Texan by wearing high-heeled boots!

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music for You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Hilltop House
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Bkfst. in H'wood	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Marine Band	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen for a Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Evelyn Winters
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Robert Q. Lewis
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill		Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody	Local Programs	Local Programs	Report from the United Nations
6:30				Songs By Jean McKenna
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Mary Osborn Trio	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cities Service Band of America	There's Always A Woman	The Fat Man	Mr. Ace and Jane
7:15				
8:30	Can You Top This	Leave It to the Girls	This Is Your FBI	Danny Thomas
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Morgan, Ameche, Langford
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Waltz Time		The Sheriff	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theater	Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	Everybody Wins, Phil Baker
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Tex Beneke		Spotlight Revue

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Mind Your Manners	Robert Hurleigh		Garden Gate
9:45		Practical Gardner		Washington Wives
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Bill Harrington	This Is For You	Red Barber's Club-house
10:15			Johnny Thompson	
10:30	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Hollywood Headlines	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45			Saturday Strings	
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Teen Timer's Club	Land of the Lost	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Misc. Programs	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	This Week in Washington		
12:30	Coffee With Congress	Pro Arte Quartet	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Alan Lomax	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon	Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson	Dance Orch.	Speaking of Songs	County Fair
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00	Music For The Moment	Bands For Bonds	Fascinating Rhythm	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	Salute to Veterans		Hitching Post Variety	Country Journal
2:45				
3:00		Dance Orch.	Piano Playhouse	Report from Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30	Local Programs	Sports Parade	ABC Symphony Orch.	Cross-Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Today	Horse Race		Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15		Charles Slocum		
4:30	First Piano Quartet		Racing	Make Way For Youth
4:45		First Church of Christ Science		
5:00	Swanee River Boys	Take A Number	Treasury Band Show	
5:15	Lassie Show			
5:30	Dr. I. Q. Jr.	True or False	Melodies to Remember	Local Programs
5:45	King Cole Trio		Dorothy Guldheim	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra	Vagabonds' Quartet	News from Washington
6:15	Art of Living		Profits of Prayer	In My Opinion
6:30	NBC Symphony		Harry Wismer	Red Barber Sports Show
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Challenge of the Yukon	
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	What's the Name of That Song	Famous Jury Trials	Abe Burrows
7:45				Hoagy Carmichael
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Ross Dolan, Detective	
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Stop Me If You've Heard This One	The Amazing Mr. Malone	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Keeping Up With the Kids	Gangsters	Joan Davis Time
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Lionel Hampton	What's My Name	Vaughn Monroe
9:45				
10:00	Radio City Playhouse	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Saturday Night Serenade
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	It Pays To Be Ignorant

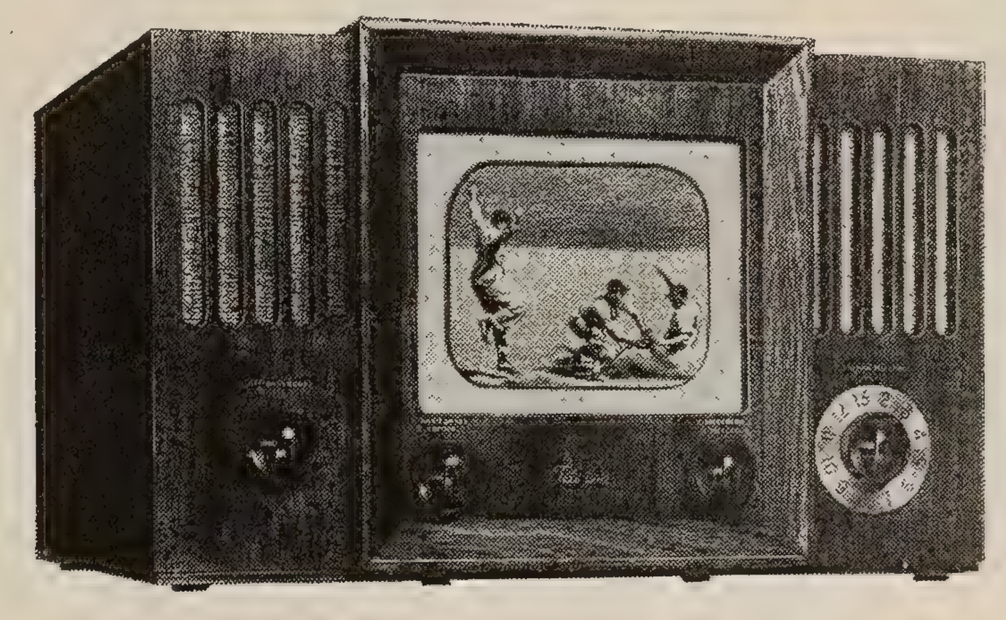
HOUSE JAMESON—transferred to Columbia from University of Texas to be nearer the stage. After appearing in several Broadway successes and in stock, in Toronto, he tried radio, as an announcer, in 1934. His first real radio success was as Renfrew, in Renfrew of the Mounted, but he's best known as Mr. Aldrich, heard with his Family, over NBC, Thursday evenings at 8:00, EDT.

It's Here!

Philco 472: built-in AM-FM.

ANOTHER in the new group of table-models is Philco Model 472. It's a moderately-priced set in a streamlined plastic cabinet and comes in either brown or ivory. Approximate dimensions are 10" x 16" x 8". Of interest, too, is the built-in dual AM-FM aerial system.

When talk gets around to small radios it must, of necessity, get around to the new "Personal" line of receivers built by RCA Victor. It's a battery-operated portable that weighs only three and a half pounds, and features a lid switch which automatically turns the radio on when the lid is opened. It's small enough to fit in a pocket, measuring only 3¼" x 4¼" x 6¼". This set retails for about $33 and comes in red, brown, black and ivory.

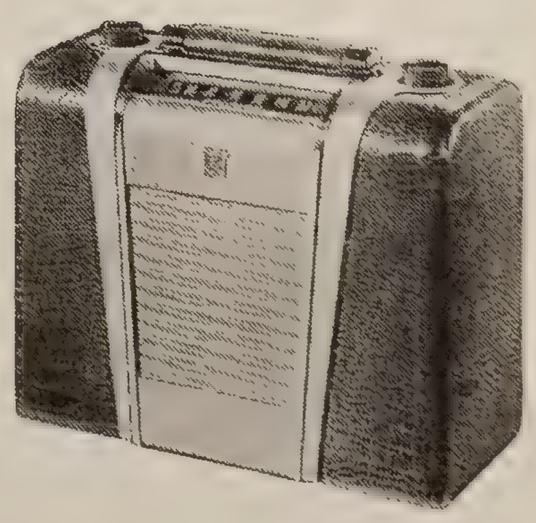


Tele-tone: 26 sq.in. image, all-channel tuning.

And still the price of television sets keeps going down. Tele-tone boasts of a set tagged at only $149.95. The screen furnishes an image of 26 square inches and the set is in a genuine mahogany cabinet. This set, by the way, does include All Channel tuning. You can pick up telecasts from all stations in your area. For the record, it's Model 149.

Since there's plenty of vacation weather ahead, you may be looking for a portable radio that will give you reception no matter where you go. A good suggestion would be to look over the Crosley model 9-302. It's a three-way set that will operate in AC or DC current as well as on batteries. This portable comes in an alligator-grain brown leatherette case with metal trim.

Another portable using alligator grain is the RCA Victor model 8BX5. Contrasting effect is obtained by balancing the simulated leather with maroon plastic. This set is also three-way—Battery, AC and DC.



RCA 8BX5: battery, AC and DC.

Life can be Beautiful

Some lives reach beauty in one spectacular moment; some build toward it slowly, making a pattern of happiness out of every-day things

THE DAY-TO-DAY THINGS
RADIO MIRROR'S BEST LETTER OF THE MONTH

DEAR PAPA DAVID:

When a neighbor, a housewife and mother whose child was in kindergarten with mine, shot and killed herself and her two children, I thought there was no virtue left in life. The news of her tragedy raised ugly fears and suspicions in millions of people.

Because she and her husband were of different religious faiths, members of each group looked at the other and thought, "It was because of the religion." Husbands, reading of it in the paper, looked at their own wives with a new dread: "Might she do it, too, if things got tough?"

But what we mothers feared most was what it would do to the children. With the radio, the headlines, and the village talk, it was impossible for them not to know. Would their tender faces wear a new and fearful gravity? Would their baby eyes show terror? Had they felt that gun, pointed at their heads? Did they see their baby sisters, lifeless in the bassinette? Over the week-end, the burden of it was cruel.

I waited with the other mothers, Monday noon, outside the kindergarten, where she had waited with us only last week. At last the children came in their bright snowsuits—not tumbling noisily, as usual, but in an orderly line. One by one, they joined the mothers, quietly, obediently. "Oh God," I prayed, "let them shout! Let them push and shove! Let them show that they trust us!"

My girl could not wait to step into the car before she told me solemnly, "Joey is dead. He has gone to live with God." She waited for my comment.

"Oh," I said. I knew very well that the children knew what Joey's mother had done. She didn't want to tell me that she knew. She was accusing me, silently.

With trembling hands, I set the car in motion. My girl was still, ominously still, it seemed to me, withdrawn into herself. Some thought lay deep in her little mind, troubling her. We were almost home when she said with dignity, "I can't tell you something, Mommy."

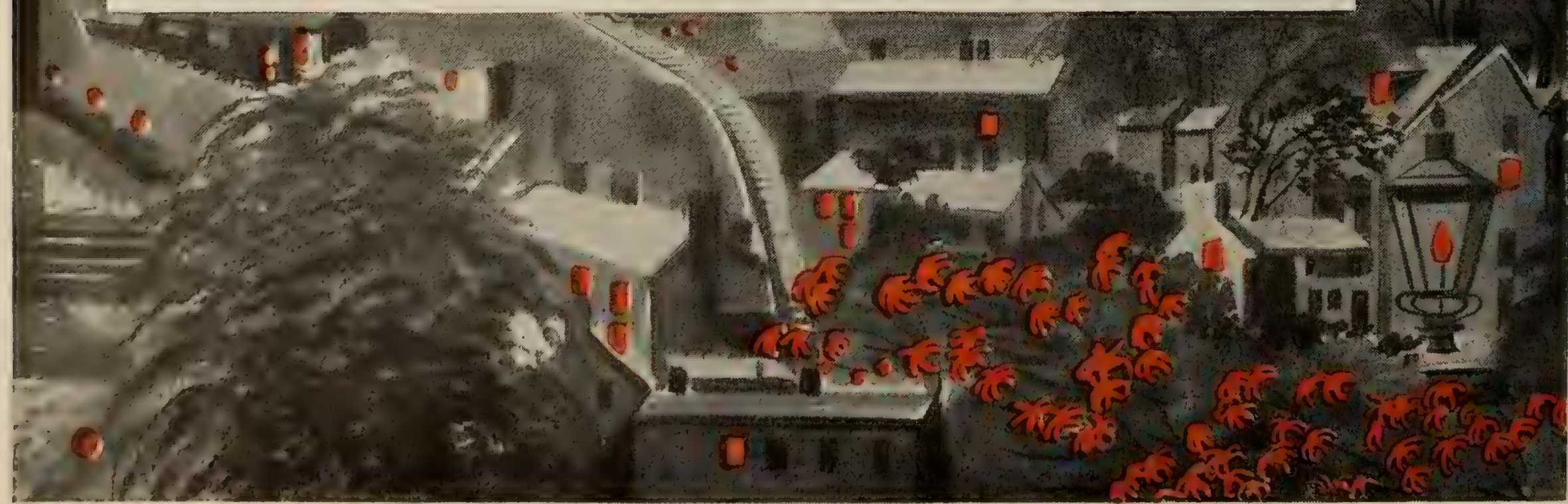
My heart took a frantic leap. As she resumed her silence, her rosy little lips twitched. Would she burst into tears—show a grief which I could comfort? But suddenly, to my utter astonishment, instead of crying, she was laughing.

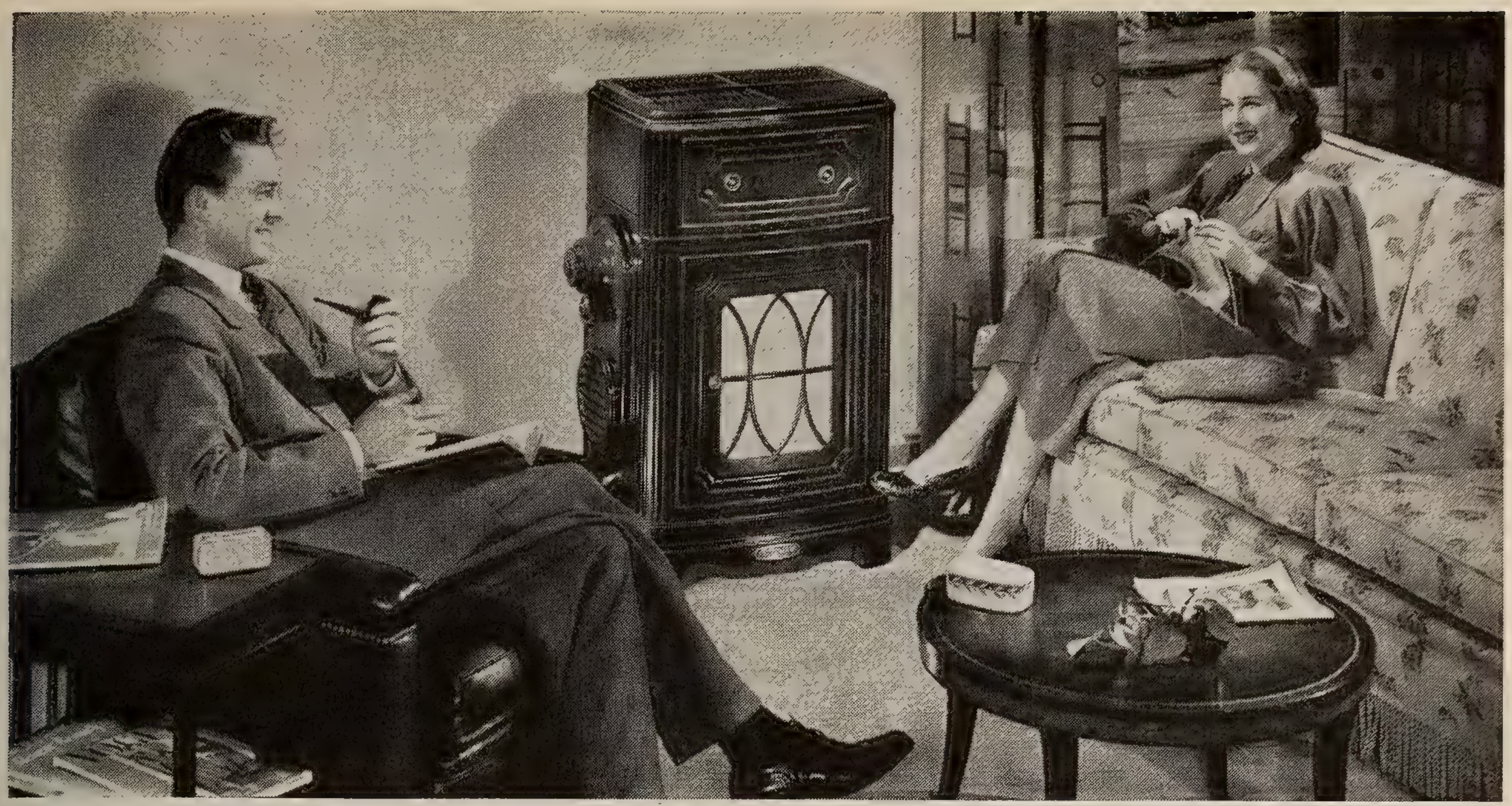
"It's a secret what we made today!" she declared with her usual shrill enthusiasm. "You can guess, but I can't tell! We made—we made—" Her blue eyes sparkled with the excitement of trying to keep a secret, but it was impossible. "We made Valentines for our mothers!"

It isn't safe to drive with tear-filled eyes, so I stopped the car while I hugged her. Our children still loved and trusted us!

Of course, I knew that their faith had remained perfect because they had not wholly understood the awfulness of the crime. Holding my warm and squirming child, I thought: Because each of us is, in a sense, a little child, unable to comprehend everything, we are able to turn our thoughts from sorrow, to go on loving and believing in one another, to do the day-to-day things that make life beautiful. One of the wonders (*Continued on page* 74)

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Mon.—Fri. at 12 Noon, PDT; 1 P.M., MDT; 2 P.M., CDT; 3 P.M., EDT, on NBC.





NEW... the beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton heater

CUTS FUEL OIL COSTS UP TO 25% WITH POWER-AIR!

This is it—an amazingly efficient *upright* heater with all the beauty of fine period furniture!

It's the gorgeous, brand new Duo-Therm Sheraton, designed by master furniture stylists.

You've got to see it with your own eyes to appreciate it. See its fluted columns and recessed panels that duplicate the costly look of fine cabinet work. See its mellow duo-tone mahogany finish (a Duo-Therm exclusive!). See how it adds charm and distinction to *any* room!

And its working heart is *all* Duo-Therm! Here's just a rough idea of what that means to you:

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4

This is a *fact,* proved by severe tests in a cold Northern climate. The Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower actually cuts fuel bills *as much as 25%.*

Because it *is* a blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every corner . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you more heat at the living level. Only Duo-Therm heaters have Power-Air, the Blower that can save enough to pay for the cost of a Duo-Therm!

You save on oil with Duo-Therm's exclusive Burner, too!

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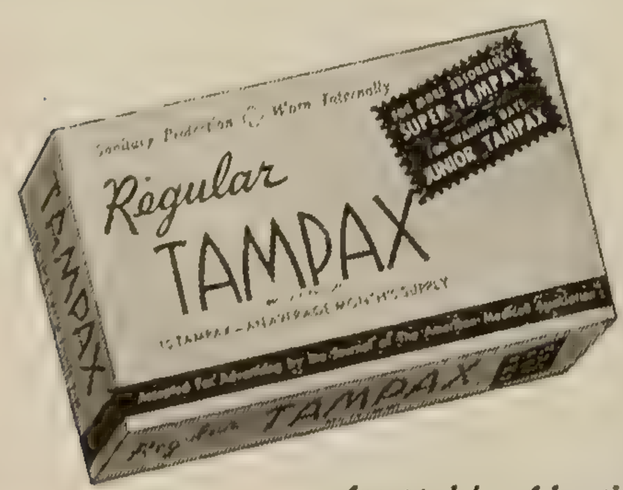

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I Give My Troth

(*Continued from page* 63)

ful realization of all he had in her. She was his beloved, his Joan; he never thought of her as apart from himself—but at times like these he saw afresh all she was that he was not. She was not only the sheltered, carefully reared daughter of wealth, not only lovely and gracious beyond expression, but she had a voice, a voice that many a professional singer might wish for. It frightened him a little when he thought of it—that so much of the world had been open to her, and she had chosen him and a farm instead.

The last notes died on the evening air. The sound of applause reached them, distant but clear; a voice cried "More! More!"

"Joan, they heard you at the club!" Sylvia cried delightedly.

"They can't see you though," said Phil. "They're not as lucky as we are." He meant it sincerely, light as the words were, and in his heart he was truly grateful. For a little time, while she sang, she had been the Joan he had once known, the Joan whom he had thought of as his, the Joan who'd sung for the crowd at parties, beside a camp fire at the beach, on the way home beside him in his car. . . .

MRS. FIELD might well have read Harry's thoughts. Proud as she was of Joan's voice, she would have been better pleased if Harry had not written the song, if Joan had not sung it with her eyes upon her husband's face. She said pointedly, "Joan, it's a shame you never did anything about your voice. But of course—"

"I'll leave that to my children, Mother," Joan interrupted tranquilly.

"But of course," her mother went on as if she had not heard, "one word from me makes you do exactly as you please. There was so much you could have—"

"Miss Joan—" Nettie came out on the terrace, and Joan was glad of the interruption. "There's a gentleman here from police headquarters who says he wants to speak to either you or Mr. Davis."

"Must be the Lieutenant," Harry said. "He said he'd stop by tonight. I'll see him inside."

Joan was already on her feet. "Do you want me to come?"

"I wish you would," said Harry. "It's probably about Steve."

"Now, Joan," her mother broke in, "don't get excited. You know Dr. Wiggan warned you—"

"I'm all right," said Joan impatiently over her shoulder. "I couldn't possibly feel better."

The young lieutenant of police was waiting for them in the foyer. He refused their invitation to join them for coffee, complimented Joan upon her appearance. "You certainly look different from the last time I saw you, Mrs. Davis," he said, "—lying at the side of a country road."

A tactless opening, Harry thought, but Joan took it serenely. "I feel different," she smiled. "Have you any more news of Mr. Skidmore?"

"That's what I came to tell you," the lieutenant answered. "I've talked to the prison hospital again, and he is definitely improved. Of course, with his heart condition you never know, but the doctor told me that the improvement in his condition after his confession, after he told the truth about his part in Betty Scofield's death, was unbelievable. And the doctor says also that the knowledge that he will no longer be responsible for keeping Mrs. Cameron in jail might put him right on his feet."

"But it will be a shock," said Joan. "Mightn't the excitement—"

"I only know what the doctor believes," said the lieutenant, "and that is that it will help him. And, Mrs. Davis, we don't want to trouble you if you'd rather not, but we all feel that you're the one to tell him he's cleared . . . you and Mr. Davis. He's torturing himself over the part he played in your lives. And if he learns that you don't hold it against him, it will help that much toward helping him recover."

"It's all up to Mrs. Davis," said Harry. "Joan—"

"Oh, I want to," said Joan. "I talked it over with Dr. Wiggan before I left the hospital—told him that you wanted me to tell Steve—and he said that I could do it, provided I felt able. And—well, I do feel able to do it. In fact, I couldn't bear not to. I'm as anxious as Mr. Skidmore and Mrs. Cameron to have our old relationship re-established."

"Good," said the lieutenant. "It will have to be done tomorrow. We can't detain Mrs. Cameron any longer—"

Joan and Harry nodded. "We'll be there tomorrow."

"Then we'll set it up for three o'clock at the Summerville Hospital," said the lieutenant. "We'll have Mrs. Cameron there as well. And in the meantime, we'll go ahead with the plan."

"The plan?" asked Harry.

"Why, yes, Mr. Davis—didn't I tell you? The court has decided to be lenient in Mr. Skidmore's case and to overlook his part in the Scofield girl's death. He's being paroled in the care of Mrs. Cameron."

Joan and Harry looked at each other. "In Irma's care!" Harry ejaculated.

"THAT'S wonderful!" Joan cried. "There isn't anything else in the world Irma wants—and nothing that could be better for Steve. How did you ever think of it?"

"It's the result of the thinking you and Mr. Davis started us on, Mrs. Davis, when you told us all Mrs. Cameron had done for Mr. Skidmore in the past—and he for her, back when he was able. Now we think that she can help him come back from this experience he's been through."

"Oh, she will," Joan breathed. "His life hasn't been easy, Lieutenant. He isn't weak—his weakness was never in himself, but in the woman he loved, a woman who wasn't in love with him. His wife. She destroyed him—deliberately—because she was in love with—with—" she hesitated slightly, without looking at Harry—"with someone else. She flaunted it before him, told him that she'd only married him to be near the other man. It drove him insane, seeing this beautiful girl laughing at him, seeing his wife laugh at him before all the world— Irma knows all about it; she understands and loves him as no one else does. I know she can help him—"

"There isn't a finer farmer in the state," Harry put in. "The dairy's never been the same since they let Steve go. I know he could get his old job back."

The lieutenant nodded. "You're very

probably right. But just now the whole thing is up to you two—telling him what's happened, that he's a free man once more, seeing that he realizes that there's nothing but friendship and understanding on your part."

"We'll do everything we can," Joan promised.

"I know you will," said the lieutenant. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Davis. We'll be seeing you tomorrow at three. And oh—in the meantime, we'll have Mrs. Cameron officially released, and we'll have told her of our plans for Mr. Skidmore."

"Good idea," Harry approved. "It will give her time to get adjusted. It's going to be a shock for her, too."

When the lieutenant had gone, Joan turned a radiant face to her husband. "Oh, Harry," she said, "could anything be more wonderful—could things possibly be better for everyone? Back there on the terrace, when they were playing our song, I didn't think there could be any more happiness in the world. But now—things have not only come right for us, but they're going to be right for Steve and Irma, too. I know it, Harry. I know they're really going to find happiness at last."

SHE felt differently the next afternoon, when she stood with Harry in front of the grim gray stone prison in Summerville.

"Harry," she said, "I'm afraid. Suppose the shock is too much for Steve after all? The doctor can't know everything, and if things should go wrong—"

"It's this place, darling," said Harry. "You came here too many other times on unhappy errands. Don't let it get you down."

"I'm afraid it does," Joan admitted. "You've no idea how I hate it, how I hate setting foot inside of it—"

"My dear—" He touched her arm, and as if the contact gave her strength, she started up the steps . . . She was standing in the same gray corridor on the same stone floor, where she had so often waited to be permitted to see Harry. Harry had gone to the information desk; she saw the receptionist gesture, saw Harry go on to the superintendent's office.

"Dear God," she prayed, "let nothing have gone wrong. Let Steve be all right—" And then Harry was coming back, his face grave and set.

"Darling, do you think you can go through it alone? Irma's with Steve now, preparing him, telling him we're waiting to see him. But he's very weak, and both the doctor and the lieutenant feel that you'd better see him alone."

"With Irma?" Joan asked.

"Of course with Irma," he reassured her. "But don't, darling, if you think it will be too much for you—"

She shook her head, mutely, and then she was walking down the gray corridor to the superintendent's office; conscious only to the tension within her, of the desperate knowledge that every word she said, every inflection of her voice, must be right. Then there was the white glare of the hospital room, and Steve. And Irma.

The women's eyes met. Irma's lips moved soundlessly, and finally the word came out. "Joan—"

"Irma—" And then, somehow, there was no need to say more. The past was understood, forgiven, done with; there remained only the task to be accomplished for the still figure on the bed.

Steve couldn't see her, but he must have known that she was there. He said weakly, questioningly, "Joan?" and

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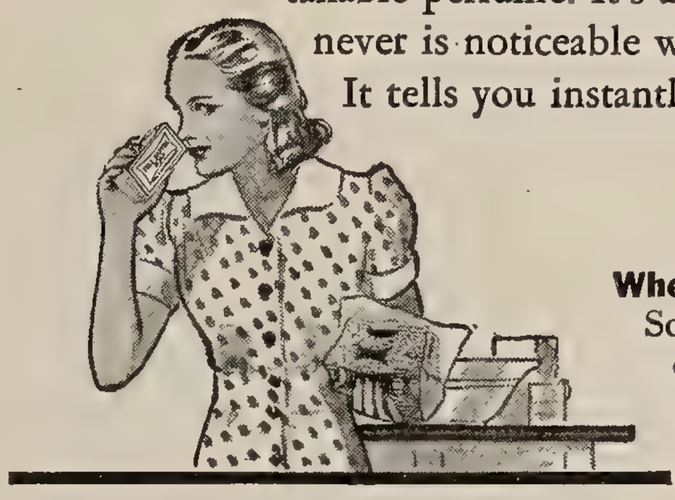

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suddenly Joan knew that she could do what she had come here to do. Steve—why Steve might have been little Sammy lying there, in need of comfort and reassurance.

"I'm here, Steve dear," she said. "See—right here beside you—"

He turned his eyes toward her, and he saw her now; she was sure that there was recognition in his eyes. She took his hand. "Steve, we're all going to be happy. Don't, Steve—Listen to me—"

"Joan—" His voice broke, and then somehow he found the strength to check himself. "I only want you to forgive me," he said steadily, "forgive me for what I did to you and Harry."

"There's nothing to forgive, Steve. Don't you know that?"

His head moved in slight negation. "I ran away, Joan—and you and Harry paid the price for it."

"STEVE, listen." Her hand tightened on his. "There isn't any of us in this life, not a living soul, who hasn't been wrong at some time or another, who hasn't hurt someone. Steve, you remember what I did to Harry some time ago—you know as well as I do that Harry was never faithless to me, and I knew it then as I know it now, but that one moment of decision came—and I packed my things and left him. I knew when it happened that I shouldn't have, but I left him. And now that it's all over, Steve, it hasn't made any difference between us. It's only made us closer because of that mistake. Steve, I love Harry more today than I ever did before in my life—and that's the way we both feel about you, Steve. You're dearer to us now than you've ever been, both you and Irma."

"Joan, dear—" Irma broke in, her voice shaking.

"You mean it?" Steve asked. "And Harry—does he mean it? Does he believe it as you do?"

"We both feel exactly the same way, Steve."

His head turned ever so slightly toward Irma. "Then, Irma, it's all right. Everything's going to be all right—"

She mustn't cry now, Joan thought desperately. Not now, with the crisis still ahead. "Now," she said, swallowing hard, "I want to tell you the news I've brought—"

Steve's eyes closed. "Nothing else is important, Joan dear. Now that I know how you and Harry feel, nothing and no one is important but Irma and her family."

"Steve—" and in spite of herself tension crept into her voice—"this is important to us all."

"You promised, Steve," Irma broke in, "that you wouldn't get excited—"

His hand moved, and hers went into it. "I'm all right, Irma."

"Steve—" Joan drew a deep breath, spoke as she would to a confused child. "You didn't kill Betty Scofield. Do you hear me, Steve? Another man has confessed—Robert Nobel, the man who caused me so much trouble, the man whose name I found in Betty Scofield's address book. He was a dealer in stolen cars, Steve, and Betty had been working for him, and he was afraid that she would give him away. *Steve*—"

Her heart failed her. Steve hadn't moved. Only his eyelids had closed again, and he lay as still as death. Her eyes, terrified, met Irma's—and saw that Irma's eyes were calm. Irma still held his hand.

"Dearest—" Irma leaned close to him, whispering, "do you understand? You didn't kill her. You didn't kill Betty Scofield."

"Both you and Irma are free," said Joan.

Irma's mouth was shaking wildly; tears were running down her face. "Steve—you're free, free to go as you please—you can go anywhere you please—you can go home—" She could go no further. She put her hand to her mouth, bit hard upon the clenched knuckles. Joan leaned forward, but before she could try again Steve's lips moved.

"Thank God," he said, very quietly, very clearly. "Thank God—now you're free, Irma."

"It's you that's important, Steve—only you—"

"No, Irma. My heart is free of fear now because I know the trouble I brought into your life has disappeared. That's what I care about most."

Joan left them, then, very quietly, without another word. Her mission was completed, and neither of them needed her now. Harry and the lieutenant were waiting for her in the corridor. Harry went quickly to her and put his arm around her, supporting her. "Joan, you look torn to pieces—"

"I'm all right, Harry—but you should have seen Steve. He looks so terrible—there's nothing left of him. But when I told him—you should have seen him. He didn't move, but it was as if something had changed inside him. I know he's going to get well, now, Harry. I *know* it."

"I think so, too, dear," he said, very gently. "But right now, I want to get you out to the car—and home. You look plenty shaky yourself. Lieutenant, what do we do about Mrs. Cameron?"

"Leave her with him for the time being," the lieutenant answered. "There are a few formalities to go through, and then she's free to go wherever her heart desires. I think perhaps Mr. Skidmore will stay here until he's well enough to be moved, but Mrs. Cameron can go tomorrow."

"WE'LL come for her," said Joan. "Will you tell her that, Lieutenant? Tell her that we'll be here tomorrow to take her home."

Home. A few minutes later she and Harry were riding home, rolling along the Northport road, past the familiar countryside, the familiar farms. "I'm glad we went to Summerville to see Steve before we went on home," Joan said. "Now we know we're really going home, Harry, for the first time in so long—together, and to home as it used to be, only better, because I think things will be better for Steve and Irma from now on. I don't think I'd ever get over it if all of this trouble had come between Steve and Irma—and us. I mean, I was so afraid that they would never quite believe in our forgiveness—if you could call it that, because I never did feel that there was anything to forgive. But I was afraid they might never quite believe that we wanted to go on being friends—and now I know it's all right. I knew it the moment I saw Irma look up at me from Steve's bedside. Everything's going to be all right."

"Thanks to you," said Harry.

"To me? You mean because I went after Robert Nobel?"

"That too," he answered, "but I meant something else more. Your spirit, Joan, your understanding of why Irma and Steve did what they did—"

She laughed softly. "That's simple,

Harry. I understand Irma because she feels about Steve as I feel about you. He's the living core of her life, and everything else stems from him. And Steve—well, I've always felt especially close to Steve because there's something in him that's like you. It's a sort of alone and against the world attitude that comes of your both having the same kind of start in life. You both felt the responsibility of a family years before you should have taken on that sort of burden—"

"Joan, a lot of people have to carry that kind of responsibility—"

"And I'd like to give everyone of them some of the ease and playtime I was brought up in," said Joan. "It would make them less tense, less sensitive to hurt, more elastic when trouble comes. Steve had a hard life, a grim life; he lost his head over Betty MacDonald because she was a bright, pretty thing—the kind of thing he'd never known. He'd never had the least of luxuries, never had the chance to do all the playing he should have—and you haven't, either. You don't know what that side of life is all about."

"Oh, I don't know," said Harry defensively. "I think I do."

"But *how* do you know it, Harry?" she asked quickly, and answered her own question. "You saw it when you were caddying at the country club . . . and wanted to swing a club yourself, only you couldn't take that much time away from work or your studies. You were always on the outside looking in."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Joan, you're fabulous—"

"No, I'm not," she said serenely. "I'm just married to a guy I love—a man who hasn't a grain of sense so far as the laughing of life is concerned. And—oh, I guess what I'm trying to say is that because I love you so much, it's easy to love and understand anyone who is the slightest bit like you. Harry, look out!"

The car swayed as he reached for her. Prudently, he turned off the road and stopped the motor before he gathered her into his arms.

"Sorry, darling," he said huskily, "but I shouldn't even try to drive when you're sitting that close beside me, saying things that make me feel I'm everything in the world to you, that our love explains everything to you—"

"Aren't you?" Joan asked, her eyes very steady upon his face. "And doesn't it?"

"I guess it does. I— It's a funny thing, Joan, but when I was in prison, wishing I'd never come into your life because I'd brought you so much misery . . . I still felt closer to you, more—Oh, I can't explain—"

"You don't have to," she said softly. "I know, because I felt it, too. Nothing mattered, really, but that we loved each other. Not being separated. Not even death. It's—why, Harry, it's knowing a kind of immortality . . . and don't you dare laugh at me."

He didn't laugh. He couldn't. He could only hold her closer—and yet never close enough—while the peace of the afternoon deepened around them.

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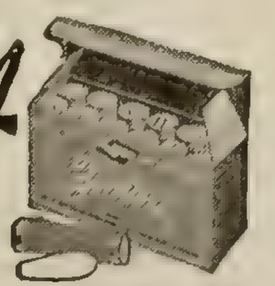

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LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page* 68)

of life is its everydayness, its humdrumness, which prevents us from seeing tragedy at every turn. Mothers may violate the trust of their families, faction may turn against faction with intolerance, and we grieve; but every day children go to school, mothers make the beds and wash the dishes, fathers set forth to work. In the monotony, the regularity, the orderliness of life, we find relief from its violence and passion; from its tragedy which, fully understood, would require of man the vast compassion of God.

E. L. C.

The letters that follow have earned this month's ten-dollar checks:

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

Dear Papa David:

So many single women face the future with secret fears of missing all happiness without marriage. I am a spinster past 50 years of age, and I know life can be beautiful and richly satisfying—regardless of single blessedness.

I learned it from a maiden aunt who taught school twenty years before she married at thirty-eight. During the formative years of my girlhood, she had more time, money and fun than anyone I knew. She loved children and always had nephews and nieces in her home; she played with them and took them on trips. There was never the slightest stigma attached to the term "old maid" in our family.

And so I have never felt apologetic for being an "old maid" or resented being called one. I have missed marriage but I have not missed happiness. One by one I acquired three motherless children, whom I have reared and educated, and I know they are as dear to me as if they were my own flesh and blood. I now have five "grandchildren" and no blood grandmother has more satisfaction in her children's children than I have in the little ones who call me "aunt" just as their fathers did. It is love, devotion, self-sacrifice and hard work which fashion family bonds, and while I am single, I am not "a lone woman."

It was not always easy to hold a job and to make a home for children. Many of my friends were not sympathetic, saying my sacrifices would not be appreciated—that I should provide for my own future. I honestly think I have as much financial security today as I would have had if I had used all of my earnings for myself.

Trying to make life beautiful—for others—I have found is a guaranteed way of making it beautiful for myself. No one needs to be deterred because of lack of money. Sympathy, understanding and a willingness to help are far scarcer to find than money.

I am thankful I learned from my maiden aunt not to carry the handicap that so many single women do—feeling sorry for themselves. For happiness is not dependent on marriage or any other circumstance—it is something each must create for himself.

M. M.

LET BEAUTY SOAK IN!

Dear Papa David:

I suppose that I was about seven years old that spring morning when Grandmother Ellen was cleaning house. The tacked-down carpets had been taken up and hung over the line for their annual beating; the rising-sun and prairie-rose quilts, the fat featherbeds and pillows were hung in the shade to air. Grandmother stepped heavily from the kitchen looked reproachfully at Grandfather who had dropped down in the barrel-stave hammock and was breathing deeply of the May morning fragrance—the smell of spring—all mixed up with fresh ploughed loam, burning brush, and bursting apple-blossoms.

Grandfather smiled apologetically. "Dirt will keep, Ellen, but apple-blossoms last such a little while. I like to take time to let them soak in."

Grandfather's philosophy, take time for loveliness while it lasts, has been made into a slogan that has been handed down through three generations of his descendants.

I have a clump of iris blooming at my backdoor. Not fancy-named bulbs; just the old-fashioned purple that will grow anywhere for anybody. Every time I carry out waste-baskets or garbage I look at the silky royal blooms, then up at the sky with a swift "Thank You, God." That humble clump of common iris is my prayer-rug and my spirit is lifted, even as the soul of the psalmist was lifted when he said: "Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us."

E. B. M.

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Joan Blondell
Glamourous star, says: "Pink lipstick's the Hollywood craze and "Pink Queen" is the perfect pink."

TANGEE'S new "PINK QUEEN" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely! It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right. And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier...stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "PINK QUEEN"—Tangee's pink of perfection!

Seven Super-Shades
by Tangee

RED MAJESTY — MEDIUM RED
GAY-RED — THEATRICAL RED
RED-RED — NATURAL
PINK QUEEN

Tangee

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK

NEW

Miracle deodorant speeds away your perspiration worries!

1. ETIQUET actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely—surely!*

2. ETIQUET—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!

3. FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

4. MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!

5. NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

Etiquet

THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Tall and Handsome

(*Continued from page 59*)

Ways to Serve Ice Cream

Peel a cantaloupe and cut into 1-inch thick slices. Fill the center of each slice with a scoop of ice cream and top with your favorite sauce.

Slice a small loaf cake in half crosswise. Cover the bottom half with ice cream, replace the top layer. Cut the loaf in thick slices. Cover with sauce or sweetened berries.

Banana Splits

For each serving: Place a portion each of vanilla, chocolate and strawberry ice cream on individual plates. Split a banana lengthwise and place the halves on either side of the ice cream. Top the ice cream with strawberry sauce, chopped nuts, and maraschino cherries.

Peanut Ice-Cream Bar, Fudge Sauce

1 7-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate pieces
3 tablespoons hot water
¼ cup milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 pint bricks vanilla ice cream, firmly frozen
2 cups unsalted peanuts, coarsely chopped

Melt chocolate pieces over boiling water. Add 3 tablespoons hot water and stir until smooth. Stir in milk. Remove from heat and add salt and vanilla. Working with one pint at a time, cut ice cream crosswise into three pieces. Roll each piece in chopped peanuts, pressing nuts into ice cream firmly. Store the bars in freezing tray of refrigerator until ready to serve. Then pour the fudge sauce, warm or cold, over each serving. Serves six.

Lemon Ice Cream

½ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup lemon juice
1 cup milk
1 cup light cream or evaporated milk

Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating constantly until thick. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into deep freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze until mixture is frozen 1" from edges of tray. Turn into chilled bowl; beat with chilled beater until mixture is smooth but not melted. Return to tray immediately and continue freezing until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Orange Velvet

¼ cup sugar
½ cup corn syrup
¾ cup water
1 package orange flavored gelatin
1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups milk

Combine sugar, corn syrup and water; boil for 2 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add fruit juices. Pour into deep tray of refrigerator and freeze with control set at coldest point. When partially frozen, pour into chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater. Add milk and beat until blended. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

My Wife Jane

(*Continued from page 26*)

and high school. "A fact largely," Jane would tell you, "unknown to me." Known to her, I hope, but can't be sure, is the fact that we were married in 1928. "Well, Time wounds all heels," Jane Sherwood says. So it does. You just wait and see—all heels really get it. I emphasize this point to show you that one of the good things about Jane's malaprops is that they contain, always, a sturdy stalk of commonsense, a tare of truth growing among the corn.

Twelve years as newspaperman and Station KMBC in Kansas City gave me my first radio work which, under the title of The Movie Man, consisted of doing a radio version of my own newspaper column, reading the funnies on the air (something that had never, at the time, been done before) reviewing plays and pictures *and* etcetera. Everything was for ten dollars. No matter what you did—read the funnies, commentated on the body politic, reviewed play or film, got an idea—*ten dollars.*

FLASHBACK now to an evening in the year 1930. The Movie Man was just finishing his stint when it became apparent that the talent for the next fifteen-minute show wasn't going to show, had canceled out. So I had to talk on for the next fifteen minutes, substituting for the missing talent which was, by the way, the late Heywood Broun.

Waiting for me outside the studio on this fateful night was spouse Jane. Jane had never been on the air. Her new marriage to me was to be, we thought, her career. But we'd been doing a lot of kidding around the house and, the night before, had played a game of bridge over which, when I attempted to show Jane how *not* to trump Ace's aces, she'd snapped "Tell it to the morons!"

So I called Jane to the mike and for fifteen minutes we ad libbed. We played a comedy hand of bridge. We bore down rather heavily on the bridge. Jane started to do some malaprops along the "Love at first slight" and "Be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home" line. And after we'd been on the air for fifteen minutes and were signing off, "Why aren't we going on the air?" Jane asked (and, guess what, *meant!*) "*When* are we going on the air?"

The result of that fifteen minutes of (Mr. Broun's) ad libbed time was a sack full of mail. And Easy Aces was born.

The show acquired a sponsor. Jane got the ten dollars. I, because I wrote the show and continued to write it for its lifetime of fourteen years, got thirty. A lapse of time, and very little of that, and I asked for a $50.00 a week raise. The sponsor, balking, showed the whites of his eyes. We quit—for one night. The phone calls were so heavy (we had a lot of relatives in Kansas City!) that a new sponsor coughed up the extra fifty and Easy Aces, feeling on Easy Street (although I, a cautious one, still held on to my column in the *Journal Post*) resumed.

When a Chicago sponsor, happening to hear our show, asked us how we'd like to bring Easy Aces to Chicago, we were dazzled. But not for long. The sponsor would pay expenses for the move but, it developed, "Couldn't guarantee much else." Crossing my fingers and drawing a bead on the moon, I countered the offer of "not much else" by saying we'd go for $500 a week. It was (young men-on-the-make, take heed!) a deal.

Still not one to dynamite my bridges behind me, I continued to write my column—"au gratin," to borrow from Jane—for free, that means, every day, seven days a week, during the show's first thirteen-week network run.

When our first option was picked up, I felt more confident but not exactly reckless, and curtailed my unremunerated newspaper efforts to three a week. Another option snatched up and I was doing one a week—a Sunday column for the home-town sheet. During our second year in radio, I figured Easy Aces was riding easily enough, and high enough, for me to drop column concocting altogether.

We would stay in radio, Jane and I agreed between us, only for a short time. "When we get $25,000 under the mattress," I said, "we quit." I wanted to do some good (not radio) writing. My sights were set on Literature. But I was to be the one to say "When we get $50,000, we quit." We didn't. Went on and got "independently wealthy," as Jane puts it, in the fourteen years that, without interruption and with only one disruption, which was our move to New York, Easy Aces was on the air.

Following the demise, in its teens, of Easy Aces, my first radio chore was as chief writer for Danny Kaye's CBS show—a popular comedy feature and Kaye being the great kid from Brooklyn that he is, a lot of fun to do.

In August, 1946, I was appointed Supervisor of CBS Comedy and Variety programs—a post created (I take pride in this commercial!) especially for me.

BUT in January, 1948, I called Jane, who was at home (a small place, our suite in the Ritz-Towers, but we call it home) to the mike again.

The urge to return to active broadcasting rather than continue as a "desk" jockey, was upon me. To have Jane with me during working, as well as leisure hours was, I must uxoriously confess, an even stronger urge. I missed my Mrs. Malaprop. The hours without her were a vacuum. Nature abhors a vacuum. So does Goodman Ace. Result: Jane got a script, took an hour out to study and rehearse it and Mr. Ace and Jane, currently to be heard over CBS, every Friday, 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. (I take pride in this commercial, too!) was on the air.

Jane's only reservation about being on the air again is the hour at which we broadcast. "Seven o'clock," she sighs, "spoils the whole evening—too late for cocktails, too early for dinner." So she goes without either and is rewarded by the wolf cries evoked by a figure weighing in at 103 pounds, two and one quarter ounces.

As in Easy Aces days, I write, produce and direct the new show and, as in Easy Aces days, I portray the dour husband to whom everything happens, chiefly at the well-meaning or, at least, well-manicured hands of wife Jane, who very much sums up the situation *and* our relationship when she says, "I have him in the hollow of my head."

On the air, the Aces disagree about practically everything. Away from the mike, Jane and I manage to agree more often than we disagree; manage to like

New FIGURE BEAUTY

the moment you slip into a

SLIM-MODE

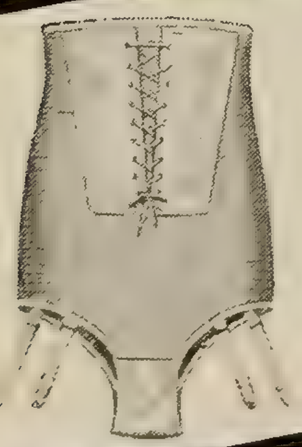
Every day women everywhere, of every age and every size, are discovering *new* figure beauty with SLIM-MODE, they never dreamed could be theirs. For SLIM-MODE is no ordinary girdle. It does what no ordinary girdle could ever do!

"Melts" Away Inches

Takes Off Years From Your Appearance

THE ADJUSTABLE SLIM-MODE

ONLY $3.98



- Flattens Your Bulging Tummy
- Whittles Down Your Waistline
- Slims Your Silhouette All Around
- Helps You Stand Straighter, Taller With Day-Long Comfort

HEALTH SUPPORTER GIRDLE

SLIM-MODE Alone gives you Custom-Like Fit . . .

Your figure is like no other! What may fit others may be all wrong for you. SLIM-MODE adjusts to *your* figure with a front-laced panel you tie and tighten for your own greatest comfort. And two-way stretch SLIM-MODE bends with you, breathes with you, expands with you after a meal. WILL NOT BIND. SLIM-MODE design is based on the *Scientific* facts of healthful figure control.

Washes easily. Detachable crotch of smooth rayon jersey. Four detachable garters so you can wear SLIM-MODE under slacks, shorts. Color: Nude. Sized to your waist, hips and height for perfect fit (see coupon).

FREE "Magic" Plastic Laces. For your extra added comfort you get a pair of Plastic laces that stretch gently as needed. Try them in SLIM-MODE instead of regular laces. See which you prefer.

SEND NO MONEY • SENT ON APPROVAL

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 528-A
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a SLIM-MODE. I will pay postman $3.98 (plus postage) (sizes 38 and over $4.98). In 10 days I will either return SLIM-MODE to you and you will return my money or otherwise my payment will be a final purchase price. I may keep the Free laces in any case.

My waist measure is ——— Hips are ———
My height is ———

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

☐ SAVE MONEY. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same FREE TRIAL and refund privilege.

Phone, C. O. D. orders filled. Call WOrth 4-1480. N. Y. City orders add 2% Sales Tax.

and what is perhaps more important, also to *dislike* the same places, people and pets. But there are some exceptions.

Jane doesn't like sitting around Lindy's, for instance, or Toots Shor's—"Talking to actors," as she puts it. I do.

Jane doesn't like to play cards. I do. A couple of nights a week, we have a few couples over for poker or bridge. On these nights, Jane usually manages to snaffle off one of the other wives to "sit around and talk." During the war, with hellzapoppin from Berchtesgaden to Broadway, "Let's sit around and talk," Jane suggested, one evening, to the wife of one of the men who had come to ante up with me. "Talk about what?" the w.o.o.o.t.m., inquired. "Well, I guess there's nothing," Jane agreed, reflectively, "to talk about."

I like to go to bed along around nine or nine-thirty. Jane goes to bed at 10:30—not before. It makes her nervous, she says, if she goes to bed earlier. It gives her insomnia, she says. "Insomnia," I told her, "is just a matter of mind over mattress." (She used it on the air but not in so to speak, private practice.)

Jane's biggest daily emotion is the weather, because the weather determines what she will wear. "Going to be sunny tomorrow—mid 60s" is her main topic of conversation after she's listened to the weather man on the eight o'clock news. (Though not exactly in agreement on the bedtime hour, we get up at eight, sharp, both of us, making one simultaneous twist of the dial and on our feet!)

Jane likes city life or roughing it, very luxuriously, in a plush hotel. She *says* she likes the country. "Rain falling softly outside." But she always has a friend who bought a place in the country, gave it some Spanish name for "Blue Heaven" and sold it the next year!

We used to take a place in the country each summer—in Deal Beach, New Jersey—but this year we're moving, since Jane has become a baseball fan, to the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. Jane has a box at both places and we'll summer there . . .

Meanwhile, we have our all-year-round-apartment at the Ritz Towers and have had for twelve years and "When we get old, next year, we'll go back to the land," Jane says.

Jane has a maid she's had for a long time. The maid gets breakfast for us. She used to get dinner for us, too, but during the war our dog, Blackie, ate up all our meat coupons so we got out of the habit of eating at home. Now we use Room Service or eat in drugstores to which we can take Blackie. Blackie is a white dog so Jane named him Blackie.

Jane's biggest extravagance is clothes. She likes to design clothes. And she does a lot of sewing. She is now at the "hem" stage. All I hear when I'm at home is, *"Is it long enough?"* Currently, she is "letting out" a raincoat. She's good at it, too, at sewing. And quite the housewife. She keeps the candy jars filled. The flower boxes. And feeds Blackie. She really did take "Domestic Silence" at school.

Jane rather dislikes jewelry—diamonds, that is. She goes in for gold things—a big gold charm bracelet with little gold gimmicks dangling from it, that's her pride. But her real extravagance is clothes. She *loves* to shop. After all, why not? Jane is five-feet-two, has hazel eyes and blonde hair, weighs what I told you she weighs and Mainbocher becomes her so . . . Some people think Jane and Mary Benny are look-alikes. Whether or no, Jane most admires (Goodman excepted) Mary Benny's Jack as a comedian. Vina Delmar and Pearl S. Buck are her favorite authors and Louis Alter, mainly because he wrote our show's theme song, "Manhattan Serenade," is her favorite composer.

Jane's husband, speaking for himself, is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blue eyes, needing a dye job, reddish blond hair needing the same. He smokes cigars incessantly and among his fellow entertainers he most admires Fred Allen, Burns and Allen and Jack Benny. He likes to think of himself as, to borrow back the words he put in Jane's mouth, "A human domino."

Except for the things we disagree on, Jane and I are, so to speak, unanimous. We like to go to the movies. Not fans, exactly, we have no favorites and never mind or, indeed, quite know *what* movie we are seeing. We just go to the movies to be comfortable. Jane says she doesn't "mind" any picture, "So long as it's in Technicolor."

We're agreed on our pet hate, which is of phonies. That's why Jane doesn't want to live in Hollywood. "Too many phonies" she says. I tell her "But there are phonies in New York, too." "Yes," she agrees. "But such *real* phonies."

We're both punctual people, very punctual. Make a date with us for 5:30 and we're there at 5:25. "We've *got* to tell them to be here fifteen minutes early because if we don't they'll get here," Jane points out, "five minutes late." On the subject of punctuality, Jane Sherwood's malaprop is, "I hate people that are impromptu"

The line between Jane Ace and Jane Sherwood sometimes—have I made it clear?—wavers and grows thin. . . .

"It's 25 minutes of real life adventure for me every day"

—So writes one woman about the "My True Story" Radio Program. "It takes the drabness out of my life . . . but these true-life stories are not mere flights of fancy. They are *so real* they help me live my own life better."

Every morning, Monday thru Friday, this favorite program presents a *complete* drama. Listen to radio's *greatest* morning show. Prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page* 47)

The newest television gadget to be announced is pretty difficult for even the most enthusiastic video fan to visualize. Eugene F. McDonald, fabulous president of Zenith, Inc., has assured dealers he will market the Phonevision this year. The Phonevision would only cost about $5 to attach to your television set and through an arrangement with the telephone company and the motion picture industry, it will enable you to phone any night and ask for a certain movie to be piped to you via your tele set. The cost for each private showing would be about one dollar! Well—lots of people never thought the Wright Brothers would get off the ground at Kitty Hawk; and the two media used for Phonevision —the telephone and television—are so miraculous themselves, that we might as well believe this will work too.

* * *

John Steinbeck, the famous novelist, and Robert Capa, the wizard photographer have combined their unusual talents to form World Video—a television package house. They should turn out some terrific shows.

* * *

We like to point out how television can be of help in the community. Last month we told about the police lineup telecasts; now NBC teamed up with the Veterans Administration and put on a show called Operation Success which displayed the abilities and skills of jobless disabled vets. Two hours after the broadcast, 300 employers came through with jobs; final total was close to 800!

* * *

Everybody remembers Dizzy Dean, one of the most famous and colorful of the baseball greats. Well, Dizzy is now doing baseball commentary over KSD-TV in St. Louis. Dizzy supplied many a baseball announcer with plenty of material in his day.

* * *

Rudy Vallee has formed a company he calls Vallee-Video, Inc. V-V, Inc. has its headquarters in the Nassour Studios in Hollywood. Rudy is doing a comedy series called "College Life" which headlines himself and gravel-voiced Lionel Stander. He has already completed a number of telefilm shorts which tell the story of popular songs. These combine live talent and cartoon sketches.

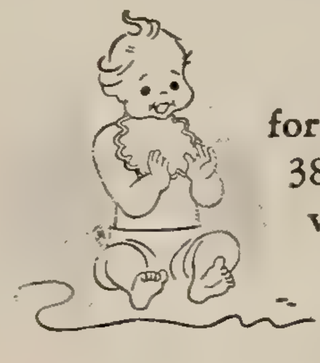
* * *

If you or anyone you know is interested in studying the technical side of television with an eye to becoming an installation or repair man, beware the phony schools that purport to turn out skilled technicians, but are staffed by inadequate instructors. A survey conducted by the New York State Employment Service found that: "There are practically no skilled television repairmen out of work" but "There is a large supply of veterans" who are graduates of television schools, and who "find it impossible to get employment." When the RCA Service ran large ads in the New York papers for installation technicians, they had 2,000 applicants, but less than 200 were acceptable!

* * *

There will be a tele station in Erie, Pennsylvania, with the call letters WICU. Once a station gets going everyone drops the initial letter when referring to it; ergo, the station will be called "I-see-you."

And, for those good-tasting foods
that bring forth happy grins at breakfast, lunch and supper. Because *G* stands for Gerber's, too—the foods so many babies go for—right from the start.



Eating's really fun
for small folks if every meal has tempting surprises. 38 delicious Gerber's help make baby's menus varied *and* vitamin-full. Your doctor knows which of Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat-combinations, Desserts, and Cereals your baby can enjoy right now.

Get more smiles per spoonful!
Thousands of mothers do—with Gerber's! So always look for the Gerber baby on a wide variety of foods baby likes and needs. Gerber's Strained and Junior Foods come in the same size container —*for less leftovers.* Same low price, too.

FREE—samples of 3 special baby cereals. Write to Gerber's Dept. W8-8, Fremont, Mich.

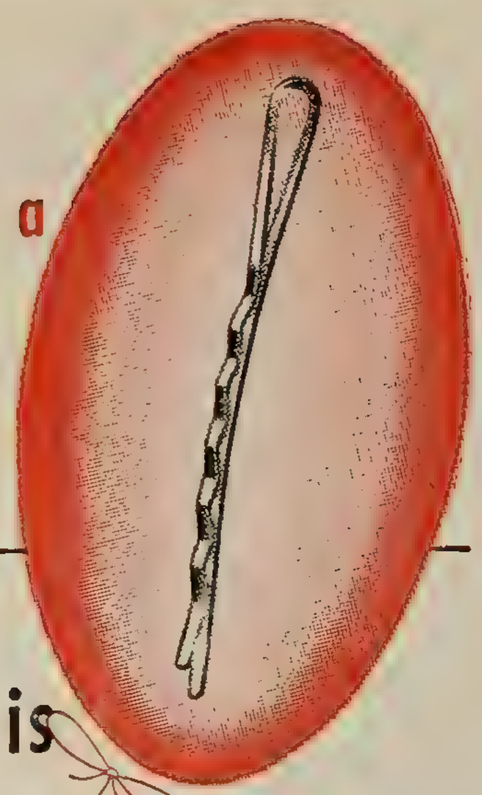
Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

3 CEREALS • 20 STRAINED FOODS • 15 JUNIOR FOODS

R
M

there's a reason why



this is America's favorite bobby pin

All over the country, smart heads turn to Gayla Hold-Bobs to keep hair lovely, smooth, in place. Hold-Bobs slide in smoothly, stay more securely, feel better, hold better. They're strong yet flexible. The small heads are "invisible." And the rounded-for-safety ends won't catch hair. Remember, only Hold-Bobs have these exclusive features.

Gayla*
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS

"Gayla" means the best in bobby pins • hair pins • curlers

©1948, GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED, CHICAGO 16, ILL.
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

We Won Our Future

(*Continued from page* 25)

Our walls weren't even finished—just the bare boards with the studding showing. We had a nice davenport and bed, but linoleum and wallpaper and curtains—not to mention stoves and such—were all things in the future when we could squeeze them out of our checks.

Just the week before we had had a celebration. We finally had our own well!—instead of having to bring water out our rural route from the center of Lebanon, nearly a mile away.

Sixteen feet by twenty feet, our house was. You can certainly understand why I was so haunted, night and day, by the wonderful prizes offered to the winner of the People Are Funny contest!

When I had sent in my letter I had, of course, hit on an answer. But was it the right one?

Big Chief Windbag—that *could* mean the "air" in Cairo. And Cairo was a city built upon the ruins of others, so that *could* answer the second line "I'm one over others that lie in decay." Then I had looked up Cairo in the World Almanac (everyone in a small town or on a rural route is familiar with the pages of the World Almanac) and found the city was one of the lowest in the world, according to sea level. That would be the "upon low ground." But the recurring phrase "that's all . . . that's all I will say" had me worried, until I remembered that air corps pilots, when they wanted to stop their inter-plane conversations signed off by saying "thirty-thirty." And "thirty-thirty" meant the same as "that's all . . . that's all." Sure enough, the latitude and longitude of Cairo, Egypt was 30-30.

(I found out, afterwards, that my memory hadn't been so good. It was true that 30-30 was a sign-off, but not for aircorps pilots. It's an old newspaper phrase, that I had heard but confused with the other.)

Suddenly, someone banged on my door. Someone was calling my name.

"Mrs. George! You're wanted down at the store. It's a long-distance telephone call—from Los Angeles!"

I raced the three blocks to the store.

People stopped their store-buying to listen, shamelessly. They knew about the contest—and that I was being called by the radio program. Mr. Myler kindly turned off his refrigerating system, so the humming noise it made wouldn't keep me from hearing over the phone. My hands were shaking.

It was a man's voice. He introduced himself as John Guedal, producer of the show. He told me my letter had been picked as the best, the most genuinely sympathetic, for the week—by none other than contest judge Secretary of Agriculture Anderson, himself. I was to be flown down Thursday to Los Angeles by TWA plane and there would be a hotel room reserved for me right in the heart of Hollywood. After the show on Friday I would be flown home.

All this was wonderful. Then—first, cautiously reminding me that he didn't know the answer, himself—Mr. Guedal wanted to know what my answer was to the riddle.

I told him. His "Oh. I see" was absolutely noncommittal. We might have been talking about the weather. (But afterwards I found out they were making a wire recording of our telephone conversation, so that they could prove there had been no funny business, and that I had guessed the answer correctly while I was still a thousand miles away, and not after I arrived in Hollywood where it might be conceivable that I could be tipped off. In contests such as this they spare no pains nor expense to make sure that everything is on the level.)

Then he hung up.

When I told everyone in the store, they were as excited as I was. Poor Mr. Myler even forgot to turn on his refrigeration again, and all his frozen food for that day was spoiled!

Ward, my husband, was a little worried when he came home that night to hear the news. He was thrilled I was going to have the trip and the days in Hollywood—but he was afraid I was building my hopes up way too high. After all, having a winning letter for the week was only the first step. That only enabled me to get on the program. It didn't mean I would guess the correct answer next Friday night and actually win the Bright Future that the People Are Funny show was promising.

We looked around our little box of a home that night, Ward and I, and thought how wonderful it would be if I would actually win. But we had learned, through tough experience, that dreams are not easy to realize.

When we had met first, around 1941, on the campus of the Oregon State Agricultural College, everything good had seemed possible. We were young and in love and we had a lovely future planned, together. I was majoring in Science and Ward in Education—to become a teacher. But we hadn't counted on Pearl Harbor.

During the war we still dreamed our dreams, through our letters. I had a job with the Civil Service Air Corps in Eugene, Oregon, and Ward was with the Infantry in far-off New Guinea. We could still hope.

But after the war it was much harder to hope or even to dream. Ward was a disabled veteran, starting all over again in the best profession that the Veterans' Administration could recommend for his malaria and his battle-fatigued condition. Instead of becoming a teacher, Ward was learning about shrubs and plants in a Lebanon nursery where the VA had placed him. The housing shortage had driven us to our mail order house. I did part-time work to help out. Our windows were curtainless and cheerless; our walls and floors were bare boards. We had practically nothing to spend for fun.

It could hardly be called comfortable living.

And now all this is changed. Because of two words I spoke on the People Are Funny program, over the NBC airways. To Ward, sitting alone in our Lebanon house, listening to the program that night, and to me in the broadcast studio—it meant the same thing. A crazy, impossible, glorious dream come true.

I didn't go back right away. Ward flew down to Hollywood to join me. We spent a week, mostly just wandering through that prize home, feasting our eyes on all the things that are actually ours, now. Ward's job was arranged for—a good job in a Nursery close to our new home. We drove back to Oregon in our brand-new car. We said goodbye to our friends and settled up our affairs.

As I told Art Linkletter—"Maybe people *are* funny, but to me, people are *kind*. To me, you have been Santa Claus."

Tom Williams

TOM WILLIAMS, the Old Dirt Dobber of CBS's Garden Gate, started early to make gardens and gardening his hobby. When he was five years old, his mother gave him some blue iris bulbs, and watching his very own plants sprout and flower proved so fascinating that there was no stopping him after that. Now, heard on the CBS network Saturday mornings—consult your newspapers for the exact time in your area—he is widely known as a horticultural expert.

Williams was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on July 12, 1891. His father, a minister in the Church of Christ, editor and book reviewer, bestowed the "gift of gab" on his son. Correct use of the spoken word was impressed on the Williams children and quiz programs were conducted at every meal. Tom shone whenever the questions were about birds, flowers and trees.

After being graduated from high school and taking special courses in art and at trade schools, Williams accepted a position with the National Highways Association in Washington, D. C. During the first World War, Tom joined the Army and served as a sergeant instructor at Charlotte, N. C.

At one period in his life, Williams took to the road, working for insurance companies. During his travels, he pursued his gardening hobby on the premises of local nurserymen and florists. All through his youth, Tom cultivated his flowers so well that there are now thousands of offshoot bulbs in beds bordering his gardens at Brentwood, a suburb of Nashville, and many more thousands are scattered throughout the country, gifts to his many friends.

Williams married in 1927. Mrs. Williams laid out the gardens of their Brentwood home, and they have bloomed to so great a beauty that they have attracted visitors from every state.

It was this constant stream of visitors that made J. T. Ward, owner of Station WLAC in Nashville, think a radio program about gardening might be a good idea. That was in 1933. Williams is still on the job, although printing remains his main business interest. Five years ago, the Dirt Dobber's program began to go out nationwide on Saturday mornings over CBS and has been gaining in popularity ever since.

Tom Williams has a daughter, Peggy Jean Williams, who is well on the way to becoming a horticultural expert herself.

Do men see thrilling

"LOVELIGHTS" IN YOUR HAIR?

Richard Hudnut
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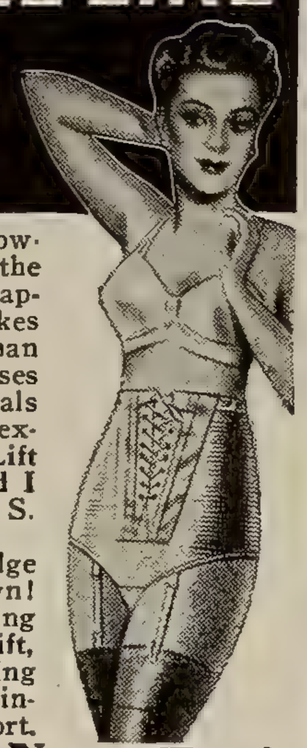

"Droopy posture gone . . . low-down feeling banished . . . the energy of a young girl recaptured. . . . **Tum-E-Lift** makes me feel like a new woman again!"—such are the phrases in the voluntary testimonials we constantly receive. For example: **"I like my Tum-E-Lift . . . I feel like 16 again and I am 37 now,"** says Mrs. A. S. of Detroit.

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EASY TO SLIP ON AND OFF! WITH FRONT LACES FOR PERFECT ADJUSTMENT

Tum-E-Lift is scientifically constructed to provide perfect comfort, perfect support. Lightweight — amazingly strong. Adjustable front panels, of lustrous rayon satin, control your figure the way you want it—merely tighten or loosen the laces—and presto! your mid-section is reshaped to a slenderized, beautiful flat-fronted posture—and with energy-giving comfort!

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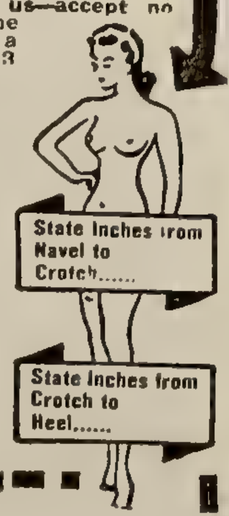

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Send me for 10 days' approval . . . genuine **Hollywood Tum-E-Lift Supporters.** I will pay postman $3.98 each plus postage. ($4.98 if over size 38). If not 100% satisfied, I may return it for refund. I enclose dimensions asked for in picture above. My present waist measure is ..... Hips are ..... (Waist sizes from 22 inches.) Height is ..... I am accustomed to wearing a ☐ long, short ☐ girdle. Also please send . . extra crotches at 59c each.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ We pay postage if you enclose payment now.

TUM-E-LIFT IS OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM US.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 11)

arrangements each week—one for the band and one for Bing.

Camarata's insatiable desire to learn more about music led to further schooling at the Juilliard School, where he earned a trumpet fellowship, and to study with the late Cesar Sodero, who conducted the Italian wing of the Metropolitan Opera Company for many years.

After leaving the Dorsey band, Tutti continued to arrange and conduct for Der Bingle's record dates. His musical background attracted many other artists to him. He arranged or conducted for such talent as Dick Haymes, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Eugenia Baird, Andy Russell, Helen Forrest, Jean Sablon, Hazel Scott, Evelyn Knight, Anne Shelton, Beryl Davis and many bands. When J. Arthur Rank decided to produce a musical film in the American fashion, Camarata was hired to arrange and conduct for "London Town." His work on the film and his background as musical director for Decca, caused London Records to engage Camarata as musical director.

His original compositions, "Rumbolero," "Rhapsody For Saxophone," "Fingerbustin'" and "Tall Trees" have gained for Tutti recognition as a great new talent among modern composers.

"The greatest kicks I've had," muses Tutti, "were either the days with Jimmy Dorsey or, more recently, while conducting the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra in London. As for all the greats I've worked with, I guess Bing was the easiest. He doesn't need any rehearsal. Once through a song and he walks up to the mike and makes the final record.

"Right now, though, I'm concentrating on some more original music. At the suggestion of publisher Al Brackman I'm writing an American Railroad Suite. It will be in four movements and is intended to tell the story, in music, of the many peoples who worked on building the fabulous network of track that criss-crosses America. There is so much wonderful material about which to write that my problem is one of omission rather than inclusion. I should like to write about such events as the race between the Pony Express and the first mail train. It's the most intriguing work I've attempted."

* * *

There'll be no shortage of Guy Lombardo records for at least another two years, if the current record ban lasts that long. In addition to about 50 as yet unreleased recordings of new tunes which Guy waxed during the last months of 1947, Decca has on hand about 75 sides that were recorded four years ago and never released. These are "standards" and feature the ever-popular music of Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers and Berlin.

When it comes to boxing you can include the Three Suns out, as Morty Nevins has discovered. Morty, who plays the accordion in the musical trio, started taking boxing lessons as a means of keeping fit and flat waisted. He was doing all right until Lloyds of London laid down the law. The boys had recently insured their hands for a total of $500,000 and, since boxing is considered "undue risk to the fingers," Lloyds said no boxing or no policy. Morty'll have to do push-ups.

* * *

Frank De Vol's no fool. Barbers are always offering him tonics and panaceas for his baldness, but Frank turns them all down. "With hair," says the maestro, "I'd be just another orchestra leader—and with a great deal less value in comedy."

* * *

Meredith Willson's supporting cast for his new show is all signed for an ABC run starting in September. It includes Paulena Carter, piano prodigy. Josef Marais and Miranda, African folk singers, and the famous "Talking People."

* * *

People are talking about the amazing rise of Illinois Jacquet. A little over a year ago he was with Count Basie, and this year he'll gross a million dollars with his own band.

* * *

If you like folk music, don't miss Alan Lomax's new ballad book, *Folk Song; U.S.A.* Lomax has dedicated the volume . . . "To ballad-makers, long dead and nameless; to the jockey boys whose smiles are dust; to the singers of the lumberwoods, the cattle trail, the chain gang, the kitchen; to fiddlers in buckskin; to banjo pickers; to lonesome harmonica blowers; and to the horny-handed, hospitable, generous, honest, and inspired folk-artists who carved these songs out of the rock of their lives, we dedicate this, their own book." Which makes Lomax somewhat of a writing artist, in our book.

* * *

The Jerry Wayne Show with Alvy West, which Columbia put on the air in a five a week musical series, the early part of June, is rounding up a series of outstanding vocalists and instrumentalists, as if Jerry's voice and Alvy's Little Band hadn't enough admirers of their own. It adds up to quite a fifteen minutes, beginning at 7:30 P.M., EDT.

* * *

Pretty Patti Clayton has been bitten by the quiz bug and is now part of the cast of Sing It Again, the intricate hour-long program which calls for twice-sung old favorites, telephone calls and a Mystery Voice.

Come to a Party

ALICE REINHEART and LES TREMAYNE are having a few friends to dinner in their New York apartment—and you'll be there, too, with the

September RADIO MIRROR

on sale August 11th

Coming Next Month

FALLING in love to the songs of Hoagy Carmichael is practically a national habit. Now that Hoagy is singing those songs, and others, on the CBS air, everyone wants to know more about "the fellow who wrote Stardust." And more is what we find out when we move in on the Carmichael family in our September issue. Come and visit with us!

* * *

Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, relives some of the highlights of her life with Larry in a four-page picture feature, with a color-portrait of the Nobles that will make a most attractive addition to your collection. From the Betty Crocker program comes a husband-and-wife story to make you laugh, cry, and stand up and cheer—a true story, straight from the loving hearts of a couple who know what marriage should be.

* * *

Another September special—very special indeed—is a friend's-eye view of a man whose private life doesn't often appear in the public press: Lowell Thomas. It's an exciting tale, the background of this man whose name conjures up far places, romantic adventure and, to those who know him, baseball! It's illustrated with color, too, to bring you an intimate glimpse of the Thomases at home.

* * *

Thousands of you have been waiting for the memorial to Tom Breneman that appears in September. And the regular panel of RADIO MIRROR features is, we think, one of the best we've planned. So check your newsdealer on Wednesday, August 11th—that's when September RADIO MIRROR goes on sale.

What Is Your

HEART'S DESIRE?

No matter what it may be, your dream can come true.

Listen to "Heart's Desire," every day Monday thru Friday on your Mutual station.
Read about this amazing show, rich in heart appeal, humor and love in this month's

True Romance Magazine

Is your daughter ashamed to ask about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*

Before She Marries — Make Sure She Learns

The REAL TRUTH!

Mother! Your daughter has a right to know how necessary vaginal douching often is to cleanliness, health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and after menstrual periods. In fact, today it's *not* a question of douching but rather *what* to put in the douche.

And certainly BOTH you and your daughter should realize NO OTHER type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet so SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. Scientific tests have proved this to be so!

Developed By A World-Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Pity the old-fashioned woman who, from ignorant advice passed along by friends, still uses salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. Foolish girl! Doesn't she realize these 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche—that they never in the world can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE?

Some day you'll realize the importance of using a germicide intended for vaginal douching. So why not benefit by ZONITE *now*? Buy it today.

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ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE is absolutely *non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-burning.*

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Dept. RM-1

"All entries must be postmarked not later than August 31, 1948."

MOVIE STAR INC.
159 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"I'll Make the San Fernando Valley My Home"

(*Continued from page* 33)

As M.C. of ABC's Breakfast in Hollywood, Tom had to keep farmer's hours anyway, and it was a toss-up whether he woke the hens or the hens woke him. Orders at his Hollywood restaurant were to make sure, always, that his own hens' products found their way to the boss's plate. "It isn't that I don't trust boughten eggs," he used to say. "It's just that I *know* what my hens are doing. I *know* they keep busy. And there's nothing like a nice fresh yolk to start off each day."

NBC has a female contender for the chicken crown. Judy Canova complains, however, that her thirty hens have too much temperament, too expensive appetites, and too long pedigrees—especially when you consider that they absolutely refuse, under any circumstances, to lay eggs! So, until she finds a way to get them back on a producing basis, Judy has friends buy eggs for her on the sly at a neighborhood supermarket.

John Scott Trotter is trying valiantly to throw in the sponge. Several years of living all alone with 22 acres of avocados, lemons, apricots, walnuts and peaches, not to mention four of the more aristocratic types of oranges, have done him in.

HE INSISTS that it is the machine age that got him. He *could* have tended the crops by himself *if* he had ever been able to master the gadgets and sheds of modern equipment he owns. But when, after a whole year of practice, he and his tractor still cannot turn out a straight furrow, he concedes he isn't a farmer.

So does he put an ad in the "Farms For Sale" Column of the local daily, the *Valley Times*? Ah, dear me no! This is ranching San Fernando! He hires a firm to make color movies and dozens of stills of his bit of earth, and these Hollywood presentations will be shown to prospective buyers from coast to coast.

There's sterner stuff behind that unmown bit of hay on friend Jerry Colonna's upper lip. Jerry and his pal, Monte Montana, whose farm is "up the road a piece," have tried to make their nags break even by riding industriously in round-ups, rodeos, and parades. Unfortunately, when Jerry is in the prize money the greenbacks turn out to be blue ribbons (non-edible and non-convertible). So Colonna bought a donkey.

Now if he can teach the donkey a hatful of proper rodeo tricks he's home. The great Colonna hasn't given in—however, at present, neither has the donkey.

When they do give up, they do it in true Hollywood style. Wendell Niles of the Hope show swapped his oat burner, Anndear, for a plastic lined swimming pool. He is leaving the breeding of race horses to the Vanderbilts and the Howards who, he explains, have more "time."

Cliff Arquette of ABC's Point Sublime, frustrated and furious at the gophers who destroyed his careful planting in equally careful rotation, sunk a genuine 100% concrete swimming pool and challenged them to "sharpen their teeth on that awhile." But the fevers have abated and he is now muttering gigantic plans about stocking the pool with trout in the winter months and the commercial value of the lowly water-lily.

The basic difficulty between the amateur farmer and his livestock has been carefully worked out by ABC's Mayor of the Town.

"It is," says Lionel Barrymore, "a bloody business. You have to be a real hard-hearted Hannah. The chickens are raised to be killed. The steer are killed. Everything on a farm seems to be raised to slaughter. The young bull calves have to be taken away from their mamas and they yell—and yell—"

So Lionel raises cats. Whether he likes it or no. At any time there are from seven to seventeen felines prowling the Barrymore ancestral acres paying due homage to the great man's special and initial kitty, Puke.

After careful scrutiny of his first water bill, Lionel decided to leave all types of farming to farmers. But by the sweat of his brow via the air waves and the flicks he has managed to keep all that is best in the life of a farmer. He has a few gooseberry bushes, a few peach trees, and a reasonably healthy crop of radishes on his twenty-five acres. "What the birds don't eat, we get," he brags complacently. And he has quiet, room to breathe, a brook, and a fast moving feud with an elderly neighbor which keeps both of them sharp. What more could a farmer ask?

Producer Robert Sparks discovered that his good wife, Penny Singleton, was not of the hard-hearted stuff that makes good farmers either. She turned the turkeys and the rabbits into household pets, giving them loving shelter when they were pronounced ready for table. She sneaks liver and other choice tidbits to the cats so that they have no interest in mice and cheerfully accepted a "dear little puppy" from her friend, Maureen O'Hara, which grew and grew into an outsized Great Dane.

ANOTHER wife who has much to answer for is Gale Page. She is currently trying to make it up to husband, Count Aldo Solito de Solis, concert pianist, for using their fertile acres for eighty-six roses (non-edible), ten camellia bushes and a dozen pedigreed canaries who won't sing. She has planted twenty-six varieties of grapes. She maintains that grape jelly will provide a fine source of income to offset the high cost of gardening. All she needs is (a) time to put up a few hundred pints and (b) to find out that the grapes are what the man told her they were when she bought them.

All this without mentioning the pigeons. This is a very sore subject around the de Solis barnyard. It started when Gloria and Leopold Stokowski gave them a happy pigeon pair, Peleas and Melisande, who started a dynasty when no one was looking. Now there are twelve pigeon families who either have had, or are having, or will have, more pigeons. The tragedy of all this being that a pigeon, farmer-wise, is simply a fancy squab masquerading under a lot of feathers. But, notwithstanding the current market price of squab, no one has the courage to tell the enchanted Gale what her precious pigeons would be, if they were properly denuded and beheaded.

The ranch home of Dinah Shore and George Montgomery is a success story. But then George is no amateur. He was raised on a ranch and, says his wife proudly, "If you want to make a place

pay you have to work it yourself." George does. And Dinah is catching on very fast.

They started with six acres on the border between Encino and Tarzana which had once been an old Spanish fiesta ground. They built themselves a charming house around the old barn. They have chickens, guinea hens and pheasants for their table. When the price of feed gets too high they pop all the chicks into the deep freeze. They have two young steer purchased from Joel McCrea during the drought which graze in their alfalfa pasture in company with another which they are boarding for owner Niven Bush. They raise hay and furthermore, they sell it. For money.

To crown all this, Dinah actually does most of the canning for their own use and George, from a lowly A in manual training at high school, has become the ace Valley furniture maker. He completely furnished their house, sold pieces to Dottie Lamour, the McCreas, the Alan Ladds, and now has gone pro and built himself a factory close by the ranch. His reproductions of Colonial American pieces are carefully and beautifully executed—RADIO MIRROR showed some in May with the story of Missy, the Montgomerys' new baby.

The earthy touch is completed by The Duke, a banty rooster who has won Dinah's heart. He was raised on the ranch, has distinguished himself by siring seventy-three children, and his life is saved constantly by the quick thinking of his beautiful protectress. "The day," Dinah says, "that anything happens to The Duke, George will be a single man again."

DEFINITELY in the pro class comes Gene Autry with his 390-acre "Melody Ranch"! Here he has the grazing pasture for his horses and acres of citrus fruit which he markets at a healthy profit. "Melody Ranch" has several cousins in Arizona and Oklahoma where Gene keeps his chickens.

However, I can't say how the other pros in Texas and New Mexico would react to having a horse in the house. Champ, Gene's famous movie mount, occupies the full right wing of the ranch dwelling. It took persuasion, money and ingenuity to perfect the system of sound-proofing, air conditioning, and special drainage which permits this luxury, but all Gene has to do is whistle and Champ leaves his front door and waltzes in the twilight in the patio of the house.

It is natural enough that since the Valley is running the boys ragged they should see what they can do about running the Valley. Andy Devine is Mayor of Van Nuys. Abbott and Costello have sewed up the community of Sherman Oaks by becoming Mayor and Chief of Police respectively. Bud Abbott lobbied cross-country to get a branch bank for his township in the hopes that the farmers would stash away their nickels before someone sold them a herd of purple cows or a hatful of beans for a beanstalk.

But, by and large, the most envied man in the Valley is the anonymous gent who sails serenely around in a dilapidated station wagon bearing the large legend on his door: *No Tengo Rancho.* The "haves" regard this "have-not" with melancholy wonder.

"He has no Rancho," they mutter. "Lucky fellow!"

Then they dash into town to tell their agents to hit someone for a raise. They want to buy an additional ten acres. They are going to plant it in hops. . . .

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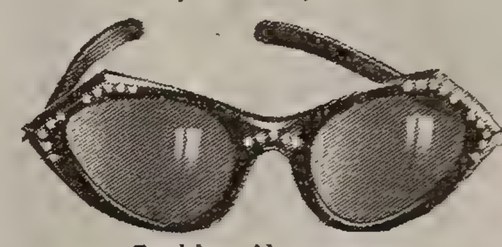

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"The Family That Prays Together"

(*Continued from page* 29)

alone to a broadcasting room at Hollywood's KHJ to participate in Father Pat's first network Rosary program. On the same half hour, speaking from the East, appeared Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Iowa, parents of the five Sullivan brothers who went down with the cruiser Juneau.

And Father Pat, who had engineered free network time on his promise to produce a major star, found it a thrilling thing and undertook to investigate the possibilities further.

He learned, early in the quest, that free air time dedicated to prayer was virtually unthinkable. But if he could procure free stars—who knows? Armed with permission from his superiors, Father Peyton boarded a train and headed west. In Los Angeles he asked to be directed to the church nearest the Union Station, and so reported to Msgr. John J. Cawley at St. Vibiana's.

THE Monsignor was sympathetic. He arranged for Father Pat to speak at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, where many Hollywood stars worship. Shortly Father Pat was talking personally to Loretta Young, and had her promise to cooperate. Joseph Cotten, Maureen O'Hara, Ruth Hussey, Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Pat O'Brien, Maureen O'Sullivan, Don Ameche, George Murphy, Rosalind Russell, Ethel Barrymore, Irene Dunne, —the stars no sooner met the padre and heard his "little story" than they agreed to take part.

Within six weeks he had thirty-one stellar names, and he had even remembered—a detail he overlooked at first! —to get their written signatures to contracts.

The idea by now had grown. Instead of a strictly Catholic Rosary hour, the program now would appeal to people of all faiths, to Protestants and Jews and Catholics alike, with its emphasis on the power of prayer. Especially in these troubled times, with nations quarreling and homes breaking and the souls of men assailed by the complexities and strains of modern life, especially now could this power exert its saving force.

Radio advertising men—Tom Lewis, Robert Longenecker, Al Scalpone—pitched in along with the stars. On February 13, 1947, the first Family Theater, starring Loretta Young, James Stewart and Don Ameche, went on the air. Since then about 150 different stars have appeared, in simple uplifting dramas all bringing home the message: *"The family that prays together stays together."*

But the real beginning of Family Theater goes back a number of years to the little town of Carracastle, in County Mayo, Ireland, where a small boy named Patrick Peyton grew up, fifth in a family of eleven children.

"From the time I attained the age of reason," Father Pat recalls today, "I had a beautiful picture of my mother and my father on their knees together, saying the Rosary. For nineteen years of my growing up those daily ten minutes of adoration, all of us taking part, were as normal as suppertime. We were a poor family, but spiritually my father's house was the home of a millionaire. We children grew up knowing that there might be a thousand little annoyances on a home's surface and yet—where there was family prayer—a rich unity at bottom that nothing could assail."

Pat and his older brother Tom were among the children who came to Scranton, Pa., in 1928, trying to find work in the coal mines. Tom became a miner, but Pat worked as janitor at St. Peter's cathedral, and here the urge to join the priesthood rose in him. Soon Tom came from the mines with the same ambition. The two boys, Pat, nineteen and Tom, twenty-one, received scholarships to Moreau Seminary at South Bend, Ind. They were graduated together, served their novitiates together, and after four years at Notre Dame college were graduated together in 1937. They became American citizens, and were sent to Washington for further study.

Near the end of their long preparation for the priesthood, robust, healthy Pat fell victim to tuberculosis and his hopes were dashed. He had a faith, however—and a family—equal to the scourge.

"I believe in Our Lady as a human person," he testifies now. "I believe in Her as somebody's daughter, Who has not forgotten what it is to be human, Who has never forgotten me when I needed Her. I prayed, and—"

His mother, back in Ireland, prayed likewise, offering her life. His sister Nellie, in Scranton, offered a vow of perpetual virginity, and her life, if Pat and Tom might be ordained together. The mother is dead now. Nellie is dead. Pat, fully recovered, and Tom were ordained at Notre Dame on the same day in June, 1941.

IN GRATITUDE to Our Lady, in gratitude for "beautiful memories of family prayer," Father Pat conceived the plan of a Rosary by radio. This began modestly in his charge at Albany, N. Y., in 1943, when thirteen girls told their beads over a local station's air. But Father Pat dreamed of greater tribute to the Virgin, of a wider audience for the message of prayer. This dream found fruition in the Mother's Day program by Bing Crosby, Cardinal Spellman and the Sullivans. Father Pat dreamed bigger, and worked on...

From these beginnings grew today's Family Theater, dedicated to the cause of prayer and to home life, in America and wherever it is heard.

How effectively it is serving its high purpose is attested with each day's mail. Letters of commendation and appreciation have been received from people prominent in national and community life, men like Henry Ford II, FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover, Eric Johnston, and other leaders in industry, law enforcement, education, and public welfare. Church men and women, regardless of denomination, have added their praise, and the response from the general public has been equally gratifying.

"It sweetens the air," wrote a Los Angeles business man, and thousands of letters echo a St. Louis listener who wrote ". . . if we had more such entertainment . . . this old world of ours would be much the better place to live in." A Wisconsin lawyer who had seen "the results of broken homes and family ties" wrote glowingly. From every state, from Canada and Hawaii comes the mail—from housewives, farmers, factory and shop workers,

store clerks, office employees and managers, soldiers and sailors and Marines, fliers and seamen, banks and bank clerks, day laborers and judges, people in all stations of life.

And very frequently come the touching, heart-warming and intimate testimonials of men and women, grieving, perplexed and sorely tried, who have found new hope and comfort in the program. Such letters Father Pat treats as confidential, but the tenor of a few may be given.

"I had given up all hope," one woman wrote, "but after listening . . . . I started to pray again. Now the greatest prayer of my life has been answered, and I am happy."

Another woman, her husband being lost to drink, heard a program and as a result fell back on prayer. "He doesn't drink any more," she wrote, "and now he also prays."

Typical of many was this: "Our marriage was foundering, we were talking about divorce. Then we heard 'I Give You Maggie' (a divorce story) and it brought us to our senses. We're making a go of our marriage now . . ."

A mother whose son had just been killed in an airplane crash in the Pacific: "I heard your 'Stolen Symphony' with Robert Ryan—such a comfort . . ."

A YOUNG wife who had just lost her second, much-wanted baby: "I was . . . so full of sorrow and rebellion . . . about to despair when I listened to your Triumphant Hour (special Easter program) . . . God's grace seemed to penetrate my heart and give me peace . . ."

The Family Theater, with offices in Hollywood, has Mark Kearney as executive producer and David Young as director. The Family Rosary Crusade (for Catholic homes) has headquarters in Albany, N. Y. Between the two projects Father Pat travels assiduously, by train and plane, raising funds to defray production costs of some $1,700 a week, mostly for music. Stars performing receive the Guild minimum of $37, generally turning it back to the show. Three times a year—Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day—a special hour-long program is given.

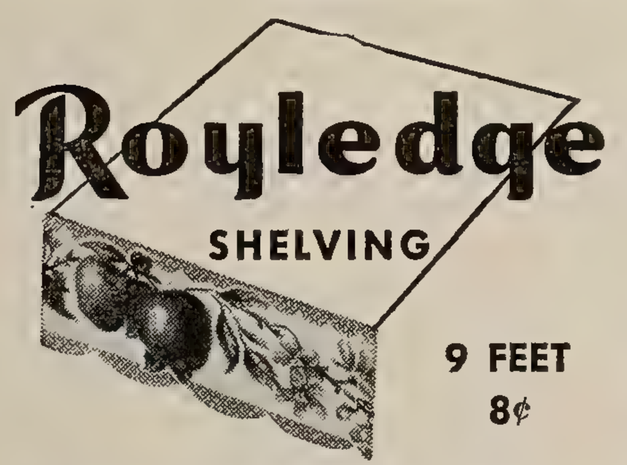
With Mutual donating Family Theater's regular half hour, Father Pat meets other expenses with contributions from industrial and business firms and individuals throughout the country. His winning way, when he solicits for the cause, is becoming famous. The man is practically irresistible. "Everybody," as Ethel Barrymore once remarked, "adopts Father Pat." Numerous contributions, in small amounts, come from grateful listeners. In several cities, advertising firms have donated billboard space.

Father Pat, unassuming and shy except when working on behalf of Family Theater, believes that through the radio work he is "paying a debt to a grand Person, so wonderful, so kind, so human —and the Mother of God."

"And," he says, "we are selling wares as real as coffee, tires, radios or cars when we sell the power of prayer. In an age when homes are dying, we ask that people of all faiths let God have the chance to save homes. We ask that people realize, through the power of prayer, that peace comes from the inside out!"

And with radio bringing this simple message into millions of homes, the full result—as a housewife in St. Paul, Minn., wrote ferventiy—"will never be known this side of heaven."

New "ORCHARD'S PRIDE" Pattern on shelves



Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1. If you like vivid, dramatic contrast, "wake up" a white (or cream) kitchen with splashes of color, using Royledge Shelving in merry reds, blues, etc.

2. If you prefer quiet "color harmony", get grand "quiet" effect with light yellow, green or blue walls and Royledge in deeper tones of same colors!

3. Keep kitchen "inviting" to friends and yourself by re-decorating shelves with Royledge monthly. Fresh patterns make kitchen look like new, cost less than a penny a day. So easy. Strong doubl-edge Royledge is shelf paper and edging all-in-one. See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

Rinse Hair Off Legs IN 5 MINUTES

. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Now—without risk of cutting, without razor-stubble—you can rinse hair off in normally *5 minutes* flat. New cream with *Lanolin* does the trick. Leaves skin smoother, sleeker. Keeps it free from hair a *longer* time by removing it *closer* to the follicle. Ask *today* for new Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters.

Sell Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 WITH NAME

Turn your spare hours into cas—call on friends and business people. Show these lovely new Personal Christmas cards with name-imprinted. Gorgeous designs sell fast at 50 for $1 and 25 for $1. Every sale pays you handsome profit. No experience needed.

Box Assortments Boost Earnings

Make extra money selling big-value $1 Christmas card assortments. Religious Christmas, Gift Wraps, Everyday cards, etc. QUICK CASH PLAN for churches, lodges. FREE SAMPLES of Personal cards. Write today!

$1 FREE SAMPLES

WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc.
749 Monroe Ave., Dept. K-5, Rochester 2, N.Y.

EASE THE PAINS OF NEURALGIA WITH QUICK-ACTING "BC"

Tablet or Powder

Take your choice. Both relieve headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. *Both* contain the same wonderful combination of fast-acting ingredients. *Two* tablets equal *one* powder. On sale everywhere. Use only as directed.

for really beautiful hair...add lustre

add Color

Lovalon is a must after washing your hair. It rinses gorgeous rich color into your hair—gives it sparkling highlights, leaves it nice and soft and manageable.
Lovalon comes in 12 flattering shades... in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes... at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

Lovalon hair beauty Rinse

WINNER... on all counts!

a Countess pantie

- Wears longer, can't run
- Warp knit—fine Tricot jersey weave
- Hip-sized for fit, comfort, and wear
- Launders deftly, no shrinking, no ironing

Two styles... Elastic Leg Hollywood Brief, and Self-Band Bottom in lovely ice pink, buttercup, baby blue, tearose, or pure white.

Individually Boxed • Popularly Priced

MONTEREY UNDERGARMENT CO., INC.
118 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Bride and Groom

(*Continued from page* 45)

if any real talent—although I couldn't really reconcile that thought with Rheba's picture."

But Pat did keep from showing any interest when Rheba finally called his office again, excitedly saying that at last she'd had a recording made of her voice. Probably he would have curtly told her to mail it in and it would be considered—except that Rheba's call came while Pat's mother was in his office. Listening to Pat's part of the telephone conversation, his mother interrupted him by taking the phone and saying, "I gather that you finally have that recording Pat is so interested in. He and I will be over tonight to hear it on your record-player."

Vainly Pat protested that things weren't handled that way in the agency business. "Nonsense," his mother sniffed. "That girl is talented—it's worth going to her house to hear her!"

"And it was worth it!" Pat is now the first one to admit. Rheba turned out to be anything but a "spoiled darling with little or no talent." Instead, she had charm and personality to match her looks, and a voice lovely enough to excite even Hollywood's most blase talent-agent.

"I GUESS both of us were surprised that first night," Rheba told us. "You know what Pat expected to see—well, I'd had a mental picture of a little fat cigar-smoking agent, like those burlesqued versions you see in movies. Instead, Pat was friendly and likeable; not to mention his being as handsome as he is!"

There were other meetings during the next few days, but all were strictly business. Even their first date bore the same platonic tag. It happened after Pat had escorted Rheba to an audition for a radio program—at his suggestion, they had dinner together and then drove slowly along the beach. "It was such a perfect night," Rheba sighed, "but it might as well have been raining. We carefully steered clear of all subjects except my singing experience, the probable outlook for the future, the best arrangement for helping my career. And all that time the beautiful moon-lit beach, the stars in the sky, and the warm night air were being completely ignored!"

It was like that for the next three months, with neither of them ever dropping for even a moment the pretense that it was business and business alone, that was responsible for their spending every possible hour together. "I wasn't fooling myself," Pat explained. "I knew I was falling head over heels in love with her. But I didn't dare say anything. There are some distorted ideas about Hollywood agents, and I didn't want her to think I was trying to take any advantage of a business set-up."

Rheba, meanwhile, was facing a similar problem. "In my heart, I knew it wasn't 'strictly business' that kept me so excited at each thought of seeing Pat again—but I'd heard about girls who tried to substitute coy flirting for talent in trying to get a break. I couldn't have stood it if Pat had thought I was doing that."

Not that even the strictly-business dates weren't a lot of fun. For instance, there was the afternoon when Pat and Rheba had been at the NBC Studios, where she was rehearsing for a singing role he had obtained for her. Leaving via the artists' entrance, they were met at the sidewalk by a group of autograph seekers. "I guess it was Rheba's dark glasses that made them think she was a celebrity," Pat laughed. "Anyway, they all started shoving autograph-books and pencils at her. But the surprising thing was that Rheba started signing them! I waited for one of them to look at the autograph and ask 'Who's Rheba Smith,' but there wasn't a peep from any of them—just a lot of excited thanks as the fans trooped off, proudly showing each other the latest addition to their autograph collection."

When they were safely out of earshot, Rheba solved the mystery. "I signed my own name, but I carefully wrote it so illegibly that none of them knows whether I'm Lana Turner or Greer Garson!"

It took a lot more dates—and an accident—before they found out that neither of them was alone in being completely in love with the other. The date started out to be a threesome, for Pat had promised to meet with a friend, George Byron Easton, who had completed a wonderful song melody. Pat, who is also a talented writer, had agreed to try to compose words for the melody. But the meeting proved fruitless, and Pat started to drive Rheba home.

As they cruised slowly along, Pat's mind was still working on the problem of words for the song. Finally a phrase, suggested by one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets From The Portuguese" came to his mind. Perhaps that could be the theme around which the lyrics could be built.

He tried the phrase out loud, forgetting for a moment that Rheba was sitting silently beside him. Rheba, not knowing that he was still working on the problem of the song, suddenly heard Pat saying softly, "How do I love you?"

"Love me," she echoed. "Oh, Pat, you've never told me before. I was afraid you never would tell me—and I've been in love with you ever so long."

"RHEBA! But I was just saying the words . . ." Pat broke off and pulled the car to a stop. He turned to Rheba then, his eyes mirroring the same happiness that was so evident in her upturned face. What was he saying—those weren't just words of a song, they were words for Rheba . . . words he had wanted to say for so many weeks now. But now it didn't take words. It took only two people, deeply in love, holding each other closely as though to make up for all the time when they hadn't known that both of them were in love.

Yes, it took that happy misunderstanding to bring Pat and Rheba together—a misunderstanding that turned words of a song into words of love. (Incidentally, the song, "How Do I Love You," with Pat's lyrics, has been published. It's sure of being always the top tune in the Mr. and Mrs. Pat Raymond household!)

And it took Pat's letter to us about a honeymoon in the state of Washington to start us planning one of the top honeymoons ever enjoyed by a Bride and Groom couple. We enlisted the aid of Al Williams, who had formerly been on the program's staff, and who is now vice president of the investment com-

WILL SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BABY BECOME AN ACTRESS?

Little Susan Agar already has her mother's dimpled grin . . . and a personality that captivates. She's blue-eyed and bewitching. What's more—both Susan's mother and dad are actors. Doesn't it seem almost inevitable, then, that the next few years will bring us a second "Miss Twinkletoes"? But see what Shirley has to say about her daughter's future—in the new August PHOTOPLAY. Louella Parsons brings you an intimate glimpse into the Agar household—revealing Shirley Temple in a new and surprising role.

And **August PHOTOPLAY** tells you all about that "sweet guy" Gable . . . Bing Crosby, the social lion . . . that talented tyke June Haver . . . Errol Flynn as a homebody . . . Cary Grant's "great love" for Myrna Loy . . . Ava Gardner of the Venus form . . . and many other film favorites.

PLUS full-color portraits of

Irene Dunne
Clark Gable
June Haver
Bing Crosby
Dana Andrews

AUGUST PHOTOPLAY IS ON SALE NOW

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

LISTEN Every Saturday Morning to "Hollywood Headlines," starring Photoplay's editor Adele Whitely Fletcher. Over ABC stations.

pany that, among other things, operates the beautiful Desert Hotel in Spokane, Washington.

The hotel was chosen for their honeymoon spot, and they were flown to Spokane immediately after the broadcast. From then on, as Pat and Rheba described it, "The whole City of Spokane went to work on showing us a wonderful and exciting time."

They were even presented the traditional key to the city. For once, the huge aluminum key really opened every door. So many doors, in fact, that separate days had to be allotted to all the groups and organizations that were bent on showing the honeymooners the time of their lives. The Chamber of Commerce, The Mount Spokane Ski Club, the famous Athletic Round Table, the University Club—these were only a few of their hosts during the Cinderella-like week of their stay in Spokane. The bridal suite at the hotel . . . skiing on picturesque mountain slopes . . conducted tours to Grand Coulee Dam . . . dancing parties . . . dinners.

Now back in Hollywood, Rheba is continuing her career—and gaining recognition that justifies all the dreams she had about singing. Pat, of course, is still her manager, in addition to carrying on his regular agency work.

But, even now, their part in the Bride and Groom picture isn't ended. Remember what I said about our being just plain lucky in the kind of people who appear on our broadcasts? Well, proof of that is the Bride and Groom club that Pat and Rheba have just organized. Composed of couples who have been married in connection with the program, the club has a real and human purpose. "It's going to be a sort of cooperative thing in which all of us will help each other. For instance, we'll trade baby-sitting dates with each other. We'll act as a clearing-house of information about such things as doctors, and markets, and the best places to find the things that newlyweds need when setting up housekeeping. And we'll help each other on housing problems—when any of us hears of a house or apartment, the club's secretary will be notified."

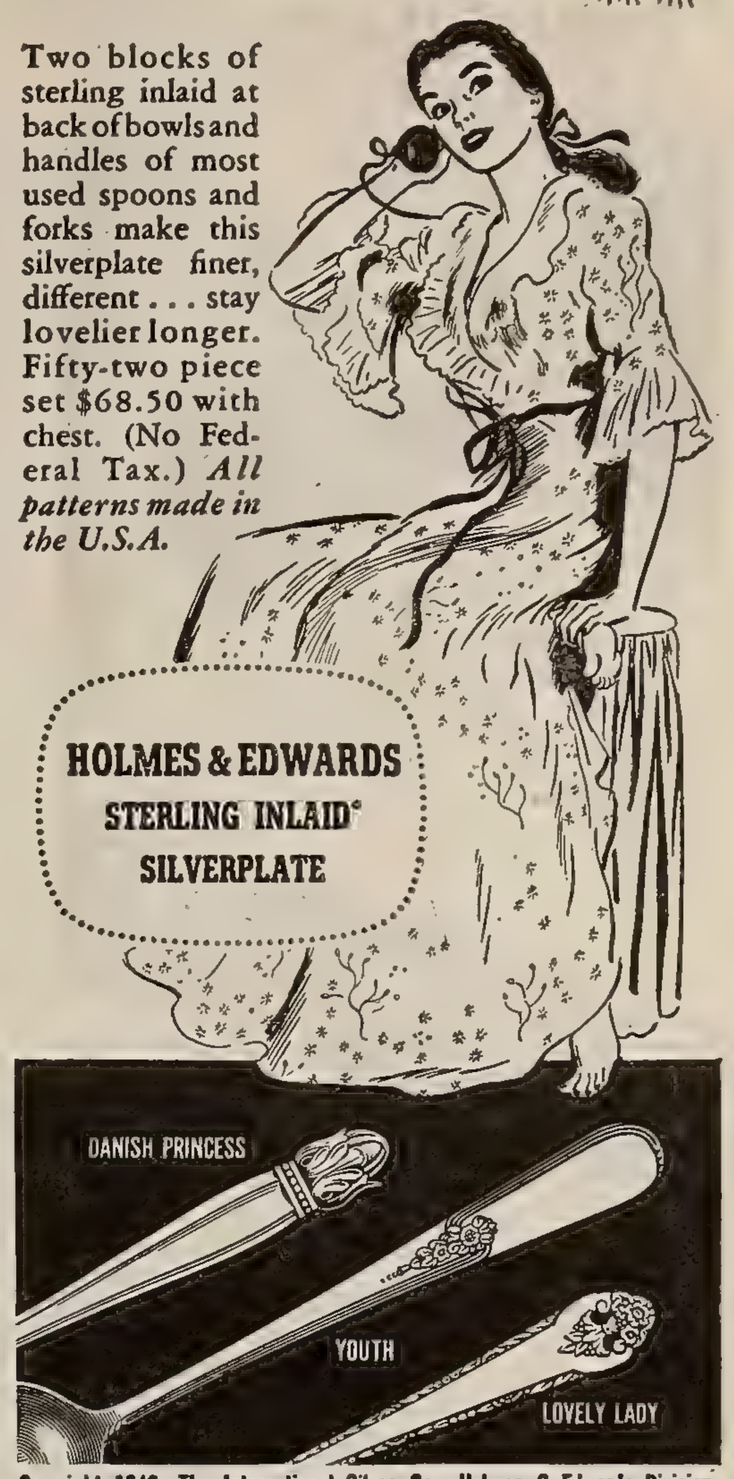
"Yes," Rheba added to Pat's explanation. "Being Bride and Groom couples, all of us will have started marriage with happiness—we're going to work to keep that same happiness alive for all the years to come."

Perhaps in those words, better than in any words I could possibly write, Rheba has shown why we think we've been so lucky in our Bride and Groom couples . . . and why those young people are establishing such a record in proving that a modern boy and girl can be married and still "live happily forever after."

Listen when **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**

15 Minutes with Radio's charming personality
Noon D.S.T. Monday-Friday
Mutual Stations

They all talk about these



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U.S.A.*

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"Every Girl loves pretty curls"

so hurry mother, buy

***Nestle* BABY HAIR TREATMENT**

- this gentle lotion is created especially for babies' fine hair
- helps to give silky curls and ringlets
- also makes hair look thicker — more luxuriant
- used for over 30 years by thousands of mothers
- has received the famous Seal of Commendation from Parents' Magazine

At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally . . .

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Nestle-originators of permanent waving-Meriden, Conn.

☐ Send me (tax and postage prepaid) bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment and your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby". I'm enclosing $1.00.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State MG-8-48

IN CANADA send coupon to Nestle-LeMur Co., Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

for new
TRUE COLOR LUSTRE
and **SPARKLING HIGHLIGHTS**

NITA HUNTER . . .
featured in the Constance Bennett Production "SMART WOMAN," an Allied Artists Release.

YES, FOR 5¢ . . . AND IN LESS THAN 5 MINUTES . . . you can now bring out the natural lustre in your hair and safely add a tiny tint of true color, that will shampoo out —but not rub off. . . .

Try **GOLDEN GLINT HAIR RINSE**

FROM SHAMPOO TO SHAMPOO—drab or faded hair will shine like silken threads with a true color "that will be your own".

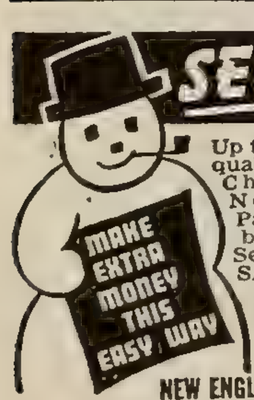
No more dull, dry or unruly hair—for Radien "used only in Golden Glint Hair Rinse" has an effect comparable to 15 minutes of vigorous brushing.

Try one of the 12 new rinses, the one made for your hair. You'll love the tiny tint in Golden Glint—and be loved for the sparkle of "true color" that is your own.

See color chart at your cosmetic counter

5 Rinses, 25¢
Also 10c Size

SELL LOW COST—HIGH PROFIT **CHRISTMAS CARDS**



Up to 100% profit. Show top quality new 21-card $1.00 Christmas assortments. Novel Christmas Carol, Panorma, Gift Wrapping boxes. Others 30c up. Send at once for FREE SAMPLES personal cards—including special line name imprinted in silver, FREE STATIONERY SAMPLES and feature Christmas samples on approval. Special Offers. Cash bonus.

FREE SAMPLES
50 for $1.00 PERSONALS

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington 213, Mass.

THERE REALLY IS A DIFFERENCE

Ask for Royalty—for consistent quality, true color and perfect fit.

They All Want to Lead the Band

(*Continued from page* 41)

No thinking it over, no fooling around, no "I'll let you know later." Sammy always has been quickly and quietly decisive. I was still bursting with promotional ideas and hoping that my sales talk would lead to another conference when he looked at Peppe and raised his eyebrows. Both men nodded at the same time.

"This is the guy for me," Sammy said to his manager, and he shook hands on a deal.

I have been with him ever since.

The fourth surprise followed immediately.

In spite of the fact that he had the confidence and the initiative to organize his own band in college, promote dates for it, open and run the Varsity Inn, and, after graduation, arrange bookings into increasingly high-powered club and hotel dates, the man was shy!

There was no reason for it. He had a gracious personality and an engaging appearance. He had been an outstanding success at everything he touched. People liked him the minute they saw him. But he was definitely not happy when called on to do anything more conspicuous than wave his baton or play his clarinet.

He knew that band leaders do not stay successful on music alone and that mannerisms and personality are an extremely important item in outstanding popularity. He knew he had to do something about the showmanship angle of his career, but he disliked the whole idea of it.

It is hard to believe it today, watching his complete ease with all kinds of people in his ad-lib shows on Monday nights, but in those days he really hated making a radio appearance unless he had rehearsed every word he expected to say. There was little evidence of the easy give-and-take so characteristic of his shows today.

It was murder for him to go through with it, but he instructed me to make all the dates I could for unrehearsed personal appearances so that he could break down his natural reticence by constant practice. I used to be secretly touched and amused when I saw him brace himself for one of them. His jaw would set, and he would have all of the look of a player going in there to make a touchdown if it killed him and the entire opposing team, too.

Part of his shyness came from a curious reason. It will be a surprise to those who are astounded today by his phenomenal memory for names. He is now famous for remembering, instantly, names of chance acquaintances he has not seen in years. But in those days names slipped out of his mind five minutes after he had heard them. No one knew better than Sammy how embarrassing it would be if, right in the middle of an interview, he could not remember the name of a columnist who had been nice enough to come over and get material for a story on him.

Chance came to our rescue in this matter.

We read an article about a system of memory control and Sammy decided to try it. The system was based on the association of ideas. The trick was to find a familiar word and associate it with the new name. You were not supposed to concentrate on the name. All you were supposed to remember was the key word, and the name would automatically pop into your mind. At least that is what the article said. We did not have too much faith in it. On the surface, it looked as if we would just have two things to remember instead of one. But we tried it out on Ben Gross of the Daily News.

He was not as famous a columnist then as he is now, so his name was new to Sammy. We chose 144 as the key to remind Sammy that he was talking to Mr. Gross, and it worked! He never did say, "Well, it was this way, Mr. 144," either. The name always came out Gross. It was like a charm.

There are 144 articles in a gross, as you no doubt know, so that was an obvious association of ideas. Nick Kenny's key word was "Santa Claus." Santa Claus—St. Nick—Nick Kenny.

Some of his key words were a little macabre in overtone. There was a nice theater man named Ralph Danbury. His key word was "cemetery." Everytime Sammy saw him he thought:

"Cemetery—bury Dan—" and would be able to say instantly, "Hello, Mr. Danbury. Glad to see you looking so well." Danbury never knew that a fleeting mental image of a little graveyard always preceded Sammy's affable greeting, and I am glad to say that he is extremely well and very far from a cemetery today.

All of the columnists were interested in Sammy before he came into New York for two reasons. First, they had heard him on the radio and knew that he had something original to offer. Second, he was booked to follow Benny Goodman into the Paramount Theater.

This was the toughest assignment any

Let the Editors of **PHOTOPLAY**

Introduce you to **HOLLYWOOD**

Its Stars *Its Stories* *Its off-the-record gossip*

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

ABC STATIONS
Every Sat. Morn.
10:30 EDT

Read the stories behind the headlines every month in **PHOTOPLAY,** *America's leading film magazine*

Has a New Love

Brunette Suzy Mulligan, glamorous Conover model famous for her petal-fresh complexion, has fallen in love with the beauty-magic of Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. You, too, will love the way your tired face responds to the quick pick-up of this white cream clay. And it's so easy to use. Simply smooth on—let dry about 8 minutes—rinse off, and thrill to your new look of radiance—of fresh, clear glowing loveliness that men adore. Get Hopper White Clay Pack today. Make it your twice-weekly "beauty special." And for everyday care, use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. At cosmetic counters.

Fast Way to **MAKE MONEY!**

Sell Christmas Cards

IT'S EASY! Just show friends stunning NAME-IMPRINTED cards low as 50 for $1. Make BIG PROFITS with $2.50 NAME IN **SILVER** line. Make up to 50c a box on gorgeous 21-card $1 De-Luxe box. Sell also Secret Pal, Religious, Kiddy, Etchtone, Relative, Gift Wraps, Everyday and Stationery boxes. WRITE NOW for 21 card box on approval and FREE imprint samples. **MIDWEST CARD CO., 415 N. 8th St., Dept. 20-G, St. Louis 1, Mo.**

50 for $1 With Name

GET FREE Samples

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When dazzling Zircons from the mines of the far-away mystic East are so *effective and inexpensive?* Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs, flashing brilliance! Exquisite gold mountings. See before you buy. Write for **FREE** catalog.

National Zircon Company Dept. 1-R Wheeling, W. Va.

Catalog **FREE!**

AMAZING OFFER - $40 IS YOURS FOR SELLING ONLY 50 BOXES CHRISTMAS CARDS

Each box contains 25 brand new, entirely different Deluxe Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Also 50 for $1.00. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Write today. It costs nothing to try.

FREE SAMPLES

CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. U-13, White Plains, N. Y.

$$$$ BE PRIZE WISE $$$$

Enjoy a profitable hobby, learn how the winners write. 50c brings you a copy of our new contest magazine. Lists prize winning entries, information on preparing your entry, current contests. Send to **Vernon Cook, Editor CONTENSIR magazine, Route 1, Three Lakes, Wisc.**

DO YOU WANT A STEADY INCOME?

There's a big opportunity for you to make from $10 to $50 a week—and it costs you nothing but your spare time! Take subscriptions for all magazines for your friends and neighbors. For full particulars write:

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. RM8-48
Bartholomew Bldg., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Radio professionals offer complete home training course and job-getting secrets, which prepares beginners to easily break into the rich and fast-growing radio field. Acting, announcing, etc. taught. Large demand for men and women, all ages. Learn at home in short time. No experience needed. Microphone and equipment included in low tuition. Write for details—FREE.

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MAKE MONEY EASILY

Take easy, big profit orders from friends, others. Show Christmas Cards **with name**—5 big lines selling at 50 for $1.00 up. Amazing designs, gorgeous papers. **FREE SAMPLES.** Also sell $1.00 assortments of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, Stationery. Christmas assortment sent on approval. Write

Southern Greeting Card Co., Dept. A-22
216 S. Pauline Street, Memphis, Tenn.

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band could have that year. If you think back ten years, you will remember that sweet bands were having tough sledding. Swing was king and Goodman was undisputed leader in that field. He had broken all house records at the Paramount. For weeks, people had been lining up hours before the theater opened to make sure of getting in to hear that clarinet. The youngsters had been jitter-bugging in the aisles, screaming and fainting when Benny hit those top notes. It was fashionable to be a hep cat.

So it was a big question in everybody's mind what the reaction to Sammy's dreamy swing and sway music would be. If he went over, the Paramount date would make him. If he didn't it would break him in the big town—for a while, at least.

All of us were nervous, but from the moment I heard the first note swell out from his clarinet and I looked over the audience, rapt and absolutely still, I knew that Sammy had New York in his pocket.

He broke records at the Paramount and his first engagement at the Commodore Hotel followed. From that time on he was set. Sales on his recordings pyramided. He was in constant demand for hotel and club dates. Newspapers and magazines were driving me crazy asking for new stories and new angles for articles, and I was hard-pressed to keep them supplied because nothing was happening except that thousands of people were buying tickets, and that is hardly tempting page-one news to an editor. To make my job even harder, Sammy issued stringent orders that under no circumstances was his personal life to be used for publicity.

IN 1939 he had married one of the most charming women I have ever known—sweet, petite, with dark hair and blue-gray eyes. She traveled with him except when he was doing one night stands. They were very happy and still are. They have an apartment on Park Avenue in New York and a house in Cleveland—home town for both of them. She was a widow with a little boy. Stories about their romance, wedding and home life would have rated space all over the country, but Sammy would have none of it.

I pointed out that the day had long passed when stars kept their home lives secret, but Sammy was firm.

"My marriage is a personal matter and I don't want it played up in the papers," he said.

So I was stopped on the only good news angle available at that moment, and still am, as a matter of fact. The nearest she has ever come to his professional life is the dedication "To Ruth" of his fabulously popular Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry.

Outside of that, we have never had a disagreement. He has made me feel like a member of the family, and everytime I add an important client like Kate Smith, Perry Como, Truth or Consequences, Superman, Dumont Television, for instance, Sammy seems to feel as happy as I do because he is proud that my agency has kept pace with his own success.

He turned into my press agent when I was engaged to handle Eleanor Roosevelt's radio program. He was really proud of that and he went all over town saying:

"Guess who my press agent works for? Mrs. Roosevelt!"

In spite of his popularity, it was tough getting the proper amount of publicity breaks for Sammy in the first

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two years until, in 1940, he handed me one of the happiest surprises I have ever had. I was just about in despair about new angles for him when one of the biggest things that ever happened in show business turned up. It started on a night just like any other night when Sammy was playing one of his many return engagements at the Commodore Hotel.

One of the dancers, fascinated by Sammy's technique, had been hovering in front of the bandstand all evening going around and around in a little circle, never taking his eyes off the baton. Finally he caught Sammy's eye. Sammy grinned.

"You seem to like it," he said.

"I'd give anything in the world if I could lead that band just once," the boy answered.

Sammy knew exactly how he felt. He had felt that way himself about good bands before he got his own. Sammy loves to do things for people. He could not resist giving the boy a thrill. On impulse he said, "I'll make a deal with you. You can lead the band if you'll let me have a dance with your girl."

The boy and girl were both tickled to death. While Sammy swung off around the floor with her, the boy took the baton and gave a firm downbeat.

The band entered into the spirit of the thing and gave him all they had. He was in heaven. He made the band go fast. He made it go slow. He stopped it for one whole beat. He started it again. His face was something to see.

The other dancers crowded around the bandstand, almost as pleased as he was. Everybody in the world seems to have a secret longing to lead a band. It gave everyone a feeling of excitement to see the wish come true for someone right before their eyes.

Sammy is never slow when a good idea comes along.

"Maybe this is the gimmick we have been looking for," he said.

And that is the way "So You Want to Lead a Band" started. Since then, over 50,000 people have taken over Sammy's baton and the stunt has grown to be one of the greatest entertainment features ever invented as well as one of the greatest gimmicks a press agent could hope for.

Let me tell you what a gimmick is in publicity and what it means to a press agent. As a matter of fact, let me tell you what a press agent is.

The profession of publicity seems to be shrouded in mystery to most people. I am forever hearing, "You have a soft life!"

When I ask why it seems soft the answer usually is, "Spending all your life in night-clubs and shows and traveling with famous people—that is really soft."

It would be, indeed, except that nothing could be farther from the fact. A press agent spends most of his time in his office at his typewriter and his telephone, hard at work performing as definite a business service for a star as does a manager or an agent. He works all day and frequently all night when news is breaking trying to keep his client's name before the public. He has to have legitimate news to accomplish this. The day has long since passed when you can get space with a phony jewel robbery.

A real news story always rates space, like the announcement that Sammy Kaye was to replace Perry Como and Jo Stafford on the Chesterfield Supper Club starting June 7.

As soon as the deal was made, I gave the story to all of the newspapers, trade papers, wire services, columnists, magazines with radio and record departments, complete with such facts as that the show is heard Monday through Friday over NBC stations at 7 P.M. EDT. This announcement went by telegram to some publications, by mail to others, which meant a big job of mimeographing and mailing because about 400 editors must be notified all on the same date.

There is no trouble about getting a news story like that in print, but from then on, the press agent has to think up what is called "angle" stories. That is where the gimmick is so useful.

The basic idea of "So You Want to Lead a Band" is an ideal gimmick because it involves people, wish fulfilment and Sammy at the same time in stories of intense human interest. If a mayor leads a band it is news. If a grandmother or a little boy or the mother of nine children leads the band it is a success story to a lot of other grandmothers, little boys and married women. It is a press agent's dream of heaven.

Don't for a minute get the idea that publicity can make a feature like "So You Want to Lead a Band" a success. It is the other way around. A great show like that offers the press agent opportunities to make publicity a success, and his job is to see that pictures are made and stories written and delivered to editors. Through this, he can get space for his client, but the show has to be there to start with before a

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great press campaign is possible for any sustained length of time.

That was why I was so delighted when Sammy wasted no time in working out his new idea. He started turning over his baton once every night to somebody in the audience. It was such a sensation with the fans that he started doing it twice a night. Now four amateur leaders are selected at every performance he gives in a theater and at every show he plays at a hotel. Since he averages four shows a day this means that well over 5,000 proud people a year go home with souvenir batons.

When he went on the air last year every Monday night at 9:30 over ABC, that added another set of four volunteer leaders a week, and it will be interesting to those who have not seen him on tour to know how these contestants are chosen.

From volunteers in the audience, four are selected. Sammy never meets the contestants before they come to the stage, and no one he knows is ever selected. Sammy has an uncanny knack with people. One look, and he knows whether to kid a grandmother and be respectful to a teenager, or the other way around. The short interview he does with each contestant on the air developed out of his own interest in people. He was curious to know, himself, why each separate person wanted to lead a band enough to travel hundreds of miles in some cases, and he figured listeners would be interested, too.

HE VARIES his questions according to the personality of the contestant. Sometimes he gets surprising answers. Recently when he asked one man. "Why do you want to lead a band?" the answer came back, "So I can give my brother-in-law a job."

"Is he a musician?" asked Sammy.

"No, but he can't do anything else either, and I'd like to get him out of the house."

Another contestant brought down the roof when Sammy said, "What's your name?"

"Johnny So-and-So," said the boy. "But I wish you'd call me Johnny Banana."

"Why?" said Sammy.

"Because when I get my own band I want to call it Johnny Banana and his Music with A-ppeal."

The house came down, again, at the sight of Sammy's face when he asked a sedate woman of not exactly girlish figure what her occupation was and she said blandly, "I'm a stripper." (It developed that she stripped tobacco leaves, not her own garments.)

The winner is always picked in the same way—by audience applause. It is interesting to note that, while audiences will roar over the wisecracks of a smart alec, they never give him the final vote. For instance, there was a southpaw ball player in one town who insisted on having a left-handed baton and then wanted to reverse the seating arrangement of the band. He had a lot of fun with the audience, but they picked a boy who was working after school to buy a trumpet.

People who are really good leaders with a basically serious love of music, and people who have a touch of pathos in their lives are the ones the audience usually chooses. Newly married people, either boy or girl, are prime favorites. Curiously enough, people who are already famous never win.

Lana Turner drew a thunderous round of applause when she turned up out of a clear sky during Sammy's en-

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gagement at The Palladium in Hollywood and asked for a chance to lead the band, but she did not win. Neither did Jack Carson, though he had plenty of rhythm and was very funny. Red Skelton tried so hard he broke the baton. The audience loved it, but they voted him down.

Mayors, governors, Army and Navy officers, doctors, lawyers, celebrities in every walk of life turn up every week, just as eager to lead the band as anyone else, but the audience always picks some unknown for final choice.

Starting in 1946, Sammy began regional contests with the four winners competing for a grand prize. The play-off was held that year in Hollywood. In addition to a week's holiday in the film capital, the grand prize included $1,000 cash and merchandise worth many times that amount.

In 1947, the play-off was held in Carnegie Hall, the sacrosanct home of the New York Philharmonic and usually engaged by only the most serious of concert stars. Runners-up, both years, were grandmothers, one 67 and the other over 70, but the national play-offs were won by a seventeen-year-old boy each year: Ted Bemis of Springfield, Mass, in 1946 and Rodney Andrews of Dayton, Ohio, in 1947. Both plan to spend their awards on musical education, and Sammy expects to hear from both of them as successes within a few years.

"So You Want to Lead a Band" was keeping me and two assistants busy on Sammy's account when he handed me another surprise.

The poetry reading, which makes his Sunday Serenade at 3:30 P.M. over ABC so popular, started in the same off-hand fashion.

Sammy does not sing. One afternoon, just to vary things, he took over a vocalist's spot anyway. He spoke the words of a song very softly into the microphone. It made an immediate hit. He tried it again on another song. More letters. He tried it again. All songs do not lend themselves ideally to this treatment, so he gave them one of his favorite poems.

This ex-quarterback loves poetry and thinks that it is easier to talk about certain emotions like love, loyalty, friendship, loneliness, in verse rather than in ordinary speech. He chooses poems from many sources, but they always have universal appeal because they always are about emotions that everyone shares. On the subject of friends, he read this:

"Make new friends but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brows may wrinkle, hair grow grey,
Friendship never knows decay . . ."

And on love:

"I love you
Not only for what you are
But for what I am
When I'm with you . . ."*

So many thousands of requests for copies of the poems he read on the air flooded in that, in 1942, Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry was published. It went into ten editions within the year! To date, it has sold more than 150,000 copies and is still going strong.

This led to Sammy's National Poetry Contest. It started in 1946 and is now an annual event. There were 25,000 entries last year! We had to put on a staff of girls just to open the letters, and Sammy was busy for weeks, reading and selecting the winning poem, "Heart's Desire," by Mrs. B. Y. Williams of Cincinnati.

This program is very close to Sammy's heart, as is another of his enterprises. He is the President of the Hospitalized Veterans Foundation, an organization that supplies bedside radios, television sets and phonographs to GIs in hospitals throughout the country. Sammy gives innumerable benefits for this cause as he goes around the country, and his slogan contest, recently completed, resulted in a heavy contribution of funds. He feels that too many of us think that the war is over and forget the boys who are still paying the price of victory, so you will continue to hear of this special and important cause on his programs.

I have been a part of Sammy's career for ten years. There has been something new every minute, so I have reason to suppose that he is working up to another surprise for me any time now, and I regard the prospect with mixed emotions, because it probably will interfere with a secret project of my own.

I want to lead a band!

* *All poems from Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry. Permission to reprint by courtesy of Serenade Publications, Inc.*

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Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 17)

like show business. Take the little thing Chet Lauck and Norris Goff did when their music backgrounder, organist Emerson died suddenly. Lum 'n' Abner not only gave the musical job to Elsie Mae Emerson, the man's widow, but actively helped and encouraged her through her first rather nervous performance on the air, spotting cues for her and silently applauding as she played each bridge.

* * *

Ken Niles is celebrating his twentieth year on the air. It was in 1928 that a local station in Seattle, Washington, hired Ken as a singer-announcer. He'd made his initial "debut" in radio in 1927, as a member of a U. of Washington quartet, but that was a single and unpaid appearance and he doesn't consider it a part of his professional career. Niles worked for several Seattle stations and for KVI in Tacoma before moving to Hollywood in 1931. Today he announces four major coast-to-coast shows and stars as emcee on his own CBS Pacific network audience participation program, Padded Cell. He's also slated for television come cold weather.

* * *

Lionel Hampton is one of the jazz greats starred in the new film, "A Song Is Born," along with luminaries Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnett, Tommy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. Hampton is also a Saturday regular on Mutual.

* * *

Evelyn Knight is reading the scripts for two Broadway musicals in which she's been offered the leads. Both are up for Fall production and Evelyn is trying to find a way to accept one of them, which means working out her radio schedules the right way.

* * *

It seems as though practical jokers just can't stay away from a program like Truth or Consequences. Remember the gal who lived two weeks in the lap of luxury by claiming she was "Miss Hush" and the program would pay her expenses? Now a new trick has come up. A number of clowns with a warped sense of humor have taken to phoning their friends and saying, "This is Ralph Edwards—you have just won $25,000!" The recipients of these calls telephone to Hollywood just to make sure, and the secretaries at NBC Hollywood are getting a little annoyed with their unpleasant job of telling them the disappointing truth.

* * *

Thanksgiving and Christmas are still months off, but NBC announces that it has snatched those big, two-hour, all-star holiday shows from CBS, which has been broadcasting them for a watch sponsor all these years. Well, they say that competition is the life blood of free enterprise. Even if a lot of it is spilled?

* * *

On radio you have to be extra careful, especially about gags. Seems Fibber McGee absent-mindedly made a wisecrack about "Klondike Kate." Trouble is that there is a *real* Klondike Kate and she objected to Fibber's gag. So now there's a lawsuit.

* * *

Television is bringing out the ingenuity in advertisers. There was a thing about getting sponsors for baseball telecasts because, unlike football, where there is time for commercials between periods, there weren't any time gaps in baseball games. The problem has been solved beautifully by one sponsor, who is bankrolling telecasts

Are You-SOCIALLY SHY? BECAUSE OF PSORIASIS

Are you forced to pass up glamour gowns and formal parties because of psoriasis lesions? Then try *SIROIL*. If it helps you, as it has so many thousands of others, a whole new world may be open to you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DEPT. M-49, DETROIT 26, MICH.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN CHRISTMAS CARDS

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

Gorgeous Satin & Velour Designs Show Rich New Satin and Velour Cards never before offered. Amazing Value! Gets orders fast! Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 50 for $1 up. Pays up to 100% profit. *Imprinted Stationery*, 20 others, 60c to $1. *Samples on Approval.*

50 FOR $1 With Name

PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 815-K, St. Louis, Mo.

For Athlete's Foot Misery

ABSORBINE Jr.
Time proved! Clinically tested!

Lovely NAILS in A FLASH... with NU-NAILS

ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS and QUICK-DRYING GLUE

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing *new quick-drying glue.* Can be worn any length . . . polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten . . . only 25c. At all dime stores.

ONLY 25¢ SET OF TEN

NU-NAILS CO., Dept. 16-K, 5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44.

Fibs*
INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

"QUILTED" COMFORT

"Quilting" keeps *this* tampon from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size—which could cause pressure, irritation. *Only Fibs* are *quilted*—for your comfort!

"QUILTED" SAFETY

This special feature helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate membranes. *Only Fibs* are *quilted*—for your safety!

ROUNDED ENDS

You'll say "At last — a tampon that's *easy to use!*" Because of all leading tampons, *only Fibs* have gently rounded ends to make insertion comfortable, easy.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE! BUTTONHOLE MAKER.
REMNANTS and Assorted BIG Patches
$1.00 VALUE

FREE TO ANYONE: One thousand yds. (1,000) thread, white No. 50 FREE. Equals fourteen 5-cent spools. Also free—Amazing new invention fits on any sewing machine easily, quickly. Makes buttonholes, sews on buttons, quilts, attach zippers, darn stockings, mend tears, etc. Sells elsewhere regularly for $1.00 but sent to you free. Beautiful new prints. Large colorful pieces. Make child's play clothes, sun suits, skirts, aprons, patchwork quilts, bed jackets, etc. Full width material included. All other pieces of usable size. You'll be delighted. 3 lbs. (18 yds. or more) $1.98 plus postage. Sent C.O.D. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. If not perfectly pleased, return remnants (keep thread and buttonhole maker) and your $1.98 will be refunded. Could anything be more fair? You be the judge. You can't lose! Get yours now! Send no money. Just mail a card today. KNIGHT MAIL ORDER CO., Dept. 2636H, 3140 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago 12, Ill.

Want Extra Money?
SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME 50 for $1
Quick CASH Earnings are yours—for showing fast-selling Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Box Assortments, Everyday Greetings, Gift Wraps. Amazing values sell for 60c and $1.00. FREE SAMPLES Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and Assortments on Approval. WRITE TODAY!
CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. H54
117 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati 1, O.
FREE SAMPLES

HOT OIL FACIAL LOOK YOUNGER
TEEN-AGERS—WOMEN—16 to 60 YEARS
BEAUTIFY YOUR SKIN AT HOME
Acne, Blackheads, Large Pores disappear; Wrinkles, Loose Face and Neck Muscles Tighten to a Firm, Youthful Complexion in a short time. Just 10-minute treatment without heating oil.
Send $1 and pay $1 plus C.O.D.; money back guaranteed.
STATE IF SKIN IS DRY OR OILY
CLARE COSMETIQUES, P.O. Box 528-RM, BKYN., N. Y.

EARN EXTRA MONEY! Full, Spare Time!
YOU can make many EXTRA DOLLARS with our new, sell-on-sight Plastic Line! Tablecloths, Aprons; also many other beautiful, fast-selling items, novelties. Postal brings free details. No obligation. Write today. Hurry!
ROYALTY SALES CO., Box 748, Passaic 20, New Jersey

"HOW TO WIN PRIZE CONTESTS"
AMAZING BOOKLET $1.00
WRITE DEPT. 72
"GADGETS," BOX 28, JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident School work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credits for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
American School Dept. HC92. Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

MAKE MONEY
SHOW SMART NEW Christmas Cards
Extra cash for you daily! Sell Christmas and Everyday Card Assortments for $1; also *name-imprinted* Christmas Cards, 50 for $1. No experience is necessary. Money-making plan for individuals, clubs, societies. Start earning now. Send today for samples on approval.
COLONIAL STUDIOS, Inc.
642 S. Summer St., Dept. D-29, Holyoke, Mass.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER!
● Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical, lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One tinting imparts desired shade. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. First application must satisfy you or money back. 75c and $1.75—all druggists. Retain youthful charm. Get Brownatone now.

of N. Y. Giant games and getting almost continual plugs—through the simple expedient of buying up every inch of display advertising space on the Polo Grounds fences.

* * *

Penny Singleton recently bought another of Lassie's offspring. Now each of Penny's two daughters has her own Lassie descendant for a pet.

* * *

Gene Autry is no longer the only cowboy star who doubles in radio station operations. Tex Ritter, horse opera film star and recorder of albums for kids, has been granted an FCC license to operate a San Antonio radio station.

* * *

Dick Chevillat and Ray Singer, script writers for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show, are spending the summer doing the book for a Broadway musical. The score is by Julie Styne and Sammy Cahn. They hope to get the show on its way before radio duties call them back.

* * *

It is rumored that the two major political parties will pour an estimated eight million dollars into radio and television coffers during the coming election. They both wanta win bad!

* * *

Another rumor . . . whisperings around radio row have it that Henry Luce, owner of Time-Life-Fortune, is interested in buying station WOR, New York outlet of the Mutual chain, to get in on the television scramble. Life on the air?

* * *

Jack Barry, Juvenile Jury m.c. has been widening his scope this summer. Not content with radio, television and the movies, Jack's been producing plays for a stock company on Long Island this straw hat season.

* * *

George O'Hanlon, who plays the title role in Warner Brothers' "Joe McDoakes" short subjects, has been set to star on a new comedy show scheduled to open over Mutual in September.

* * *

Lots of people have been wondering whether Arnold Stang, "Gerard" on the Henry Morgan show, looks anything like the way he sounds. The answer is yes and more listeners are likely to be able to check that for themselves soon, because chances are Morgan will work Stang in on his video stanza.

* * *

Maybe the success of radio performers in the film "Naked City," will break the ice for air actors in Hollywood. As a rule, movie producers stay away from radio when looking for talent for the flickers. But when "Naked City" was shot in New York, twenty prominent parts were played by New York radio actors and actresses, outstanding performances being given by such radio familiars as House Jameson, Howard Duff, Anne Sargent, Adelaide Klein, Grover Burgess, Tom Pedi, Enid Markey, Frank Conroy, Hester Sondergaard and Ted DeCorsia. Of all of these, only Howard Duff is really known to the movie goers. But they all proved that talent isn't usually limited to one medium and a good actor on the air is a good actor to see, too. Anyway, it's an idea for the talent scouts.

* * *

John Brown, who plays Father Foster, on the Date With Judy show, is living proof that you should never let anything get you down. Years ago, after working in several Broadway shows, Brown was given his first radio audition. The director, a forthright man, pointed at Brown and announced, "You'll never become a radio actor." Brown has made a liar of that director some 7,500 times, the number of radio appearances he's made since that first audition.

* * *

Cute note . . . Have you noticed that the same sparkling water outfit that used to sponsor Information Please, the show to wrack the experts' brains, now sponsors It Pays To Be Ignorant?

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Paul White, ex-news chief of CBS, is writing a novel which promises to be "The Hucksters" of the radio world . . . MGM is talking to Ozzie and Harriet about co-starring in a series of pictures based on their radio adventures . . . Alan Young is making a book out of essays and stories he wrote for Canadian publications while he was still in Toronto radio . . . Howard Duff will soon be seen in a Western movie, in which he'll be a hero, not a villain . . . Looks like Max Baer is set for a radio series . . . Phil Harris-Alice Faye stanza has been bought by a new sponsor, the one which has dropped Jimmy Durante . . . Date With Judy, which looked as if it might fall by the retrenchment wayside has been renewed for the same old stand come autumn . . . Ella Fitzgerald has been signed to play four weeks in London this September . . . One of the new shows you're likely to hear is an Alan Young-Dorothy Lamour combination . . . Reports have it that a major film studio is interested in buying one of the major networks.

LISTEN TO
the radio program everyone's talking about . . .
"let's talk hollywood"
FEATURING
GEORGE MURPHY
EDDIE BRACKEN
leading Hollywood columnists and famous Hollywood guest stars every Sunday on NBC
7 PM, EDT. 5 PM, MDT.
6 PM, CDT. 4 PM, PDT.
Listen to "Lets Talk Hollywood" this Sunday, and learn how you can win a GOLD PASS for one year to your favorite theater and a five-year subscription to Photoplay Magazine.

Miracle in Cuba

(*Continued from page 23*)

columnists and advertising people on this trip to Cuba. The letter was signed "Goar Mestre"—a name I'd never heard before.

Well, I told my son about it and I wrote my daughter and they were as amazed as I. All that week while I was making a new dress to wear and remodeling a hat that had once belonged to my daughter, I had to keep telling myself over and over again that I was going to fly. That's as far as I could get in my mind. After that, I didn't know.

The flight, I felt, would be my biggest thrill and it was, indeed, exciting. But other things happened that were just as wonderful as the flight.

I loved every minute I spent in the air—even when we hit some head winds over Florida and the plane bucked like a bronco. What I couldn't understand was how the rest of the people in the plane—the newspaper and magazine people and the advertising men—could sleep or play cards. If I'm 10,000 feet off the ground I want to know about it, to be aware of every second.

IT WAS cold when we left New York and I had worn my cape and hat. But we came down into a warm tropical night and I just breathed in that soft air and looked at the palm trees and said to myself, "I'm in Cuba. Somehow a miracle has happened. I don't know why I'm here. I don't know who Goar Mestre is but I'm here." It was wonderful.

Of course I met Goar Mestre very soon, along with his beautiful Argentinian wife. He is thirty-five years old and a fourth-generation Cuban. He was educated in America. Is a Yale graduate, in fact. For quite a while he had the controlling interest in the Cuban network CMQ. Then he decided that it would be a wonderful thing for Cuba if he built a place comparable to our Radio City. He did just that. It's called Radiocentro and it's one of the most beautiful and modern buildings you ever saw. It cost three million dollars.

In the building is a big movie theater, all the CMQ studios—there are eleven of them—two restaurants, a roof night club, a bank, fourteen stores of various kinds, an auto showroom and seven floors of offices.

I found out that the reason the man who had first talked to me on the telephone had laughed when I told him what I thought of disc jockeys was that Mr. Mestre was determined there would be no disc jockeys on his Cuban network. My comment on them might have been what got me chosen as a typical American radio listener.

No, there are no disc jockeys on CMQ but, and I think this is very funny, you know what the Cubans and the Mexicans and the South Americans (CMQ is heard all over the Latin American countries) love? Daytime dramas. About sixty percent of the eighteen-hour day of radio is devoted to these dramatic shows. They're in Spanish, of course, and they're like our Joyce Jordan and Life Can Be Beautiful and others except with a difference. The plots are more torrid than ours and there is much more about love. That's the Cuban temperament.

If you've ever been to a radio broadcast in the United States (I have several times) you'll remember that the sponsor's booth, which you can see from the place where the spectators sit, is a small booth seating only ten or fifteen people. But that's not how it is in Cuba. The sponsor's booth seats a hundred because a Cuban sponsor likes to bring his entire family and the family's family.

There is a private entrance to the booth so all these people won't have to go through the studio. And here's the reason for that. Cubans are notorious for being late and Mr. Mestre can't have people—even if they have bought time on the air—trailing through the studio while a program is going on.

While I'm on the subject of the Cubans having so little sense of time I'd like to tell you about the Radio Clock or Radio Reloj, as it is called down there. This is a broadcast in a separate studio and it goes for the eighteen hours a day that the network is on the air. It's a mechanical device and it sounds like the ticking of a metronome. Two men are in the studio constantly because every minute is divided into three periods of twenty seconds each. And each twenty seconds is then divided into five seconds of news, five seconds of commercials and five seconds for telling the time.

Mr. Mestre said, "In this way we hope the Cubans will be on time for their appointments." But I'm afraid that is just a dream for during the four days I was in Cuba nobody was on time for anything anywhere, Radio Reloj or not!

These Latin Americans may be late but they're certainly not lazy. I learned later that we had arrived a day before we were expected, due to some trouble about getting the plane. So that first day when we saw Radiocentro it was not landscaped. There were trucks there with greenery and plants and small trees but no planting at all had been done. Goodness knows what happened but the next day when we arrived for the official dedication ceremony the grounds around the beautiful building were green and growing. Those men must have worked all night. This is the kind of thing you expect in the United States but not in Cuba.

THE entire building and the studios are as up-to-date as any radio station anywhere. The doors are three-and-a-half inches thick of solid mahogany and remember I'm a good carpenter and such things appeal to me. The offices are like a picture, beautifully decorated in chartreuse, with white leather chairs and desks of native wood in satin finish. The control rooms are as big as those at the National Broadcasting Company in the United States.

Mr. Mestre's architects planned the lobby and all the studios so that everybody can see everybody else. The Cubans practically demand this. They just won't come to a place unless they can see and be seen.

Well, now let me tell you about the programs I heard and the kind of things the Cubans like—besides drama. There were wonderful choral groups. There was a grand Argentinian singer named Armanda Ledesma. She sang what, I suppose, would be Cuban blues songs. Then there was Greta Menzel, a Cuban girl, who sang, if you can imagine it, Viennese songs. She was very good indeed. Ernesto Lecuona played the piano. He's the composer of such lovely numbers as "Siboney" and "Malaguena." Cuba is full of music, it seemed to me, and full of rhythm.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

MONEY FOR YOU $25 PROFIT SELLING FIFTY $1 BOXES FEATURE FREE SAMPLES 50 FOR $1 personal CHRISTMAS CARDS AND STATIONERY

Christmas Cards. Deluxe embossed, name printed cards, 50 for $1 up. Stationery, Candlettes, 35 top money-makers. NO MONEY NEEDED TO START. Free Offers, extra bonus. Write today for sample Feature Box on approval.

EMPIRE CARD 190 Fox St., Elmira, N. Y.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1604, Detroit 4, Mich.

"The Work I Love"
AND $30 to $40 A WEEK

"I'm a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE, and thankful to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING for training me, at home, in my spare time, for this well-paid, dignified work."

YOU can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned $25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Easy payments. Trial plan. Equipment included. 49th year. Write now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 188, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name_____ Age_____
City_____ State_____

SAFE EYE-GENE

Relieves TIRED EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep, reading, driving or movies—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and $1.00 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!

Weary, irritated one minute...

Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

Replacement or a refund of money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If not as advertised therein

MAKE MONEY EASILY!

50 NEW BOXES CHRISTMAS - EVERYDAY CARDS AND STATIONERY

Fast-selling line. Many unusual assortments, Christmas Carol, Americana, Etching, "Flocked" Initial Stationery, others. Profits to 100%. Bonus. Special money-saving offers. Experience unnecessary. Write today for Christmas Leader assortment on approval and FREE SAMPLES 5 different Name Imprinted Christmas Card lines, Personal Floral Stationery.

7 NAME IMPRINTED assortments

ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO.
Dept. M-42, Elmira, New York

LADIES!

Latest Thing In Fashion

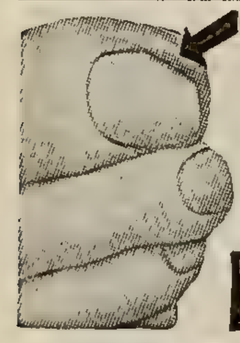
Hand-Made EARRINGS, BROOCH & BRACELET to match that New Outfit. Colors: Red, Blue, Pink, Rose, Orchid, Yellow, Brown. Other colors on request. EARRINGS—Sterling Silver backs—$2.40; BROOCH—$3.60; BRACELET—$4.80. Prices include Tax & Postage. **K. H. ROLLINS, 324 METROPOLITAN AVE., ROSLINDALE, MASS.**

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Women and Men, 18 to 50

Many Swedish Massage graduates make $50, $75 or even more per week. Large full time income from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page illustrated Book FREE—Now!

THE College of Swedish Massage
Dpt. 859K, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11



Ingrown NAIL

Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Get a bottle today. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

STOP Scratching

Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

QUICK CASH FOR YOU

SHOWING NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS

MAKE MONEY—lots of it—between now and Christmas. Amazing values in PERSONAL IMPRINTED CARDS including 50 for $1. and 25 for $1. Also fast-selling BOXES including our outstanding "BLUE RIBBON" ASSORTMENT. Gift wrappings, etchings. Religious Assortments. No experience necessary.

CHAS. A. BELZ CO.
Dept. H-1 914 Walnut St., Phila. 7, Pa.

SAMPLES SENT ON APPROVAL

EARN MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of actual sample fabrics and style presentation ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see gorgeous, newest style dresses—lovely lingerie—hosiery, men's shirts and socks—all at LOW PRICES. Take orders from friends and make money in spare time. **GET FREE SAMPLES!** Send no money for this big-profit line of sample fabrics. It's yours free. Rush name, address now

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 4652, CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

The group that thrilled me most were the Afro-Cubans. I've always liked our American hillbillies on the air; these are Cuban hillbillies. They beat the drums they had made themselves, played the native instruments and sang. It was so strange to see them making this most primitive music in that highly functional, utterly modern studio. It was the old world meeting the new.

Mr. Mestre had left nothing undone. From Mexico he had invited many high officials and some Mexican talent, including a comedian who had me laughing till the tears came.

And things were arranged so that we *really* saw Cuba, including some "night life."

One night we were having supper at a cafe with a couple of men from CMQ. One of them asked me what I wanted most to see in Cuba.

I said, "I'd like to go to a typical Cuban night club." (And I'll tell you a secret which I didn't tell them. I've never been to a night club in the United States.) "I want to see them play the maracas," I said, "and do the native Cuban dances."

One of the men—and I think he was a technician at the network—pointed across the table at the other Cuban and said, "There is the greatest maraca player in Cuba."

With that he began to beat out rhythms on his plate using his knife and fork as sticks. It was simply wonderful and I urged him to go on. By the way, that was the first night I aired my Spanish and they were all happy and surprised that I could speak their language.

Well, sir, that fellow got wound up. He took all the water glasses around the table and tuned them to a scale. He played on them, making beautiful Spanish music.

He asked me where I was staying and I told him at the National Hotel. Then he asked, "Do you have a balcony?"

I said, "Of course."

He said, "I will serenade you tonight."

He didn't of course, and I knew he wouldn't but I thought it was cute of him even to suggest it.

Since a miracle had happened to me, just my being there, I felt God was on my side. He certainly was when I met the President of Cuba. Yes, I did that, too. I did everything. And I don't know what possessed me to do what I did except that God was looking after me. This is what happened:

The President of Cuba, Raymond Grau e San Martin, dedicated Radiocentro with a speech over CMQ at twelve noon. We all heard it and loved it. Afterwards he and his staff returned to one of the big studios and all of the Americans who had come down on the plane lined up to be introduced to him. Now imagine you're one of those people filing past the President. How do you know what to do?

When it came my turn to meet him I did not stick out my hand to shake his. Instead I just bowed and said, in Spanish, "Honored." How thankful I was that I had done just that and only that. For the person directly behind me started to shake hands with him and his aide, who stood behind him, said, "The president does not shake hands."

At first I thought this must be some Cuban custom. But I remembered from my days in Mexico that the Latins are great ones for shaking hands. Later I learned about President Grau. He is greatly loved in Cuba but for several years he was in exile and when, at last, he came back the people were so glad to see him that they shook his hand so much they crippled it.

Now to pick up the loose ends and to tell you the other things I did. On Thursday we had lunch at the Colony Restaurant and I've never tasted anything better than that "arroz con pollo," a native dish. That same afternoon some of our party went to the Jockey Club to see the horse races but I preferred a sight seeing trip around old Havana. Later the Cuban Advertisers Association gave a cocktail party for us at the Lyceum Tennis Club and at ten o'clock that night we witnessed a Jai-alai game.

On Friday, Radiocentro was blessed by Cardinal Manuel Arteaga and all the employees and the talent of CMQ were present. Then the president spoke and, as I've told you, received everyone.

Saturday there was a wonderful luncheon at the Vedado Tennis Club and more radio programs to be seen and heard. Then we went to the Havana Yacht Club.

On Sunday we were on the Constellation flying back to the United States. When we took off from Cuba the sky above us was like blue satin and the bay below us looked like blue satin, too.

I am back now. I have told this story to my friends and my son and daughter-in-law. I am going to Washington to tell it to my daughter and her husband. It is an experience that will live in my memory forever and it makes me believe that if you want something enough, if you dream about it enough, it can and will happen.

find a new star with

HORACE HEIDT

Every Sunday night Horace Heidt opens the door of opportunity to America's talent. He gives local youngsters a chance to win $5000 PLUS radio and screen contracts.

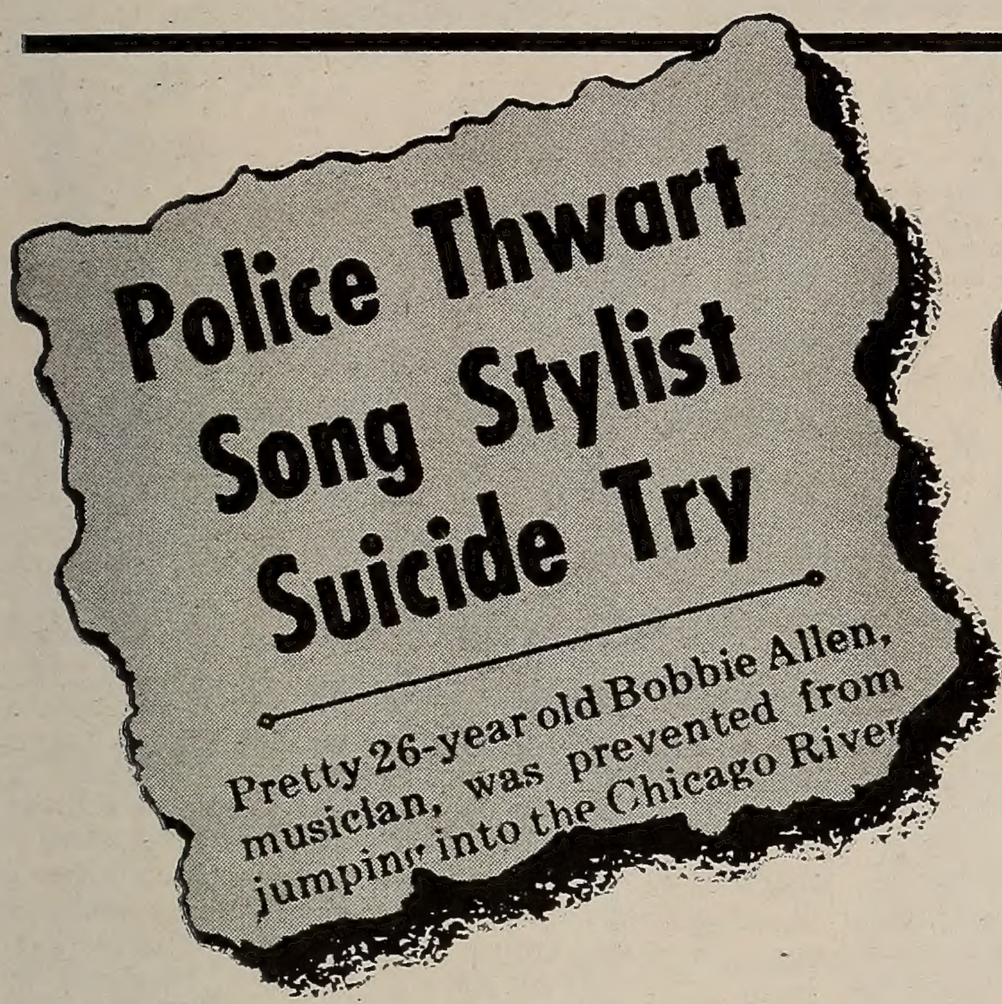
Hear his touring, talent-hunting show and see if *you* can pick a winner. It's exciting to hear America's up-and-coming favorites. And—who knows—the broadcast may be right from your home town.

TUNE IN TO **HORACE HEIDT**... EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT

Over All Stations of the National Broadcasting Co.

And read Horace Heidt's own story in the August issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine ... on sale at newsstands now.

"I tried to commit Suicide!"



You will want to read every story in the August issue of

TRUE EXPERIENCE

the magazine written by men and women you have read about in the newspapers . . . the magazine that reveals the untold human emotions and conflicts behind these dramatic TRUE EXPERIENCES.

This is Bobbie Allen—saved from destroying the talent that made her life a torture. You will understand and sympathize with the motives that drove this lovely young musician to the brink of suicide.

Ten Year Vigil Ends at Altar
"I Married Tarzan"
by Allene Weismuller

Mother Put in Jail —Tells Her Story
"I Gave Away My Children"
by Rovilla Fenton

Couple Defy KKK; Arm to Shoot It Out
"We Fought the KKK"
by Bertha Bowland

GET AUG. TRUE Experience

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Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

RETRACTION

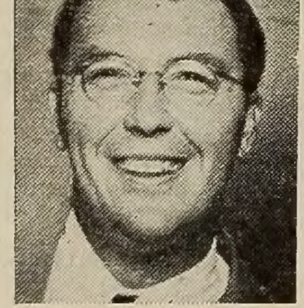
Anne Whitfield

Dear Editor:
In a recent issue of your magazine (April) the Information Booth made the statement that Norma Jean Nilson was the youngest member of AFRA. I believe that Norma Jean is a few months older than Anne Whitfield who will be ten in August, and who has been a member of AFRA for several years. Anne appears as Phyllis on the Band Wagon program and as Penny in One Man's Family. She is also heard frequently in many of the other "big name" shows.

Mrs. J. M.
Birmingham, Ala.

You're very right, and we gladly print a retraction. Norma Jean, who was born on January 1, 1938, is seven months older than Anne Whitfield who was born on August 27, 1938.

NEWSREELS, YES



Ed Herlihy

Dear Editor:
One of my favorite programs is Honeymoon in New York, mainly because of the host, "Big" Ed Herlihy. Is his the voice that is often heard in some of the newsreels? I've often wondered about this because his name appears at the beginning of the news showing.

Mrs. M. E. S.
Northampton, Pa.

Yes is the answer. Tall, husky Ed is known to movie-goers as "the voice of Universal Newsreels." You've also heard his friendly voice on news broadcasts, and special events programs on NBC.

HOLLACE CAN SING, TOO

Hollace Shaw

Dear Editor:
I have listened to the Saturday Night Serenade ever since young Vic Damone started singing on the program last year. I'm a devoted fan of Vic's and as such I just naturally know quite a bit about him. However, I know nothing about lovely Hollace Shaw who also is a featured singer on the same program. She has one of the finest voices I have ever heard—it's wonderful! I'm writing to request some information about Miss Shaw. Where and when was she born, her height, and the color of her hair and eyes.

Miss M. V.
Ridgewood, N. J.

Born in Fresno, California, not so long ago, Hollace is 5' 8" tall, and as you must have noticed in our Saturday Night Serenade Broadcast spread (May issue) she is a blue-eyed blonde. Just in case you missed that issue, here's another picture, this time a closeup.

BROADCAST TICKETS

Dear Editor:
My girl friend and I are visiting New York late this summer and we would like to see some radio programs but don't know how to get tickets. Would appreciate any information you could give us.

Miss M. M.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

For tickets to shows broadcast from ABC, address your requests at least three weeks in advance to Guest Relations, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Follow the same procedure for NBC programs, same address. Requests for tickets from CBS should be sent to Broadcast Ticket Division, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, at least three or four weeks in advance. You out-of-towners get a break—guest courtesy cards can be secured from your local CBS outlet entitling you to a visit to any two CBS programs. Some tickets are available at the CBS and NBC buildings for programs on the same day.

IN THE FAMILY?

Pat Patrick

Dear Editor:
Who is this Ersel Twing who's heard on the Charley McCarthy Show?

Mr. C. M.
Woodbury, N. J.

Don't let this picture fool you—Pat Patrick (he's Ersel) is really a rugged, handsome man, not the scatter-brained professor, as pictured here, on the Charley McCarthy Show. (This show has been summer-replaced by the Robert Shaw Chorale Sundays, NBC stations.) In Strawberry Point, Iowa, Pat is still best remembered as Ersel Kirkpatrick —a stage-struck youth who ran away from home at sixteen to join a circus. In the years since, he has traveled up and down the land appearing in circuses, the Chautauqua circuit, stock companies and night clubs as well as radio. Many people have asked Pat if the character Ersel Twing is based on a real person. Pat's answer is that, "He's a little like my father, I think, and a great deal like my brother who teaches school in a little town in New York state." What Pat's father and brother think about this, we don't know.

HOUSEWIFE'S BEST FRIEND

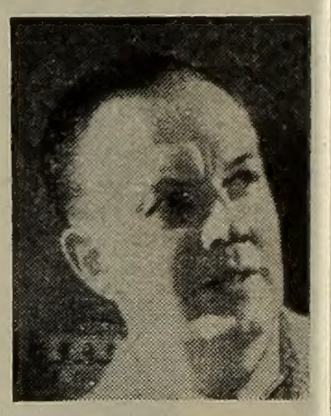
Mary Lee Taylor

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me whether Mary Lee Taylor is still on the air? The station and time?

Mrs. F. J. S.
Delaware, Ohio

Miss Taylor's program is heard Saturdays at 10:30 A. M. and rebroadcast at 2:00 P. M. EDT over 139 CBS stations. The first half of her double feature show is a dramatic story of the life of a young married couple; the second half offers suggestions for time- and money-saving meal helps and recipes. A tireless worker, Miss Taylor spends at least eight hours a day in her test kitchens directing the work of her five assistants. She tests all recipes until they are failure proof and easy to use.

THE MYSTERY MAN



John Griggs

Dear Editor:
Will you please give me some information about the actor who plays Roger Elliot in House of Mystery on Sundays on the Mutual network. The stories are intriguing.

Miss S. E. S.
Philadelphia, Pa.

As the Mystery Man in House of Mystery, John Griggs finds his early experience telling stories to children in public libraries helps him lend a true-to-life air to his role. Griggs' first radio job came in the summer of 1928 when he became a staff announcer and producer at WGN, Chicago. Since then, he conservatively estimates he has made a total of 5,000 broadcasts. John has been the Roger Elliot of House of Mystery since January 15, 1945, when the program first went on the air. And those intriguing stories are written by free-lance writers.

HILDEGARDE

Hildegarde

Dear Editor:
Where, oh where is Hildegarde? I haven't been able to find her at all this past season and we miss her.

Mrs. E. E. L.
Memphis, Tenn.

Hildegarde didn't have a regular air show this past season. However, she has appeared occasionally as a guest artist on some of the network programs. Currently, Hildegarde is making a personal appearance tour in various parts of the country.

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If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Fall dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you are married or single — housewife or employed — you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS — gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

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Marie Patton, Illinois—took in an average of $39 a week, this past year.

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Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama — averaged $31.50 a week right in her home community.

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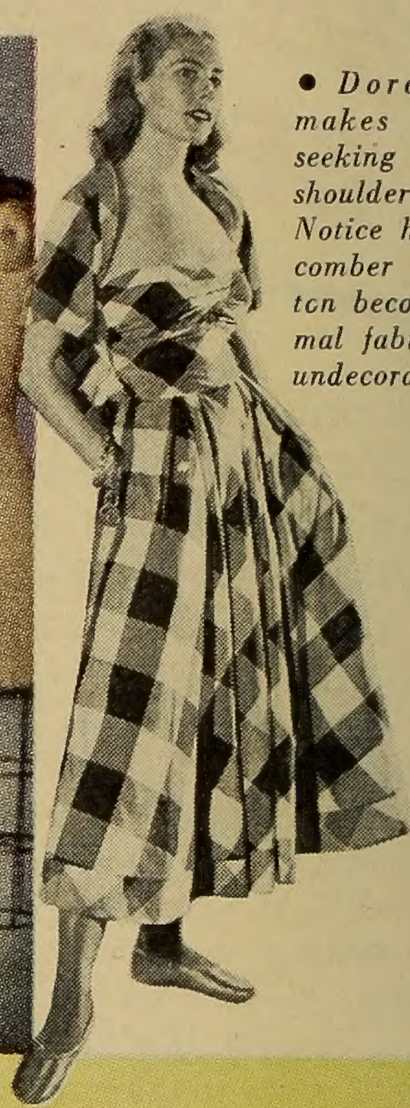
COTTON CLASSICS FOR FUN AND FASHION!

Their Creator Dorothy Cox agrees: "In dress designing . . . and in choosing a cigarette, too . . . EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

DOROTHY COX, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress as tailored by McMullen!



• *Dorothy Cox makes this sun-seeking dress with shoulder kerchief. Notice how beachcomber plaid cotton becomes a formal fabric in this undecorated style!*

• *Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.*

"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox

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Three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.